

C

June 20, 1936

5¢ a copy

IOLA FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
KANSAS

Callier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



RONALD
McLEOD

Trouble Shooter

Beginning a Romance
of Western Empire

By Ern

© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. JOAN L. HARGROVE 12E
417 E. MADISON
IOLA
KANSAS
22 JV 39
R HH 3V



Robust whiskey - with the hearty real *rye* taste

You can mark the man who orders Old Overholt as a man of seasoned judgment.

For he knows the taste of real rye and the whiskey that has it at its full and rounded best. This robust straight rye is bottled in bond under supervision of the U. S. Government, which has the most rigid bottled in bond act of any country in the world, the requirements of which are full four years' aging in barrels, freedom from addition of younger spirits, and bottling at full 100 proof.

Your palate quickly accustoms itself to this hearty flavor. Then anything else falls sharply short of it by contrast.

Today this distinguished heavy-bodied rye upholds every old-fashioned tradition of its 125-year history. Every drop is rich with 100 proof. Every drop has been mellowed in oak for at least four and one-half years.

When you try Old Overholt, you try whiskey made for a connoisseur. Incidentally, you buy it now at the lowest price level in two years. Better bars and stores have it in stock.



© 1936, A. Overholt & Co., Inc., Broad Ford, Pa.

OLD OVERHOLT

100 PROOF... STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER U. S. GOVERNMENT SUPERVISION

"Rolling to Fires, I want 100% Hydraulic Brakes!"

SO KNOXVILLE CITY OFFICIALS PICK PLYMOUTH FOR THEIR FIRE CHIEF



C. M. JOHNSON, Chief of Knoxville's efficient Fire Department, likes Plymouth's reliability as well as its safety. "I've got to have a car I can count on," he says.



CITY OFFICIALS of Knoxville, Tenn., gave Fire Chief Johnson his choice of "All Three" leading low-priced cars. He looked them over carefully...compared features and prices...and picked the 1936 Plymouth!

"When an alarm comes in, my car has to roll," he says. "Believe me, I want *double-action* hydraulic brakes on this job...and a Safety-Steel body, too. I've got to have a car I can count on...*all* the time. A big, rugged car that can 'take it' and doesn't tire me

out no matter how many calls I get... day and night. That's why I picked the big 1936 Plymouth!"

Be sure to "Look at All Three" before you buy any low-priced car. You will find them priced about alike... but you will also find many extra-value features that give Plymouth a big lead in safety...economy...comfort...reliability...and style. Drive this beautiful new Plymouth! Ask your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

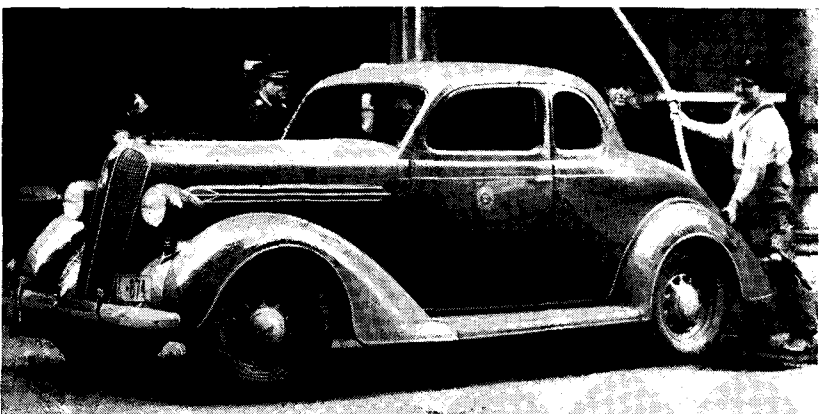
TUNE IN ED WYNN, GRAHAM McNAMEE AND ALL-STAR CAST, TUESDAY NIGHTS, N. B. C. RED NETWORK



(Above) FIRE DEPARTMENT SERVICE demands a car that stays out of the repair shop...on the job!

(Left) A FIRE CHIEF'S CAR has to travel all kinds of streets. "This Plymouth's riding comfort and handling ease are real blessings," says Chief Johnson.

(Below) "I OFTEN CARRY EQUIPMENT in this big, rear deck space."



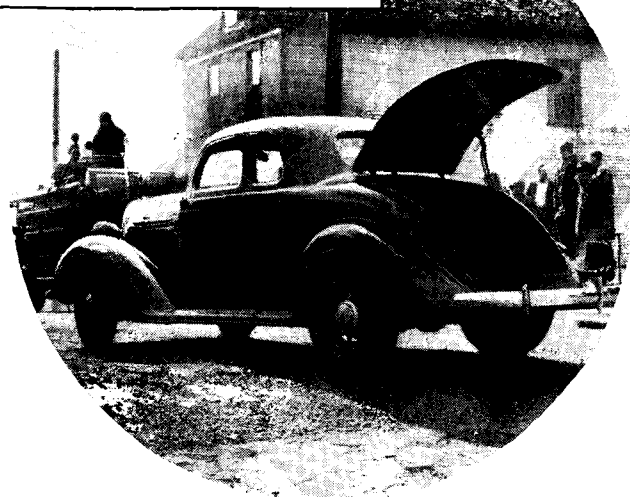
"PLYMOUTH SAVES MONEY for the city on three counts: on gasoline, oil and upkeep! It's the most economical car we've ever had...and the sturdiest."

EASY TO BUY

Plymouth is priced with the lowest...with terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a Plymouth for \$25 a month. The Commercial Credit Co. offers all Chrysler, Dodge and De Soto dealers terms that make Plymouth easy to buy.

\$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA



PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

Next Week

THE hunt that was led by Judge Whitlock was packed with fine six-footers, all bred right, all schooled properly, all of them ready to jump hell and high water for the sake of Elena Casimir-Jones. What chance had another fox-hunting man to attract her attention? Young Terry Barnes, with only two days to do it, figured he hadn't a prayer. So he became, overnight, a student of Chinese poetry.

Such behavior on the part of a man with the bloodlines of the Barneses and the Whitlocks was appalling and incredible. As easily imagine a thoroughbred that would eat apples or refuse to jump! But those who believed in bloodlines were justified in the end. The story of "The Singular Horseman" is dramatically told by Max Brand.

AFTER years of effort, we had just accustomed ourselves to the gals' summer habit of appearing progressively less and less heavily clad. We had got to the point where they didn't disturb our train of thought—much. And now Fashion has tricked us again. The gals are putting on more and more, and our train of thought is practically ruined. Aimee Larkin, Collier's fashion expert, says it's "Just for Fun." Whose fun? Anyway she tells all about it.

IT'S a well-known fact that old Bushwhacker grows the hardest red hogs and the best sorghum beer in the whole state of Missouri. Let a Bushwhacker farmer down a three-breath drink and he thinks he's in California or heaven, depending on the quality of his brew. Perhaps it was only natural the government should think of putting up a brewery there. But that led to a pistol-whipping, a skunking, a tar-and-feathering, a romance and almost a lynching. The story is by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan.

IN a spirit of self-sacrifice Owen P. White has been acting as trail blazer for those who are thinking of motoring to Mexico City. "Bumping Down to Mexico" contains the fruit of his experience—plus a couple of warnings.

AT THE gates of Cartagena, where the northeast winds murmured of the fabulous Caribbees, rich with Spanish spice and gold and slaves, young Roger Blake of Salem fought a valiant battle for love of Francesca and for the safety of the British fleet. Jacland Marmur tells his story in "Captain Jenkins' Ear."

ALASTAIR MacBAIN, James Aswell, Freling Foster, George Creel, Teresa Hyde Phillips, Ernest Haycox and others add to the merriment.

This Week

June 20, 1936

Cover by Ronald N. McLeod

ERNEST HAYCOX

Trouble Shooter, Part I. Romance on the U. P. Trail. The new serial. Page 7

JIM MARSHALL

Too Easy to Live. Nature's gift to the Philippines. Page 10

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Soapbox Messiahs. A British statesman inspects our miracle men. Page 11

ALEC RACKOWE

You're Got to be Sensible. Does that go for love too? Page 12

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

Pleasant Party. Linn and Dunnevan meet a pacifist. Page 14

KYLE CRICHTON

Star Without Limousine. Fred MacMurray, who read himself to fame. Page 16

WILLIAM MacHARG

No Clues. Suspicion of murder. Page 17

FRANK LEON SMITH

In Tight Water. She found his boat in her front yard. Page 18

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS

The Prodigal Nurse, Part V. The heavens fall on Celia. Page 20

DR. VICTOR G. HEISER

Midsummer Sanity. The doctor looks at sports. Page 22

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN

Backwash. The story of two fighting coxswains. Page 25

BILL CUNNINGHAM

Pitch Man. Professor Jeff Tesreau, builder of Dartmouth's teams. Page 26

THE SHORT SHORT STORY

Double Sentence, by Henry LaCossitt. Page 28

FRELING FOSTER

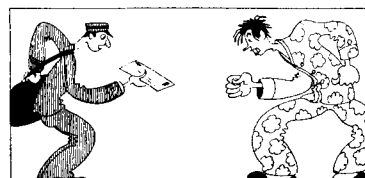
Keep Up with the World. Haphazard happenings. Page 66

EDITORIAL

Youth's Opportunity. Page 74

Any Week

WE HAVE just been informed by a lady whom we are inclined to trust that the order has gone out from the Honorable Jim Farley's office that postmen must deliver relief checks in the afternoon instead of morning. This became necessary when, after many months, it was discovered that the relief beneficiaries, who must sign for their checks, were becoming more and more irritated when awakened at the unearthly hour of nine A. M. This obviously was inhuman and Mr. Farley, upon whose ears the cries of the tormented have never fallen in vain, did the handsome thing.



IT IS little thoughtfulness like that that endear our great men to the masses. Mr. William W. Johnson of Rouses Point, New York, demonstrates with a ringing defense of the Honorable Bertrand Snell, his congressman. "Our reasons for keeping Mr. Snell in Washington," writes Mr. Johnson, who takes what amounts to umbrage at a less than idolatrous reference to Mr. Snell made by George Creel, "is simple. We like him and haven't found anybody we think could replace him. He is a strict party man, but any voter in his district needing his help is gladly given it. Bertrand H. Snell is more than a political figure; he is a tradition."

THE traditional Mr. Snell will therefore be interested in what, to his great amazement, Mr. Ed. J. Beesom of Sacramento, California, heard from a lady by telephone. "Mr. Beesom," said she, "we are all over here enjoying our weekly current affairs chat. The question has arisen: Is our Constitution a written or unwritten document, or are we thinking about England again?" When Mr. Beesom assured her that ours was a written Constitution—and well written, too—she said, "Thank you, Mr. Beesom. Some of these ladies thought it was just something you took for granted."

IN THE meantime we are having a pretty difficult time keeping up with inquiries about Collier's house. "If," says Mr. Robert H. Burritt of Jacksonville, Florida, "I used the plans for nothing more than ideas for better lighting, they would be worth ten times the price. But gourmand that I am, I could hardly wait for the issue of Collier's that outlined the plans for the kitchen."

WE HAVE just been notified by Chief George H. Watson of Salt Lake City, Utah, that we have been made a Brave in the Great American Prospectors Association. And apparently rightly so. We, according to the chief and the association at large, are responsible for "sending prospectors off into the mountains and creeks in satisfied, happy and hopeful frames of mind, thereby causing many discoveries of gold to be made." There is much more to the chief's letter, ascribing to us virtues and prowess which may not be as vigorous as the association thinks. But he also sends instructions about building campfires without wood, matches and other ingredients we have considered indispensable, and how to manage a pack mule. And such information may come in very handy sometime in the next four years—if we are able to dig up a mule somewhere.

YET that shouldn't be as difficult as the requirements of another association we've been inducted into without knowing it. Mrs. Lucy H. Waggener of Duluth, Minnesota, tells us that we have been elected a member of the Northland Choral Singing League. Our card will be forthcoming when we have informed Mrs. Waggener "what voice you sing and when you can come for placement trials." Says she: "It is necessary to hear you sing in order that we can assign you to the club that needs your voice most. Some clubs are very short of tenors while others need basses. Please do not be afraid or self-conscious as we place the poorer voices in large choruses where they will not be conspicuous."



SOMEHOW that reminds us of what a newspaper editor said to us in a small town in Nevada—there being several of them in Nevada. He asked us whether it wasn't true that there were a great many journalists in New York. Yes, we said, a great many. "Well, tell me this," he said. "What do you all do for a living?"

"IT SEEMS to me," says Mr. Thomas McQuaile of Norfolk, Virginia, "that you editors oughtn't to get so enthusiastic about the fellow Hoover and his G-men. If he keeps on knocking off criminals there won't be anything left you won't be afraid to denounce."

WELL, there's always the weather.

*Give your graduating
son a course in Advanced
Shaving!*

PACKARD LIFETIME LEKTRO-SHAVER

**Amazing \$200,000 round head cutter gives
master barber shave every time without
blades, soap, water, lotion or lather**

There can be no finer graduation gift than one of the sensational new Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shavers.

The lucky boy who gets a Packard will never know the rawness, the roughness, and mild torture of old-fashioned knife-blade shaving.

The exclusive \$200,000 round head master cutter puts the Packard in a class by itself. Ordinary mechanical shavers are clumsy beside it. Old-fashioned razors and blades are ridiculous in comparison. Once you use a Packard, you will never return to either.

As the hand guides, the Packard glides over your face. It lops off every hair close to the skin and so gently you scarcely realize you're shaving. No ridge, no hollow, impedes its swift, easy progress.

There is absolutely no tugging, no rawness, no burning.

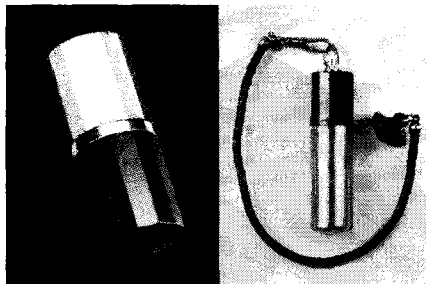
Because of the round head cutter, the Packard reaches hard-to-get-at places . . . in the ears, in the nostrils, on the ridge of the jaw bone . . . where ordinary razors are useless and dangerous.

Go today to the "Progress Counter" in your nearest department store and see both the Packard and the remarkable Lektrolite Flameless Lighters demonstrated.

The Packard's price is \$15, but it pays for itself in blade saving and comfort almost immediately. Ask for Packard, look for the round head cutter, and accept no substitute. The Progress Corporation, 1 East 43rd St., N. Y. C.

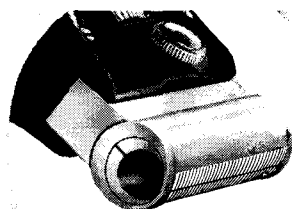
Lektro-Shavers are manufactured by Dictograph Products Company, Inc., precision manufacturers for 33 years, for Lektro-Shave Corp., Licensees. Distributor: The Progress Corporation, 1 East 43rd Street, N. Y. C.

ANOTHER SMART GIFT THE *flameless* LEKTROLITE CIGARETTE LIGHTER



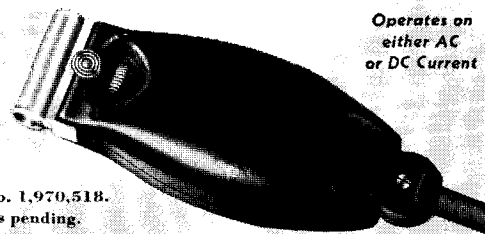
MIDGET GLOLITE \$1 • LAPEL LIGHTER \$5

Don't let yellow fingers stamp you as a drug store cowboy or a small town smart alec. Get any one of the 18 models of the Lektrolite Flameless Cigarette Lighters and smoke the stainless way. Lektrolites ignite your cigarette without matches, wicks, flints, or flame. They produce a magic glow. This glow being 1200 degrees cooler than flame does not release stain-producing coal tar products in the cigarette. Result: a cooler smoke, a cleaner smoke. See Lektrolites at Progress Counters. Prices range from \$1 to \$25.



**THE \$200,000
MASTER CUTTER**

U. S. Patent No. 1,970,518.
Other patents pending.



Operates on
either AC
or DC Current



**SO PERFECT YOU CAN
Shave Blindfolded**



The Packard Lektro-Shaver at the Ritz-Carlton barber shop, New York City



Al Jolson, star of Warner Bros. "The Singing Kid," using his Packard

On sale at 1000 department store "Progress Counters," or order by this coupon, if you prefer

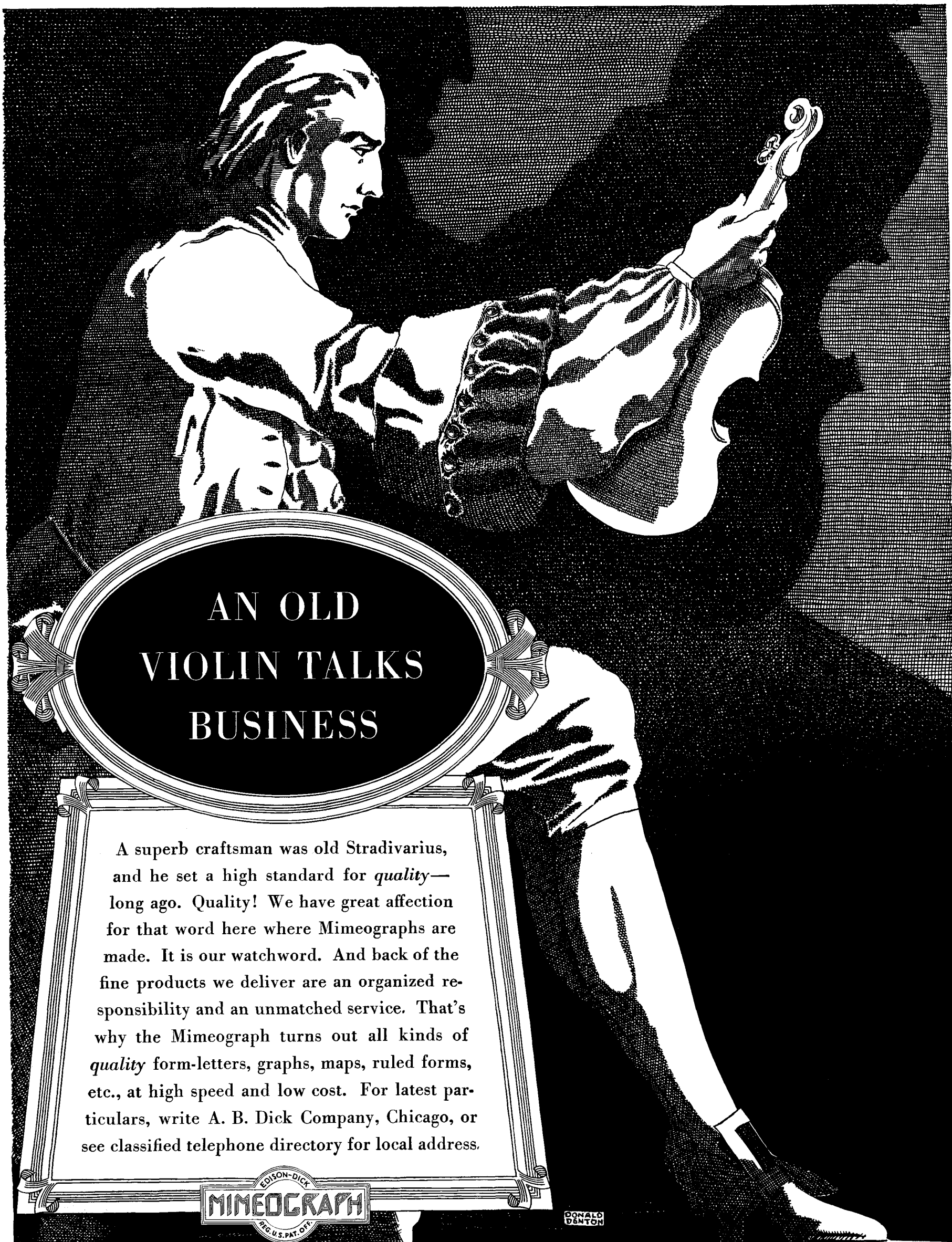
THE PROGRESS CORP., 1 East 43rd St., New York City, Dept. CC-6

Enclosed find check _____ money order _____ for \$ _____ for which please send me
_____ Lektrolite Flameless Lapel Cigarette Lighter (\$5); _____ Midget Glolite (\$1);
_____ Packard Lifetime Lektro-Shaver (\$15).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



AN OLD VIOLIN TALKS BUSINESS

A superb craftsman was old Stradivarius, and he set a high standard for *quality*—long ago. Quality! We have great affection for that word here where Mimeographs are made. It is our watchword. And back of the fine products we deliver are an organized responsibility and an unmatched service. That's why the Mimeograph turns out all kinds of *quality* form-letters, graphs, maps, ruled forms, etc., at high speed and low cost. For latest particulars, write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see classified telephone directory for local address.

EDISON-DICK
MIMEOGRAPH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

DONALD
DENTON

Trouble Shooter

Railroads made the West—and here are the men who made the railroads, in a tense, fast-moving drama of hard-fisted rivalry and tender romance

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

THIS was April, 1868, with the combination work-passenger train running up the valley of the Lodgepole toward Cheyenne.

More or less surrounded by the necessary junk that belonged to his job, Frank Peace sat with his long legs across the opposite seat and watched April's premature dusk slowly fill the desert's empty horizon. Out in the bleak foreground a band of antelope rushed up from a coulee, scudding away into the farther darkness; a window behind Peace squalled open and the man sitting there pumped seven quick shots from his Spencer fruitlessly into that bitten plain and slammed the window down again.

Fresher cold flowed along the car. They were cracking it up at forty miles, through a suddenly condensed night. The trucks of this car chattered a little and Frank Peace's body registered the sudden bite of a curve with a professional interest. Idle as he was, he could never divorce himself from this care; it had been so all the way from Omaha, his ears and eyes attentive to tangent and curve, to the rhythm of the wheels on the rail joints, to the flow of the train along a grade scooped up from the desert only a year before. At Hillsdale station it was thoroughly dark, the lights of the station making a yellow shine on the squad of soldiers drawn up along the platform. In the moment they stood to his view he saw their stolid faces whipped red by the wind; and then the train ran on, the engine's halloo roping back through the rush of weather. Conductor Paddy Miles came by.

Peace said: "Stop at Archer, Paddy."

"Sure, Mister Peace," said Paddy Miles and went on down the aisle, his broad shoulders pressing aside the men restlessly congesting it. For this April was the beginning of another construction season. The Union Pacific's steel rails, racing two hundred and forty miles across Nebraska from North Platte the year before, had stopped eight thousand feet high in the snowy jaws of Sherman Summit, beyond Cheyenne. But this was spring again and ten thousand men of all degrees and kinds—graders, steel layers, bridge builders, gamblers, freighters, gunmen, ex-soldiers, tradesmen, mule skinnors, cow hands, doctors and lawyers, politicians—were bound back in one great tidal wave to Cheyenne and to the end of track beyond Cheyenne for another turbulent, wicked year. Young and old, worker and drone, reputable and disreputable—the five passenger coaches of this train were crowded with them.

Looking them over with a candid eye Frank Peace saw one common thing that held them together—a buoyancy, a high vigor that sang in their voices and turned their muscles impa-

tient. He had it himself, a restlessness that made fifteen hours on the train almost intolerable. The gas light of the car diffused itself feebly through the air turned blue by the fumes of small-stemmed clay pipes clutched doggedly between Irish jaws. All faces were ruddy and all talk had the one major overtone, which was that tuneful and tenor lilt of Erin.

Some of these men were fresh from the old sod; the rest of them were veterans of the shovel and, before that, soldiers under Grant. In their cowhide boots and formless store suits and round-brimmed hats they made a rough show, but Peace knew them well and understood that these were the kind of men who would stand the bitter blast of winter and the merciless heat of sun and alkali better than any other breed. They would curse and complain and fight, but they would work until work was done; and they would turn from shovel to the stacked guns beside them and stand fast when the Sioux and the Cheyenne and the Arapahoe raided the track. He liked them because he had fought with them and against them—and never had found them soft.

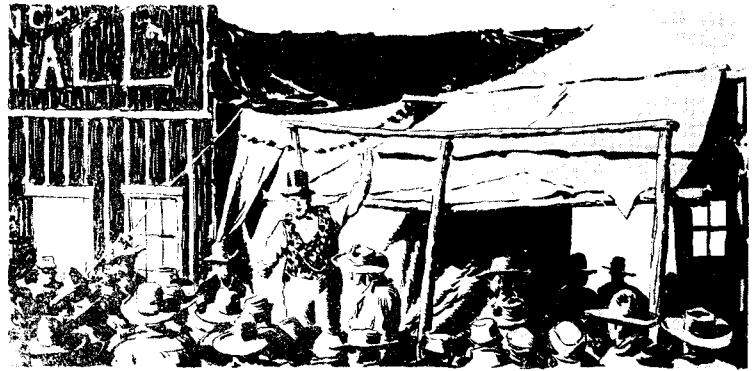
And then his eyes turned to another part of the car and he was again puzzled, as he had been all the way from Omaha, to see the girl with the yellow hair and softly smiling face placed opposite Big Sid Campeaux.

THERE were two women in this car, but of the one who sat down near the potbellied stove and seemed so cold and demure and frightened he had no illusions. For her name was Rose and wherever the end of track would be, there she would be.

It was the other girl he could not understand. She seemed to know Big Sid, which was part of the puzzle; for Big Sid was no man to hide his talents. At each successive end of track town—North Platte, Julesburg, Sidney and Cheyenne—it was Big Sid's huge tent saloon that trapped a large part of the restless construction man's pay check. They burned for a while, these towns, like a crimson fire against a shocked prairie, and then the rails hurried on and they died and a new camp was born; but as fast as the rails hurried, Big Sid was there at the vanguard with his saloon to meet the first engine chuffing with its load of paddies. More than that, it was Big Sid who represented the crooks and desperadoes and gamblers clinging so relentlessly to the flanks of the road as it pressed on. When Big Sid spoke, he spoke for all of them. A huge man, gray and bland of cheek soft-spoken and well-dressed, he sat quietly with the girl and showed her a marked courtesy.

She wasn't, Peace decided, Campeaux's

"Thank you. Mr. Campeaux has offered to help me"



kind of a woman. There was a breeding about her, a pride in the lines of her features. She had put her fashionable wrap aside somewhere on the trip and now wore a long, blue military overcoat buttoned against the chill of the car. Above its collar Frank Peace had only a straight view of yellow, well-combed hair, of cheeks very smooth, and tinted pink by a vitality that strongly impressed itself upon him. The sense of an inward smiling was there for him, and the sense of a gallant courage was there too—on rather long lips and in the clear hazel of her eyes.

SHE felt his glance, for her head came up and her eyes met him with a moment's steadiness. Campeaux jerked his big, round face about and showed Peace a strict civility—nothing else. The engine's long whistling fled by in gusty waves and there was a sudden break in the train's smooth running as it slackened for Archer station. Peace untangled his legs from the gear piled around him and hoisted his long, flat frame one section at a time, as tall men learn to do in crowded spaces, and started down the aisle. He had to press the milling Irishmen aside; he did it without much ceremony, but he grinned a little as he made his way. There was a short chunk of a man in front of him who looked up—and grinned back; a Welshman all over and a scrappy bridge foreman with the devil in his blue eyes.

"Bully, me boy," he said. "This is the year we beat the Central into Ogden."

"Sure," said Peace. But he knew how to handle these men and so he added: "We'll get there if you can keep your bridges built ahead of the steel. The steel gang has a better foreman, Barney."

"The hell it has!" yelled Barney. "I can lick any black Irish steel layer in this world!"

The rivalry of these men was a keen, violent thing. A long Hibernian yell rocked along the car and a brawling voice called: "Where's that boy?" Peace's grin grew longer and thinner, for the feel of this reckless, headlong fighting crowd ran through him and set up a like recklessness. He pushed his way to the end of the car where a blackened gallon coffeepot sat simmering on the stove. He got a cup and poured himself a jolt of this stiff drink—strong enough to float a track bolt—and drank it; he stood there a moment with his face tipped down in a scowling pattern. Afterwards he found a second cup. He filled both. He worked his way across to the frail Rose sitting so obscurely inside her close-wrapped coat.

He said: "You look cold, Rose," gently, and watched her eyes lift and cling to him. She took the cup, but held it still—a faint shred of color coming into her face, softening the stony expression it held. There was something about the girl he never understood, and failed to understand now; for in her was a faint grace that made him remember his manners.

SHE said, in a slow, murmuring breath: "Thank you," and looked down at the cup. There was a break in her reserve, a letting down of that hard wall she showed the men of this car; he saw it and turned away, not wishing to see more. He said, "Gangway, you pick-and-shovel experts," and balanced the remaining cup above him. The packed Irishmen in the aisle were hard to stir and he put his free arm out without any ceremony and hauled them aside and came to Big Sid Campeaux's section. The girl there had been watching him, measuring him in a manner that was straight and swift and without a smile. The pride in her was like steel; she had a breeding that in some way put him on the defensive. It seemed to him she kept

him this way a long enough time before she smiled and accepted the coffee cup. "It is very thoughtful of you, Mr. Peace," she told him calmly.

"Maybe," he answered. "And maybe not." He looked over to Big Sid Campeaux, who made a taciturn third party to this scene. The car pitched more slowly along the rails and somebody said, "Here's Archer, where Hills got killed last November." Then he drawled: "How are you, Sid?"

"Glad to see you again, Peace," grunted Campeaux. "Been in Omaha all winter?"

"No—just a month." Peace's attention went back to the girl. She had lifted the coffee cup to her lips, and her glance came over its rim to him, alert and interested and faintly amused. She had a quality, he thought swiftly, that struck him with a definite impact. Raw and rough as this surrounding scene was, it seemed to please her, it seemed to put a sparkle into the hazel surfaces of her eyes. The restlessness of all these men and the shouldering of the desert wind outside seemed to appeal to a sense of adventure in her. The lightness of her hair shed a remote cameo glow across the smooth surface of her cheeks. She had a resolute chin; her lips were longer than he had first noticed, and caught now in a smile. He didn't look at Campeaux but he spoke to the man with a real impatience. "Your manners, Sid, are rotten."

The train had come to a full stop and the car was swirling with that high and emphatic Hibernian talk. "Where did you get the habit of expectin' help from me?" retorted Campeaux.

PEACE stared deliberately at the man. The indolence went out of him, and his lips made a straight line. "That's right," he suggested quietly. There wasn't any expression on Campeaux's bland, gray-freckled cheeks. The big man had power in him, and it made him soft and non-committal with his talk. A great diamond on one of his heavy fingers caught the smoky car light and threw back a brittle, blue brilliance; and the sense of hostility between them was impossible to prevent. A little of that deep and resentful feeling got into Campeaux's eyes then and squeezed his eyelids closer together.

The motion of a man's shoulders in the seat behind Campeaux diverted Frank Peace's interest and he saw Mitch Dollarhide slowly rise from a half-sprawled position and bend forward to catch this talk. Mitch's ragged mustache edged his mouth; the brim of his hat came well down over his eyes. It was a secretiveness and a shadowing in keeping with his ways, for he was Big Sid Campeaux's creature, walking always behind Campeaux like a well-trained brute. He watched Peace solemnly.

The train had been halted this while; and presently Paddy Miles thrust his way down the aisle with a sheet of flimsy in his hand for Peace. He said: "Don't hold us up any longer than you can help, Mr. Peace. We're late into Cheyenne now."

Peace bowed at the girl, and returned to his seat. The engine sent out its two short blasts; cold air poured down the aisle again and all the shifting men wheeled as the car jerked forward. Peace settled his long legs between his luggage and smoothed out the telegram. "Make no plans for Cheyenne tonight, Reed."

Nan Normandy had a slanting profile view of Peace then. Unobserved, she could let her eyes speculate. If she never saw this man again, she told herself, she knew at least one thing about him: he had little respect for barriers and he had a reckless temper. It was there to be seen in the stubborn and slightly uneven lines of his cheeks. He sat indolent across the seats, with his wide, flat chest

in repose; yet there was, she surmised, not the least repose in him. His hair was ink-black; his eyes were a smoky gray; and his fists were hard. In one way he was elemental in his actions, for he had wanted to speak to her and had found a quick way of doing it. But he had done another thing, too, which lifted her interest enormously: he had stopped on the way to give the other cup of coffee to the girl sitting at the end of the car—a girl whose place in life was easily enough read. He had smiled at the girl with a sudden softening of his face. Men liked him, for all during this trip she had seen these unruly Irishmen stop and have a word with him; and she had seen his grin make a quick, rash streak across his face.

SHE turned to Campeaux, so suddenly that she caught his heavy, studying look. "What did you say he did on the railroad?"

"His title," said Campeaux, "is assistant superintendent of construction. Under Reed, who is superintendent, and under General Dodge, the chief engineer." Campeaux let it ride like that a moment, afterwards adding: "You'll be likely to find him wherever there happens to be a fight. Dodge and Reed use him to fix up trouble. Any kind of trouble."

"He's young," mused Nan Normandy. "Twenty-six, I guess."

"And very hard," said the girl.

"Yes." Watching Campeaux, she observed his face grow heavy. The hatred between the two was something that couldn't be hidden. Yet it was equally clear to her that Campeaux held a deep respect for Peace. For he said later: "He's got four years of the rebellion behind him, a year Indian fighting, and a year of this job. You get hard fast in this country. Or you don't stay."

"I suppose so. Though it is not pleasant to remember."

Campeaux permitted himself a thin smile. "You'll hear him referred to as the man who tamed Julesburg."

"What was that?"

"Just a story."

She was watching Peace's black head roll to the motion of the car. He was relaxed, and he had forgotten her; but there was a scowling line across his forehead; and he had his eyes on the yellow message. The Irishmen in the aisle were beginning to boil again, dragging their belongings from beneath the seats. Campeaux spoke. "Practically to Cheyenne—and seven o'clock."

"The Magic City of the Plains," murmured Nan.

Campeaux bent forward. "You'll like the country."

"I expect to."

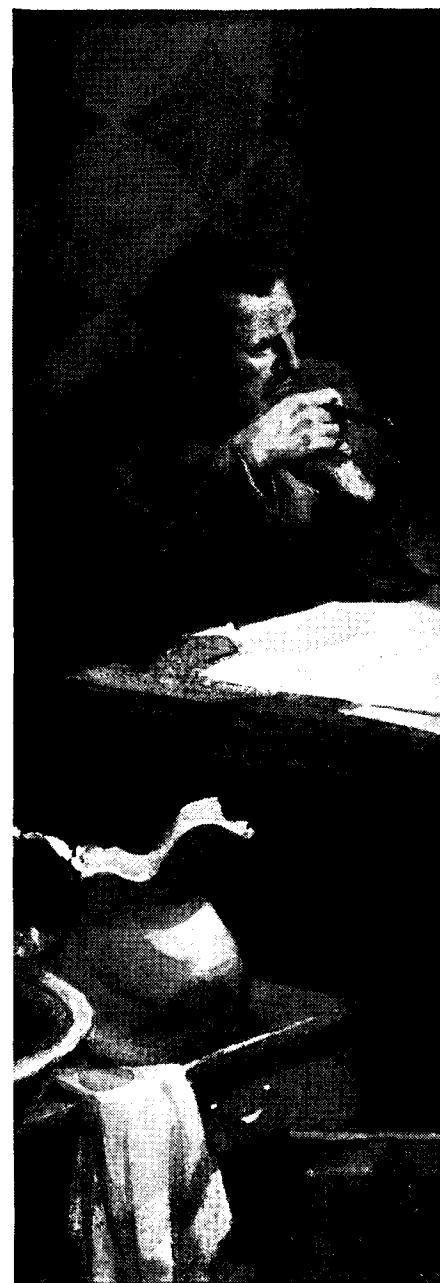
He rolled his big body back against the seat. "It's for gamblers. You're a gambler."

"In my own way—yes."

CAMPEAUX had a trick of lifting his heavy lids when he was interested—as he did now. Considering the round, cold inexpressiveness of that glance, Nan Normandy felt her guard go up. But a moment later Campeaux's attitude became indifferent. His hands, thick and soft, lay idle across his legs. He said: "I want to help you."

Nan Normandy's shoulders lifted. But she didn't speak.

Paddy Miles yelled down the aisle: "Cheyenne!" All the Irishmen were crowding toward the car doors and an enormous confusion began to rack the narrow space. They were laughing, and the long hours on the train had dammed up a wildness that was about to burst through. In a quick half glance she saw Frank Peace gather up his plunder and join this crush. He had not looked at her again—he had forgotten her entirely, she thought. One man turned to



say something to Peace and she noted his swift grin return. The train stopped; beyond the fogged window she saw the lights of Cheyenne shining down a strange, raw street.

Campeaux said, "Mitch," without turning his head, and a great creature rose from the seat behind Campeaux. Nan hadn't noticed him before. He had a mustache shaped thinly like a crescent across his flat lips and a pair of muddy eyes set up a little flash under the brim of his hat. He came around and stood obediently in the aisle. His face was very dark; his features blunt to the point of brutality. "Take these things, Mitch," added Campeaux and rose. The aisle was empty and Nan preceded Campeaux along it to the vestibule. A harsh wind struck her in the face. Lanterns flashed along the station runway and many men roved the adjoining mud, calling out other men's names. In all those voices was something eager and high-pitched, and gay. Coming down the steps uncertainly she stopped to wait for Campeaux.

Frank Peace's voice said, behind her: "Any way I can help you?"

It turned her around. He stood there in the frosty glitter of the weaving lantern lights, his head bent toward her. She observed then the pale scar running across his left temple. There were two other men in the background, obviously waiting for him. Somewhere a man's leather lungs kept yelling at the disembarked Irishmen. "Come over to the Club saloon, you faro sports, and give us a bet! Come over—come over!" A near-by



"You don't do any more office work this year, Frank," he said. "From now on your particular job is to handle the grief along the right of way"

gun was being fired unevenly into the turbulent night, its reports stretched thin by the gusty, bitter wind. The other girl on the train slipped down the steps, and for a moment her white face tipped to Peace. It was something Nan could not help seeing—that strained, somber expression. Then she vanished in the churning confusion.

Nan said: "You have been nice—and thank you. Mr. Campeaux has offered to help me."

The change of his eyes astonished her. They darkened immeasurably and showed disbelief. It was as though he had stepped through a gate and closed it between them. She did not know why, and the moment hurt her. Campeaux came on, speaking bluntly at Peace.

"There's a few things, friend Frank, you ought to stay out of."

Peace said briefly, "I suppose so." He turned on his heels, joined the other two men waiting there; all of them shouldered through the crowd. Something had definitely happened here, oddly depressing her. Campeaux's man, Mitch, got his abnormally long arms around all the luggage and stood patiently by.

"YOU will want to have a bite to eat," said Campeaux. "The proper place is the Rollins House. Go on, Mitch, go on." He gave his arm to Nan and they drifted slowly with the crowd.

There was a man standing by the line of cars, looking on—a short man with very wide shoulders and a gray head. Something amused him and he turned around, impelled to talk. There was only

a stranger from the train at hand—another Irishman with an emerald greenness of the isle still thick about him. But the short one laughed with a long amusement.

"You see that? That bully boy with the high-coupled hips—that was Frank Peace, the man who wrecked Julesburg. And him a-talkin' to the girl when Big Sid Campeaux steps up to take her away. Now that was a thing. What's your name?"

"Callahan—and where do I shleep?"

"Ah," said the small man, scornfully, "why should you be wantin' to sleep? Listen to me, Callahan. I'm Collie Moynihan. Campeaux took the girl from under Frank's nose—a rare sight and one you'll nawt be likely to see repeated. When you buy a drink or dance with the girls or try your luck at monte it is likely Campeaux's pocket you'll be linin'. It was so in Julesburg where Campeaux and his gamblin' devils thought to dispute the word of the railroad's marshal there. And so Peace drops back with a few of us chosen ones, Callahan—a few of us railroad boys. We kill and we cure and we leave fifteen of those bad ones to christen a new graveyard, which Julesburg was a-needin'. And here now Campeaux takes this girl from Bucko Frank. A rare sight."

"And why," said Callahan, very prompt in his answer, "did we not shtep up there and show this Campeaux the evil of his ways?"

Collie Moynihan slid one finger along his nose and laughed—a long, cheerful laugh.

"If you're a-bleatin' at me—" suggested Callahan softly.

"There is plenty of time, me green one, for fightin'. Indade there is. An' you'll nawt be a much oulder man when it comes to you. Come with me to the commissary shack."

THE three of them—Leach Overmile, Phil Morgan and Peace—shouldered into the crowd, skirting the fresh pine-boarded buildings of the railroad offices, turning around the vast piles of steel and ties and boxed supplies waiting here to be thrown forward to the end of track. Engines were backing down the sidings, rattling up the long strings of cars. Men were working near by on a new shed, with a huge bonfire to guide their hammers and their saws.

A recent rain had turned Cheyenne's main street to a churned and beaten and knee-deep river of mud along which, even at this late hour, the toiling freight-wagons were moving hub to hub in formless confusion. Across that gulf of mud Peace saw the glitter of Cheyenne's saloons and dance halls and business houses stretching away into the windy night. Tent or log-framed or pine-boarded, all of them were booming with the traffic and trade of the newly opened construction year. Over on the corner of Eddy the vast shape of Campeaux's Club saloon, a circus tent fifty feet wide and a hundred feet long, emitted its solid gush of light; a band in there made an enormous clatter, through which the hoarse spiel of the barker at the door rose and fell.

"Not a building here last July—and now look at it," observed Peace.

"Nine thousand citizens," said Leach Overmile. He was all Texan, tall and thin and as soft-spoken as a girl. Cold as it was, he wore only a thin cotton shirt and a pair of striped butternut breeches tucked into the low-topped boots characteristic of cattle land. A Colt .44 slapped against his right thigh. "Steepped in sin and proud of it. Kinda tame against Julesburg though. Vigilantes have got the tough ones temporarily scared. What's Omaha look like?"

They turned into the Rollins House and walked up the stairs to the room Peace kept against his frequent passages in and out of the place. He dropped his plunder and lighted a lamp. "Omaha's busy but dull. More than a month of office work would kill me." He had his shirt off and he had poured himself a basin of water. Standing in front of the dresser mirror, he lathered his face.

Overmile dumped himself casually across the bed, lying full length. Phil Morgan, one of the junior civil engineers on the job, sat more properly in a chair. He was a year or two older than Peace, perpetually nursing a pipe. He had a settled, philosophical manner, with a gravity lining his mouth. He was content to let the others talk.

"Who was that girl?" demanded Overmile.

Peace brought his razor sweeping down his face. "Couldn't find out," he mumbled.

"You tried," Overmile pointed out, (Continued on page 37)



EWING GALLOWAY

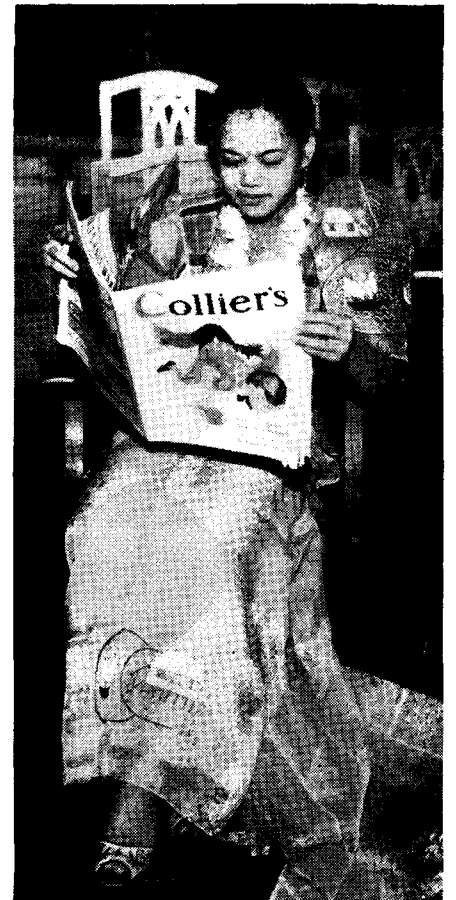


The old and the new: a carabao and an American tractor work side by side in the rice fields

Left: The Escolta, the Number One shopping street of Manila

Right: American magazines wear the Filipinos from native customs

Below: A fishing village, with its nipa huts, still untouched by the changes of foreigners



Too Easy to Live

By Jim Marshall

Collier's Staff Writer in the Orient

THEY were sitting around in Walter Robb's office in the American Chamber of Commerce in Manila—half a dozen American and Filipino businessmen. They talked about gold and oil and rice and lumber and coconuts and hemp and sugar. Somebody wondered why the Philippines, which are among the richest islands on earth, didn't develop faster.

"The trouble is—" started one American.

"It's triple trouble," shot in a Filipino. "Nipa and bananas and bamboo."

They grow everywhere, and with a little work a man may get from them food and drink and shelter. With the climate what it is, a man needs little more. Nipa and bamboo will make him a house. Bamboo shoots and bananas are good, filling food, with a little fish. The rivers swarm with fish; so does the warm ocean near by. Slash the nipa and the sweet sap pours out. Give it a little chance in the sunshine and you have a drink that makes a man forget.

Nipa, bananas, and bamboo: They are the bane of American advertising men and salesmen in the Philippines. In a land where nobody can starve without prodigious effort—which is foreign to Filipino nature, anyway—what chance is there of getting mass consumption of canned soup, patent flour, breakfast food, preserved pears, dehydrated potatoes or anchovies put up in pretty bottles?

And even if the American advertising did create the demand, the Filipino

Fourteen million people living on the lid of a treasure chest and not bothering to look inside—that's the economic picture of the Philippines. If you ask why, the experts reply in three words: nipa, bamboo, bananas. When Nature supplies the necessities of life ready-made, why bother about treasure? Meanwhile the farsighted Japanese are taking their profits and laying their plans

couldn't pay American prices. Sometimes he can pay Japanese prices, and does. Americans plow the land and sow the seeds of desire. Nippon reaps the crop.

In Manila this summer they're showing American bathing suits on pretty Filipino girls. Bathing suits are an innovation; until recently, girls didn't bathe and sun-tan in public. So a demand is starting for slim, scanty American suits—for sale maybe at five pesos or ten. Not many Filipinos, especially

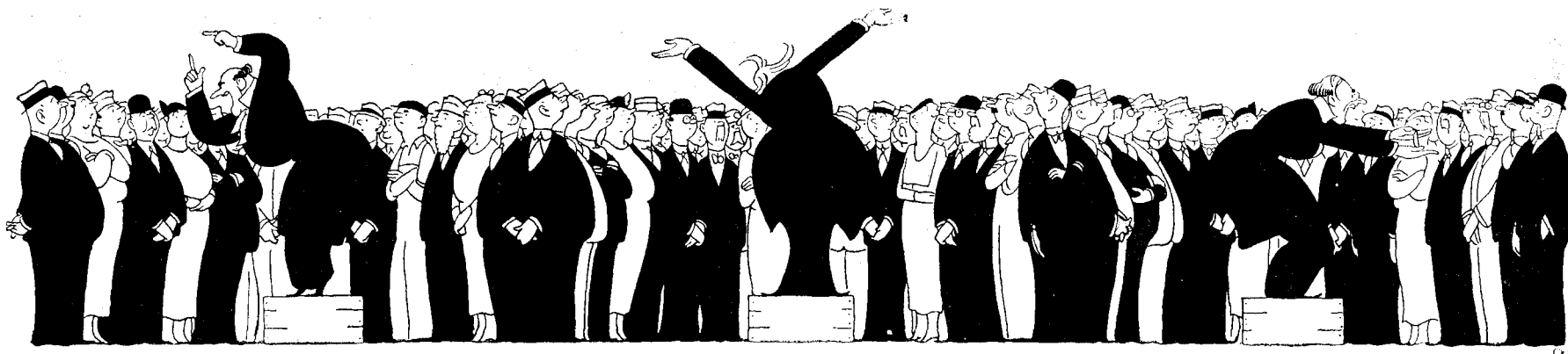
out in the provinces, can afford that.

But it won't be long before crates swing overside from a Japanese freighter at the long bay pier, and exact copies, even to the trademark, of American swim suits are on sale in the Japanese stores, for about a peso.

Even with nipa, bananas and bamboo free for the taking, the Filipino works when he can. He makes from 30 to 60 cents a day, laboring nine hours. He can rent a nipa shack, in and around a city, for \$2.50 a month or less. The shack is about 12 by 12, up on stilts. In it, the laborer and his wife and children sleep on floor mats, cook on a wood or gas stove, eat any old place. Every shack has a sewing machine; some boast an old phonograph. In a land that blooms with colorful flowers, the only touch of color in the shack is likely to be a gaudy bouquet—of paper flowers.

A little rice, a little fish, a few groceries from the Chinese store on the corner, free water from the American

(Continued on page 59)



Some strange figures have leaped upon the American scene, with doctrines and promises as novel as themselves

Soapbox Messiahs

By Winston Churchill

Something for nothing—that's the bait. A dozen amateur miracle men have been telling us how to arrange it. From the safe perspective of England and with the practical experience of having been Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Honorable Winston Churchill appraises our latest practitioners in the art of magic

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS

ALTHOUGH we are assured that the age of miracles is past, no one has suggested that the credulity of mankind has diminished. Science, communication and travel have merely directed it into new channels. Everywhere we find the belief fondly held by millions that some great new world is going to open where work will do itself, or almost do itself, and where "something for nothing" is the order of the day. No doctrine is more unpopular, no counsel is more resented than the contradiction of these daydreams. Nevertheless, I adhere to the school of those who believe that governments cannot make nations rich; that wealth is gathered only by individual exertion and enterprise; that state expenditure is almost always profligate and wasteful; and that the more freedom enjoyed by the citizen and the less the interference of the state the higher will be the standard of the public well-being.

This in no way detracts from the tireless and courageous rooting out of scandals and abuses. It in no way impugns vast state-aided and state-organized insurance schemes such as form the social bulwarks of the British people. It does not seek to limit our compassionate legislation for the weak and poor; nor to relieve wealth from its obligations to the national exchequer. In our island we have achieved a very high degree of wealth taxation without too grievously hampering business or impairing enterprise. All our experience shows, however, that an attempt to take more than half of the income and capital of citizens, however rich, defeats the very purpose of the tax collector. Beyond this limit the process of gathering the public revenue becomes an exciting but not very fruitful process of hunting down fraud, evasion and avoidance. Individuals suffer severely—especially the honest ones—the revenue does not gain appreciably, and the production and

creative energies of the community are definitely impeded. We have pushed taxation of wealth to a point in Great Britain where in many cases the yield would be greater if the rate were less. The idea that prosperity can be wooed by chasing millionaires is one of the most common and most foolish of modern popular delusions. A climate of class hatred and class warfare chills and bites uncounted, innumerable buds, and in its extreme manifestations locks in the grip of ice-bound winter the streams of supply and demand.

Other extravagant hopes are centered upon the use of national credit. When one sees how great is the power of a

mighty modern state to manufacture credit and print money, no one can wonder that the idea of a limitless fountain of state-produced wealth should captivate the minds of the toiling millions. I had myself a remarkable experience. In 1926, at the time when it was decided to attempt to bring Great Britain back to the gold standard, I was anxious to give this enormous operation the best possible security. It was therefore proposed to cover the transition by obtaining a credit of more than a billion dollars in the United States. I was assured that this would be prudent, and that it was certainly practicable. When the proper moment came I inquired what

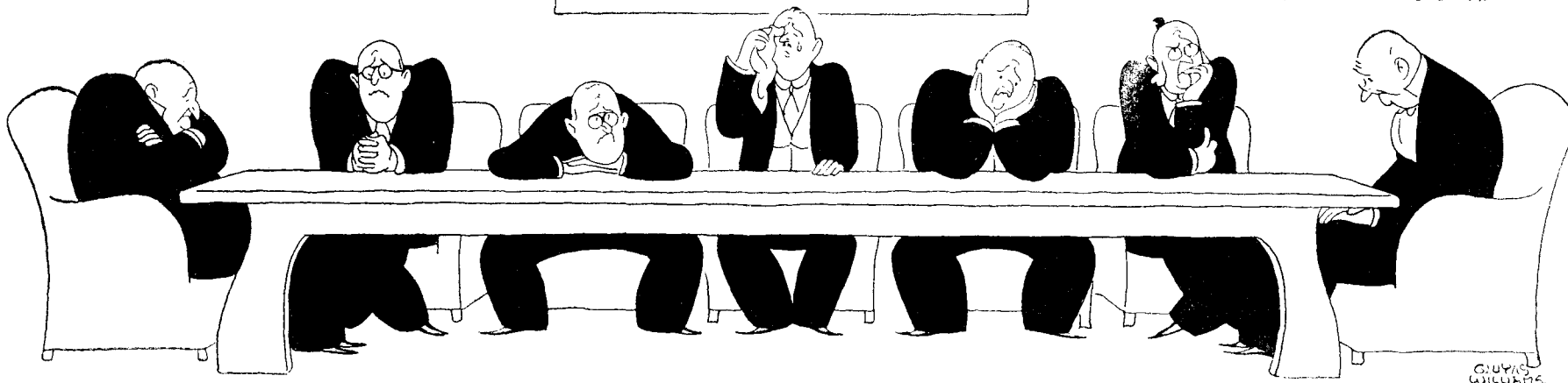
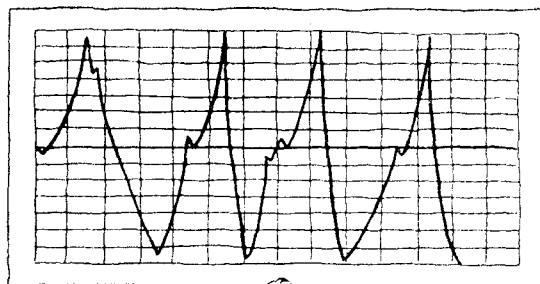
physical action must be taken to bring this immense credit into existence. "All you have to do," said the Treasury officials, "is to sign this letter to the Governor of the Bank of England." Accordingly I wrote my name at the bottom of a few lines of typescript on a sheet of note paper, and it seemed that by magic this vast sum lay at the disposal of the British Exchequer in the vaults of the United States. Instantly we acquired the power at our discretion, if need be, to draw across the Atlantic this broad stream of gold, and thereby to correct and swamp any possible interference by private speculators with public policy.

But it will be said: "You had this power; then why should it not be exercised indefinitely?" We had it, first of all, because the credit bore only a very small proportion to our total national wealth; and, secondly, because we had established those conditions of confidence upon which alone such transactions are possible. If we had strained our credit or weakened the confidence of lenders, almost overnight every door would have been shut against us or opened only gingerly and at prohibitive rates.

I am a firm believer in manufacturing public credit to the highest extent possible without producing an evil reaction. Wealth and credit are the draft horses of society, and they should be made to pull the national coach up the unending hill. But beware you do not starve, maltreat or injure those invaluable animals, for without their aid we should all slide back rapidly into the morasses of barbarism.

The inflationary expansion of credit has a part to play in every highly organized economic state. It is like "daylight saving." And the world is now converted to this idea. I remember how it was ridiculed and how I myself was censured more than twenty-five years

(Continued on page 44)



American business seems to us to tend either to be on the crest or in the trough of the wave



The others had gone down to the car ahead of them, and Rob said, "What about going to Miller's?"

You've Got to be Sensible

By Alec Rackowe

SOMETIMES one hears a phrase and it seems thereafter that it is forever bobbing up, constantly recurring, whereas one could swear hardly ever to have been conscious of it before.

It was her own voice that spoke the words when first they struck some chord within Linda so that she was left, without understanding why, vaguely disturbed, disheartened.

She said, "You've got to be sensible, Rob."

On the face of it there was no reason why the reaction of her voice should have had that effect upon her. Nevertheless, it did.

The April night was tenderly still as they left the club after the Saturday dance. There were no flower smells, though bordering the gravel path down which they went the jonquils were in bloom, and about the wandering porches of the clubhouse, its windows still amber

Yes, if you're very much in love, and you haven't any money, and you're contemplating matrimony—you've got to be sensible. You agree? You are now in the frame of mind to enjoy this story

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN A. GEORGI

with light, the leafless fronds of forsythia were bent by blossoms like orchard trees in late summer. But the smell of spring and of the waking earth was everywhere.

The others had gone down to the car ahead of them, and Rob said, "What about going to Miller's? They've got grand food."

"And grander prices," Linda said. "You've got to be sensible, Rob." Her hand was on his arm. She looked up at

him, sidewise; at his lean profile, his cowlick of light brown hair, and the uneven slant of his black dress tie. "Let's have hamburgers at Joe's. Then I'll be sure you'll have lunches next week."

"A dinner of herbs," Rob said. "I guess you're right as usual. Joe's it is then."

After they had eaten in the smoky, cheerful, noisy narrowness of the lunch wagon it was restful to be rid of the others, receding on the rattle and cough

of protesting cars and left to the deep quiet of the elm-lined street.

They went across the lawn to the dark sprawl of the half-timbered, tile-roofed house. The porch furniture had not yet been brought from its winter storage and they sat on the topmost step. The soft breeze, fitful, ruffled Linda's light hair. It seemed to her that she could fairly feel the moments slipping by, never to be regained, and yet she was unable to move from under the spell of the silence.

She said at last, "Mother got to Taunton all right. I called Dad when I was in the dressing-room."

"When will she be back?"

"In a couple of days."

Again there was the silence. Fatally she said, "What are you thinking of, Rob?"

He did not turn his head. He faced the night; the sleeping street at whose end a creaking and the glow of a yellow

light showed where the first of the milkmen was at work. "How much I love you."

Her hand reached for his. "Why don't we do something about it?"

He faced her. "Would you?"

"Yes. I'll marry you any time you say."

The fingers holding hers tightened. "I can't give you much."

"I'm not asking anything but you. I love you too, Rob."

It was awkward, sitting beside one another. Wordlessly they rose, melting into the shadows beyond the columns of the porch, into each other's arms. Her palms curved the thinness of his face, her lips returned, reassuringly, the questioning tenderness of his mouth.

"When, Linda?"

"Any time you say."

"I'd better speak to your father then."

"Yes." She raised her head. "Come out to dinner tomorrow. We'll tell him then."

HER mother had taken the light car for her trip to Massachusetts, and the big one was at the club where her father was having his round of golf. Linda walked to the station to meet Rob. The promise of the early morning was redeemed in warm sunlight and a misty spring blue sky. Standing in her brown tweed suit and ghillies, a yellow scarf about her neck, bareheaded, she looked into Rob's face as he got from the train. The story of his brown eyes deepened the smile about her red lips. She thought, "He's thin. I'll have to fatten him up." She slipped her arm in his. "No car. We're walking."

"Grand." He looked down at her. "You haven't changed your mind?"

"No, darling."

She sensed rather than heard his sigh. "That's swell. I wish seeing your father were over."

"You're not afraid of Dad?"

"Not of him—no," Rob said.

The smell of the roast was faint in the hallway when they entered the house. Linda went into the kitchen to see if Hilda needed assistance while Rob washed up. When she heard the sound of the car in the driveway she came quickly from the kitchen.

She met her father as he came up the steps. His portly figure in gray slacks and a zippered sweater-jacket moved with an assurance that heartened her.

"How did it go, Dad?"

His round face was pink; his thick shock of hair iron-gray. "Great. I'd have broken ninety on regular greens. These winter ones aren't so good." He raised his head. "That roast smells just fine. How's Hilda coming with dinner?"

"All right. In half an hour. Rob's here."

HE WAS at the foot of the stairs. He did not stop. His voice came down to her as he went on up. "Good. I like a roast to get proper attention."

Linda went into the living-room. The bowls of jonquils and narcissi were bright in the warm sunlight coming in through the white-curtained windows. Rob faced her. She went to him quickly, raising her face to his kiss. He said, "I'll speak to him when he comes down."

Her smooth, high forehead wrinkled, "Hadh't we better wait until after dinner, darling?"

Rob gestured. Only by that quick motion was his nervousness apparent. "No. I couldn't sit and make small talk, Linda."

She patted his arm. "All right then."

When her father came in they were standing together beside the wide windows. He said, "Hello, Rob. Fine day, isn't it?" He went to the table on which the Sunday papers were laid. He chose two sections, tucked one under his arm and held the other. His eyes, gray as

Linda's, swung to them and his face stilled. Rob said, "Mr. Rogers, Linda and I are going to be married."

Her father stood quite still. He looked at the newspaper in his hand, then laid it on the table and took the one from under his arm and put that back as well. When he turned to them again Linda could see the distress in his face. Even as he spoke she felt that same sense of the recurring phrase—inevitable—disheartening: "Look here, you've got to be sensible." He took a cigar from his jacket pocket, bit the end and then held it forgotten in his fingers.

"We love each other," Linda said, hating her voice for breaking in the middle of the statement.

"Yes, I know." Her father's voice was not angry. "And you're almost twenty-two and Rob's—what are you, Rob?"

"Twenty-five, sir."

He looked at them separately. "There isn't anything that I or Linda's mother could object to. We're not blind. We recognize that you two have been friendly for a long time—even that you might be coming to care for each other. But we—I—hoped that it would not come to any

thoughts of marriage, Rob, until you were better able to care for Linda."

Linda half opened her mouth to speak, flushing. She looked up at Rob. His hands were clasped behind him and his head bent. Her father said, "You aren't very well fixed, are you, Rob?"

"No, sir."

"Saved anything?"

"No, sir. I've been paying the college fund the money I borrowed my last two years. I've cleared that."

LINDA said quickly, "Dad, I don't expect Rob to keep me in luxury. Very few of the people we know have more than enough to live on. It isn't quite fair—"

"It is fair," her father said. "These things have to be faced. If you haven't thought of them, I have. And I know Rob has. There are all sorts of arguments you could bring up. That your mother and I married when we were no older than you are—that I didn't have much either. But it isn't that we expected, needed so much less then. It—it's deeper than that."

He became conscious of the cigar and

laid it on the table. Linda wished Rob would say something, but she knew he would not. She knew, as she had known all along, that the things her father was saying were the things Rob had thought of—that she had known he was thinking of—before, quite consciously, she had really forced him to ask her to marry him.

Her father said, against their immobility, "I have no objections to you, Rob. I know Linda's mother has none. I like you—I want to keep on liking you. It's only that marriage wouldn't be sensible."

Rob stood quite still and her father said, "You're a career man starting on almost nothing with the hope and, I grant, the expectation of getting something worth while out of it in time. You might pay your rent and buy your food, but if anything went wrong where would you be? You've thought of that."

He made it a statement and Rob said, "Yes, I have, sir."

It seemed to Linda that they had forgotten her in their mutual, masculine recognition of the sensible, the logical. Her father said, "If anything went wrong, as it so easily might—what could you do? From what I've gathered, your father is in no position to help you." He nodded in return to Rob's faint shake of the head. "You see, don't you? You'd hate to have to turn to me—hate it as much as I would. You'd have to and I couldn't refuse."

ABSENTLY he picked up one of the sections he had laid down. "Perhaps it's the times. They're so topsy-turvy. One doesn't dare be merely optimistic. You have to feel your way—look at things sensibly—from every angle. Go slowly. If you two marry and a bad break comes, you'll have to come here—both of you. Could you take that, Rob? Could you stand that?"

"No," Rob said, and Linda knew he had thought of it. "No."

"We've lost our assurance, our cocksureness," her father said. "Linda's studying shorthand and typing—secretarial work. Because we want her to work? No—but because today all of us realize that there's always the chance that our daughters may have to get out and compete with other individuals for existence—for a livelihood, and that they have a better chance if they are trained for it."

He tucked the newspaper under his arm. "Be sensible about it. I know it's hard. But wait—wait until things are clearer before you. Until you can see your way some little distance ahead. In the light of conditions as they are that's not asking too much, is it?"

Linda saw the quiver of Rob's deep breath. "No. You're quite right, sir."

When they were alone, in the golden diffusion of the young afternoon, he looked at her, "That's that." He moved towards the door. "If you don't mind, Linda, I won't stay to dinner."

Her eyes were steady, though faintly bewildered. She said, "You don't have to feel shamed; or guilty. It was my fault. I made you ask me."

His thin face shifted in its set planes. "I love you terribly much."

"I know you do, dear."

She went with him out into the hall; to the door. When she came back into the house she went into the dining-room. Her father was seated at the white-clothed, silver-and-china-set table. The roast was before him and the tureens of vegetables, quiescent beneath their covers, fronted her place. She said, "Rob's not staying, Dad." Her lips twisted. "I'd rather not have anything to eat just now. I've no appetite for our stalled ox."

She did not look at him, but when he began, "Look here, Linda, you've got to—" her calm broke. She cried, almost hysterically, "No. Don't say it, Dad."

(Continued on page 36)



The iron-gray head moved. "I'm staying here," he said

WELCOME U. S. NAVY



Pleasant Party

Another rollicking adventure of our Navy's star performers, Messrs. Tim Dunnevan and Benny Linn, who never leave a lady in distress

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

DESPITE the indubitable fact that God loves United States sailors if their hearts are pure, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan had landed in the worst jam of their naval careers.

Ten days in the brig and a fine of two weeks' pay had been quite bad enough. The knowledge that Lieut. Commander Herrick, skipper of the Destroyer Trimble, had turned the light of his countenance from them was still harder to bear. But the final heartbreaking blow was the discovery that Linn & Dunnevan, Force and Brains, Inc., had run afoul of no less a personage than Captain "Rhino" Roscoe, commander of the 19th Destroyer Division.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"I bet Yeoman Webster was lyin' when he said the Skipper was gonna send us to different ships and separate us. I bet he was lyin', Benny."

Seaman Linn stared somberly at San Diego's water front. Viewed from rotted piling at the foot of La Paloma Plaza, the prospect gave Seaman Linn no comfort. The air was filled with seagulls, high fog and the odor of dead fish. The sun, it seemed, had gone to Florida for the winter.

"A yeoman never lies about *bad* news, Tim!"

Fireman Dunnevan's brawny shoulders heaved with all the sorrows of the world a-sighing.

"Listen, Benny," he said. "Lemme go to the Skipper and tell him it was all my fault about Flavia! I'll go right now—"

A downward motion of Seaman Linn's right thumb halted him.

"No brains to that, Tim," he said gently. "It *was* your fault about Flavia, but all that's down the slop chute. Next time, let *me* do the thinking—"

"But Benny! There ain't gonna be no next time. I and you will be on different ships."

WITH gallant but hollow blitheness, Seaman Linn gave a yank at Fireman Dunnevan's uniform tie.

"Our hearts is pure and God loves U. S. sailors, Tim. We got liberty till eleven o'clock tonight. Let's circulate!"

Fireman Dunnevan made no move to leave his perch beside the sad sea waves. He was in thrall to the dreadful pangs of hindsight; he quaffed the exceeding bitter beer of what-might-have-been.

"Flavia said she was *starving*, Benny. They'd kicked her out of the Exposition. And she promussed if I was to give her act a chancet in the carnival that she wouldn't strip. You know yourself she promussed with tears in her eyes that she wouldn't strip. Yerse!"

This bit of reverie caused Seaman Linn to wince. Linn & Dunnevan, Inc.,

had promoted a sailors' carnival for the benefit of the Seaman's Church Institute. Seaman Linn, concentrating on high finance, had entrusted to Fireman Dunnevan the task of hiring entertainers. The treacherous Flavia, egged on by light-minded aviation mechanics from North Island and abetted by marines who crashed the carnival, had entertained not wisely but too well. Flavia had danced and Flavia had teased and Flavia had stripped—

Seaman Linn wasted no bitterness, now, on Flavia. His thoughts marched at once to the fundamental cause of disaster:

"It was that Div Com, Rhino Roscoe, Tim," he growled. "The Skipper had Reverend Milton all calmed down and everybody was gonna laugh it off. But them women reformers went straight to Roscoe; and that guy couldn't laugh nothing off. He ain't laughed since he was an ensign!"

"Yerse! Rhino Roscoe is a mean guy."

Gamely, Seaman Linn essayed a laugh of scorn; but his large Adam's apple had sunk ten fathoms deep and he choked:

"It was the woman angle in this jam that got Rhino on his ear. He hates 'em. Webster says some gal jilted Rhino when he was a two-striper."

"Honest, Benny?"

"Yeah. Some sassiety gal back East."

Sentiment warmed Fireman Dunnevan's brown eyes.

"That's orful, Benny. I don't feel so bad against the guy—was she an Erish colleen? The one that jilted Rhino?"

Seaman Linn snorted with sublime disgust.

"Naw, she was an Ethiopian cooch dancer. C'mon, let's get back into circulation. I'm hungry."

"We only got seventy cents, Benny."

"Fortunes has been made on seventy cents. In circulation. Ju-das Priest, Tim, take a brace! We're in a bad jam, but guys has wiggled off'n the electric chair."

"Not in the U. S. Navy. Not with a Div Com hating your guts."

"Pipe down!"

SEAMAN LINN buttoned his pea-jacket; twisted the grommet in his new reg cap so that it had an even jauntier flair in front; stepped off the piling and set course for La Paloma Plaza. He was still the light cruiser moving to attack, badly battered but always cocky. Fireman Dunnevan plodded faithfully two steps behind him.

"You got an idea, Benny?"

"I got brains; and with brains you can always get an idea. C'mon!"

La Paloma Plaza, a dingy side street given over to ship's stores that catered to fishermen, was decidedly inhospitable. Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan

trudged the first block in glum dejection.

"Let's go over to Broadway and see Kay Francis' picture, Benny."

"Pipe down!"

Seaman Linn placed a warning hand on his pal's arm. He nodded to indicate several marines who were crossing the street in the middle of the second block. On the opposite side, Tim and Benny could see half a dozen bluejackets loitering about a doorway.

Fireman Dunnevan grunted.

"Looks like we can get a fight, Benny. It'll help to pass the time. But you hang back and let me start this one—"

"Aw-aw, there's something screwy. Lookit that sailor giving a gyrene a cigarette. Hully gee!"

Tim and Benny moved toward the strange spectacle. Then something even stranger met their gaze. It was a neatly lettered sign across the front of what looked to be a tearoom:

SAILORS OF THE WORLD FOR PEACE
Welcome, U. S. Navy

"They're feeding sailors inside, Tim!"

"Yerse! Free, do you reckon?"

"I'll do the talkin'—"

Warily, Seaman Linn approached a sailor on the outskirts of the group around the doorway. This sailor was a "boot," not long out of recruit station.

"What's going on, kid?"

The boot grinned sheepishly.

"Sassiety dames. Handing out free eats. Turkey breast sanwidges an' cream of mushroom soup. I'm going back after this settles." The boot patted his stomach.

Fireman Dunnevan started for the door. Seaman Linn dragged him back.

"What's the racket, kid?"

"Darn' if I know. They jest feed a guy, see?"

A VERY pretty Junior Leaguer stepped out on the sidewalk. She wore a hand-tailored waitress' uniform, a three-carat engagement ring and an earnest smile.

"You boys come right in!" she said. "We have oodles of food left. Just follow me."

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan shuffled in, behind their guide, and through a bevy of Junior Leaguers who were serving a handsome buffet luncheon to a score of uneasy sailors and marines.

"But Benny—"

"Pipe down!"

Miss Virginia Atkinson looked up from her desk as the sailors entered. Fireman Dunnevan clutched his hat and breathed noisily. Even Seaman Linn's sang-froid suffered a momentary fluster. Miss Atkinson was class, the real thing. She looked about forty years old and extremely handsome. She reminded Fireman Dunnevan of Kay Francis, his cinema ideal.

"These boys would like to ask you some questions about the Movement, Miss Atkinson," said the Junior Leaguer, "I—I think they're making an investigation or something."

"Thank you."

Miss Atkinson nodded and smiled. The Junior Leaguer departed.

"Er . . . won't you boys sit down?"

"Uh . . . thanks. Take that chair, Tim. Oh, excuse me, Miss. I'm Benny Linn, seaman first, and this is Tim Dunnevan, fireman second."

"I'm so glad to know you both. Have you read any of our literature?"

"No'm. Not yet."

"Yerse, but I and Benny'll read it and Benny can read it good, too. He's the smartest guy in the Destroyer Force."

Miss Atkinson beamed. It had been

easy to feed sailors; but it was proving difficult to get to *know* sailors. And the entire success of the Movement depended on making contact with enlisted men.

Seaman Linn coughed modestly.

"I and Tim come in to ast you what Sailors of the World for Peace is about, so on and so forth. Us U. S. sailors has got to be careful about accepting any handouts on account of it may be against the Regs. See?"

This speech caused Miss Atkinson to stiffen perceptibly. Perhaps Captain Ronald Roscoe had sent them to spy on her! It would be just like him. After all these years, he would still be full of bitterness and hatred. Just because she

had told him she could never marry a bloodthirsty militarist who made a profession of war—

"Were you sent by your commanding officer to investigate us?"

"Oh, no'm, nothin' like 'at!'"

"To tell you the truth, ma'am, I and Benny was kinda hungry and—"

"Pipe down, Tim!"

"Oh, don't bother to deny it." Miss Atkinson laughed with faint irony. "We know your officers are watching our Movement. They realize that if we succeed there won't be any navies for them to command!"

Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn exchanged startled glances.

"Oh . . . are you a pacifist, Miss?"

"I guess we better be goin', Benny."

Miss Atkinson transfixed Fireman Dunnevan with a charming smile.

"I am not a pacifist," she said, "I am merely a believer in peace."

Seaman Linn relaxed.

"Oh, that's okay, then," he said, "I and Tim believe in peace and so does all the officers!"

"Yerse!"

"You—perhaps. But your officers—no!"

"Ain't you got them wrong, Miss? The U. S. Navy sure is a force for peace."

I and Tim heard Admiral Standley tell

(Continued on page 67)



Miss Atkinson brought the gavel down on Red Katie's head. The rest was nightmare . . . pandemonium

Star Without Limousine

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Fred MacMurray, who became famous because he could read music



Fred MacMurray and Sylvia Sidney, co-stars in *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. And an off-set shot of one of the MacMurray musical moments

MR. MACMURRAY had his troubles with the California Collegians. He wasn't the leader of the band, because the organization operated on the soviet system of collective action, but he was an important cog in the machine. He was the only man in the orchestra who could read music.

This meant that he played the new tunes over to his compatriots until they either absorbed them or took up another number they could learn. Not only could he play the saxophone, which he had learned by mail, but he could play a little of everything else, and play it he must till his face assumed that choleric hue which denotes that the citizen concerned is about to explode.

When, therefore, a kindly intentioned gentleman, who had seen him cavorting about with the Collegians in the stage version of *Roberta*, suggested that he might arrange a screen test for him at Paramount, young Fred was too depleted in spirit to object. His doubts about the matter returned when he had received the customary tests from Oscar Serlin in New York and had been transported to the land of sunshine and insanity, i.e., California.

Nobody at Paramount knew what he was there for and the thing was a mystery to him. At the end of six months he was in a mood to ask somebody to tear up his contract, but he didn't know who the contract-tearer on the lot was and hadn't the courage to enter the administration building to find out. His next impulse was to wander away into the night in the hope that nobody would miss him, which would have been correct. The weekly check he was receiving could have gone through the company's books indefinitely as an error in the petty cash account.

He felt pretty sore about the whole affair. He had come out with the idea of being in a picture with Sylvia Sidney, but after spending several million dol-

lars on it, the studio had lost the script or something and Miss Sidney had taken advantage of the mishap to get married. In any event, there was no Sylvia Sidney picture at that time with Mr. Fred MacMurray. It was while he was debating the matter of flight that somebody decided he might as well have another screen test, a process which becomes general at intervals and includes everybody who is wandering aimlessly about the studio without a roll of black tape to indicate he's an electrician.

The screen test this time was for *Milky Way* and MacMurray went through the paces with Evelyn Venable. It is not accurate to say that he had not appeared previously in movies because he had been loaned to RKO for a bit with May Robson in *Grand Old Girl*, had eaten popcorn in *The Gilded Lady* for Paramount, and had acted briefly in *Car 99*, which had been an action picture about the Michigan State Police. The total of his acting in these three was in the neighborhood of four minutes and despair had got him.

"Look, mister," said the cameraman who was making the test. "Would you stop bobbing the head and hunching the shoulders? You're acting, see. Natural like. . . . Natural."

Comfort for Budding Cornetists

Out of that test came his part with Carole Lombard in *Hands Across the Table*, and it has been easy since, a triumph for Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, and a source of comfort or warning to every honest lad who ever threatened to drive the family nuts with cornet practice in the parlor.

During the winters in Beaver Dam, he went to school and monkeyed about with a banjo (that was the first disease). In the summer he worked in the pea canning factory with the rest of the town. The wages were twenty-five cents an hour and when the rush was on you

canned peas twenty hours a day or took the chance of drowning in them. They also had a stove works in Beaver Dam, the Malleable Iron Range Company, which gave a yearly diploma prize of fifty dollars for scholarship. MacMurray won it.

"Not only that," he says, "but it gave me a chance to work in the factory."

He was center on the football team and about this time he became tangled up with one Mynie Bartell, who was a piano-playing kid at school who had formed an orchestra which got a job at a barroom on the lake. Either the beer was bad or the orchestra was short of excellence because nobody ever came out to the place and the management never paid the band. They put the thing down to experience and tried to work it out, without success, in pretzels.

MacMurray also played basketball and was on the track team, being a Beaver Dam ten-letter man, but what they wanted him for at Carroll College was football. He was 6:3½ and weighed 190 and could be tough in the clinches. They

gave him a scholarship, which rumor hinted was an athletic scholarship, but he found it was impossible to eat the thing, which paid only for tuition and books. Having had excellent training with Mynie's band, it was only a question of time until he had joined up with Tom Joy's Gloom Chasers, a nifty six-piece outfit, which played five nights a week at the Blue Mound Inn. For that he got twenty-five dollars a week, which was money.

Things were not going well at home and he was helping out. He played at the Blue Mound until three and four every morning and then had to get up in time for classes and football practice. It was even worse during the summer, when he added to the income by washing dishes in a restaurant.

"It was a swell place," says MacMurray. "I'd be working my head off around there but all the time thinking about the good free meal I'd get after the rush was over—and then I'd be so tired I couldn't eat."

(Continued on page 48)

No Clues

Detective O'Malley again, with a killer supplying the mystery—but neglecting to leave a card

By
William MacHarg

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

WE GOT a murdered girl," O'Malley said, "and that's all we know about it. They don't know who she is or where she come from or who bumped her off; they can't find out. She was found in a vacant warehouse near the river, and she don't look like any girl that would be found in no place like that. Well, I don't think they'll ever learn a thing about it. You might remember the case."

"I remember something in the papers a month ago," I told him, "but I've seen nothing since."

"Because there wasn't nothing more to say about it. They worked on it but they're where they started."

We went and looked at her. She was rather pretty and seemed in her late twenties. In her icy casket, in which police procedure preserves unidentified murder victims while waiting to learn who they are, she looked as if she were asleep. Her hands were marked where someone had stripped off her rings. We saw the officer in charge.

"You going to work on this?" he asked O'Malley.

"I guess I got to."

"You've got a lifework, detective."

"Yeah? Well, then I'll get a pension."

We examined her clothes. They were good—neither expensive nor inexpensive. The labels had been taken out of them. The laundry marks had been cut out of her underthings. A cleaner's mark had been cut out of her gloves. The linings had been cut out of her shoes.

"The guy did a full-time job against getting her identified," the officer remarked to us.

"How was she killed?" I asked.

They showed me. She had been struck on the back of the head. The weapon perhaps had been a hammer.

"Anything to work from, O'Malley?" I inquired.

"I don't see a thing."

WE WENT to the warehouse. It hadn't been used for a long time. Most of the windows were broken and the floors were covered with rubbish. The big front doors were locked but a smaller door stood open. It was near the river and, not far away, tall office buildings looked down on it. The girl had been found in a small inner room and only chance had led to the discovery; some boys had found her, hidden under rubbish.

We searched the place carefully, but it had been searched twenty times before and nothing had been found. We didn't find anything.

"Not much to be made of this, O'Malley," I observed.

"Do you expect me to make anything? Smarter guys than me have been working on this, and they come out where they went in. The kid wasn't killed here; they didn't find blood enough. She was killed and got brought here afterward—it might be in a boat, but I think it was a car. A man killed her; a woman



She declared she could not add anything to the description

couldn't have hit her that hard a blow.

"My idea is she come from out of town. There ain't no girl like that reported missing and in a month she'd ought to have been missed. If she come from out of town she had some baggage. Well, where is it? All places where she might have left it have been checked, and they checked all hotels. Wherever she come from, she didn't leave nobody behind that expected to hear from her, or in a month we'd ought to have had some inquiry. It might be the killer had all them things fixed."

"However that was," I replied, "he was clever enough to leave no trace to tell you who, or what, or where he is. It seems to me he's safe."

"Sure he would be if he thought he was."

I thought that over. "That sounds rather metaphysical, O'Malley."

"Whatever that is! Anyway, we know some things about the guy."

"Yes? What?"

"He knew about this warehouse and that she might not be found for quite a while; it was just luck them kids found her. It's pretty sure he brought her here in a car, so probably he owns one; and we know he's worrying for fear he might get caught."

"You can't be sure of that last," I said. "He may not be the kind to worry."

"Yeah, sure he is. He done too many things to hide who she was. A guy that does that many things ain't ever sure if he done 'em right, or if he done enough; so he keeps worrying."

We went back to police headquarters.

I saw O'Malley every day for the next week, and he said he was working on the case, but I couldn't see that he was doing anything. However, the case came back into the newspapers. The police were again questioning all the people they had questioned before, and the papers said new evidence was being discovered; they had found a witness who saw a car parked at the warehouse the night the girl was killed, and they hoped to identify the car. There were other items almost every day. The end of the week I met O'Malley on the street.

"YOU seem to be making progress on that case," I said.

"We ain't moved a step."

"You're holding out on me," I complained indignantly. "I know you don't like to talk about a case while you're working on it, because you think the fewer people who know what's going on the better. I'm used to that. But you say you've got nothing on this case and the newspapers have had a lot about it."

"I guess they have."

"The papers say the police found an imprint on the girl's leg made by the rubber mat on the floor of a car, which shows that she was put into a car right after she was killed."

"You seen the dead kid. Did you see any pattern?"

"No," I admitted, "I missed it."

"You'd ought not to believe all you read in them papers. I got a tip now that might turn out something. A guy

came to headquarters and complained that a man in a car had been following his wife on the street. I thought I'd see him."

"Do you think that has anything to do with the murder?" I asked.

"It might."

We saw the man at his office. His name was Stelling. He was a good-looking, dark-haired fellow and was employed by an importing company. He described a man who had trailed his wife repeatedly on the street—a heavy-built, blond man in a green sedan.

"Did you see the guy yourself?" O'Malley asked him.

"If I had I wouldn't be coming to the police about it; I'd take care of him myself. My wife described him to me."

"We'll see if we can spot him."

"I wish you would. As I told them at police headquarters, I'm nervous about it because of that murder. My wife thinks this fellow makes a practice of following women, and a woman might be murdered just that way. Was the car in that case a green sedan?"

"I don't know what kind of car."

"Probably," Stelling said, "the floor mats in several thousand cars would have the same pattern. Is the pattern that you found distinctive?"

"I didn't see no pattern."

"You dumb cops don't know much," Stelling declared disgustedly. "The public has plenty of reason to be worried. Apparently a girl can be killed in this town without anything being done."

(Continued on page 50)

In Tight Water

By Frank Leon Smith

Romantic story of a young man in a terrible, terrible jam; and a young woman who was brimful of sympathy

ILLUSTRATED BY JARO FABRY



THE breaking waves dashed high on a stern and purse-proud shore. They dashed all night, and when the sun came up and they went away, they left a motorboat on the terrace in front of a summer place belonging to an authentic millionaire named Hollister.

The Hollisters were about to move in for the season, and young Jane Hollister had come out with an advance guard of servants, to open up. This girl, Jane, might not be the tallest girl in the world, but she combined so many fine features that guys in restaurants would forget their fillets, and guys in theaters would forget the play, while they stared at her and dreamed about a more abundant life.

In the morning, Jane sallied forth into the sun and yawned and stretched, and like the birds that were singing as they shook back the feathers that had been blown up over their shoulders the night before, she had forgotten the alarums and terrors of the storm. Then her gaze fell upon the strange motorboat. With astonishment she viewed this impudent intruder, lolling on its side, a curtain fluttering at a broken port making it seem to be winking at her father's house.

With maidenly curiosity, she peered into the cabin and then into the tiny stateroom. There were two pictures on the wall of the stateroom. Pictures from the rotogravure sections of a Sunday tabloid. Pictures of herself, taken by a candid camera when she was wearing the bathing suit her father had said she could carry in a wrist watch.

She climbed into the boat for a closer look. The pictures were framed, and on one was written, "To Newbold, with love and kisses, Jane." And on the other, "Success and Flowers to Dear Old Newbold Ditson. Sincerely, Jane Hollister."

She had been angry when those pictures were printed for the world to see. Now she was furious. She knew no Newbold Ditson. She didn't know any man in a way that would call for her to deal out love, kisses, success and flowers with her pictures. Furthermore, her handwriting was modest, neat, individual, and these inscriptions were forged in the great scrawling characters affected by very young personality girls and dumb debutantes.

She explored the boat. She found in books and papers the repetition of a name and address. She stalked back to the house and put in an indignant telephone call for Mr. Newbold Ditson.

IN NEW YORK, the morning air was full of spring and spryness. Also the morning air was full of radio recipes, kitchen and nursery advice, music, puns, and the forced laughter of forenoon comedians.

In one of the studios of the Bronstein Broadcasting System, our hero, young Mr. Newbold Ditson, who worked in the advertising department but overran the whole establishment with the confidence of a big-footed puppy, was haranguing Mr. Jack Fosburgh and the merry men of Fosburgh's band, who

were about to go on the air, on a sustaining program. It wasn't the biggest studio in the place, and it had none of those aquarium windows through which the visiting public can watch the toilers of the air waves at work, practice or dice.

"The tickets are only two bucks apiece. Two bucks for a swell boat like that."

"What's the matter with the boat?"

"Nothing's the matter with it. It's been completely overhauled and it's ready for a cruise right now."

"What's the idea of raffling it off?"

"That's right—what's the big idea?"

"Hey! Give a guy a chance, will you? I can't use it any more, and don't you s'pose I'd like to make a little jack, same as you guys?"

FOSBURGH winked at his men. "I think there's a dead fish in this boat somewhere," he said, and made his violin strings ping.

"Aw, you make me sick. Everybody in the shop—and all the other programs but yours—have bought tickets, and I'll pull the raffle just as soon as I sell the last of them." Newbold fanned out several tickets. "Come on, Jack, take a couple, to start your gang off. The lucky number gets the boat, and the boat takes you out and around and gives you air and exercise, and shakes off that fat belly of yours."

"What fat belly? What do you mean, fat belly? I'm going to a gym every day and I haven't got belly enough to hold up my pants!"

The indignant virtuoso grasped his trousers and swung them freely as though they were a wrap-around skirt.

"How about you other fellers? Aw, come on!"

The announcer, watching the time, warned them to get set.

Newbold made a last appeal. Jack Fosburgh tapped with his bow, said, "One, two—three!" and they all sang, "We don't wanna buy a boat and we think your raffle is a racket!"

And then they were on the air. Newbold stood by, frustrated, furious. The announcer announced, the band played, then the announcer announced again. This time it was, "Fosburgh and his Fiddle."

Mr. Fosburgh began to play, rolling his eyes and darting gypsy looks at the mike. He played with a wildness, a passion that made him quiver.

Our hero advanced on him and, reaching under Mr. Fosburgh's coat, he cast off the moorings of Mr. Fosburgh's suspenders. Mr. Fosburgh quivered steadily out of his trousers. Mr. Fosburgh was in a musical quandary. He needed two hands for his playing. He couldn't spare one, even for an instant. He could only be grateful that the studio wasn't wired for television—and keep on playing. When he drew out the last sobbing note, he was standing before the mike in shorts, socks and garters, his wide-spread feet swamped with trousers.

As he caught them up, he looked for Newbold, but Newbold had fled. Raising his eyes, he saw the enraged countenance of the vice president, who was watching from a glass in the wall that opened into his office. Mr. Fosburgh made haste to preserve the legend that his band could play only when he led it, and as he adjusted his wardrobe with one hand, he made directorial motions with the other.

"You are not funny," she said, "and I am in no mood for joking. In simple language, your boat came ashore here"

Newbold went back to his office, running the gantlet of people who had bought tickets and wanted to know when the raffle was coming off. At his door he met Blunder Buskirk, the comedian, who could stutter and fumble at will.

"You wouldn't clip a guy?" said Mr. Buskirk sharply. "Is this raffle on the level, or is it one of those things?"

"Of course it's on the level. Any day now. I'll sell the last tickets—and then you can break out your yachting cap."

Relieved, Mr. Buskirk relaxed and grinned. "I ber-ber-bought ter-two tickets and everyber-ber-ber-body else has ber-bought, and if you der-der-der-don't puh-pull that raffle, you'll buh-be in ter-ter-ter-tight water, my ber-ber-boy!"

Newbold smote him on the chest in camaraderie. "Any day now, kid!"

Then a girl's voice from the other side of the partition said, "Here he is now! Just a moment, please. Oh—Mr. Ditson!"

Mr. Ditson went into the office he shared with eight others, and picked up the telephone. "Ditson speaking," he said formally.

"Mr. Newbold Ditson?" said the distant Miss Jane Hollister.

"Guilty!"

"You own a motorboat—the Seasong?"

"Oh, yes!" said Newbold, suspecting a raffle-minded person. "You better hurry. There are only a few left and—er—to whom am I talking?"

"Jane Hollister! Candle Cove, Long Island, and you better get right down here and take your old boat off our front terrace!"

NEWBOLD'S knees buckled. Jane Hollister! His ideal of what a girl should be, all down through the ages, to the present, and on into eternity. Something along those lines. But how had this morning miracle happened? How would she know his name and where he worked?

Then his brain cleared. Someone somehow had learned his cherished secret and was essaying to have a bit of amusement. He sat down and put his feet on his desk. "W-e-e-ll, now, Jean Harlow! Or is this you, Claudette?"

Miss Hollister said, "You are not funny, Mr. Ditson, and I am in no mood for joking. In simple language, your boat came ashore here last night. It is in our way. Will you remove it? Or shall I have it towed up the beach and burned, and send the bill to you?"

Newbold's feet hit the floor with a bang. "No, no, no! Don't do that! I didn't understand. I—I'll be right down!" He heard the click that told him she had hung up. For the benefit of the rest of the office, he said gayly, "Ten tickets? That's great, Mrs. Bagshot. If you win the boat, you and Jerome have a wonderful summer ahead!"

He hung up and grabbed his hat. He muttered to the girl who had called him to the phone, "I have some clients to see, and on the way I'm going to shed a few more tickets. Be back after lunch."

In excitement and in an old yellow roadster, he drove down to Long Island. Candle Cove? What was his boat doing there, when he had left it tied up safely, miles away? Supposing the boat was an unraffle-worthy wreck! Phew! But—the Jane Hollister phase! What a coincidence! Wait a minute, maybe it wasn't anything so trivial as coincidence. Maybe it was something as overpowering as Fate!

"Fate!" he whispered. "And she's a beautiful heiress and all! Destiny—that's it. Fate sounds kind of gruesome. Destiny—that's the word. Boy, oh, boy!" He began to sing, "You are my lucky star—you are my destin-e-e-e-e!"

He stopped singing. Gosh, those pictures of her, in the Season! Had he

removed them? He had intended to—but had he actually taken them away, with some other personal stuff? Gosh, maybe Miss Hollister had seen them, and the enthusiastic inscriptions he had written!

He turned from the highway into a private road marked "Hollister," and presently reached the house. His eyes widened at the size of the house and the number of men working around, putting up awnings, and so on. He walked around to the side that faced the Sound. He saw his boat, and loped toward it, then stopped short.

A PRETTY girl in sand-colored slacks and an emerald-green pullover was patrolling the terrace. Her hands were on her hips, her elbows were ahead of her, and her head was wagging as though she were in violent argument with somebody, and doing both sides of the dialogue.

His "Oh—good morning, Miss Hollister!" ended in a nervous croak.

She swung her elbows back and braced her shoulders. Her blue eyes, as she looked at him, were friendly. Newbold wasn't a bad-looking fellow, only rather large and rambling and loosely held together. She said, "Yes?" in a pleasant, clear voice.

"I'm Newbold Ditson, and I've come to see my boat."

She was puzzled. She expected a much older man. That inscription, "Dear Old Newbold Ditson," had suggested one of those paunchy die-hards with eye wallets, white hair, red tie and giggle, who are called "Daddy" by coatroom girls and other girls too numerous to be their progeny. Now she thought, "Collegiate! Pennants, pictures, souvenirs, brag and bluff! That explains it."

She blazed away at him with some of the dialogue she had been rehearsing. "If a person is considerate enough to telephone you—long-distance—and relieve your anxiety about your boat, common courtesy would indicate politeness on your part—instead of labored jokes about actresses!"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hollister. I really do. If you'll let me explain—you see, so many of my friends think it is funny to call me up and kid me."

Her face was suddenly red. She was embarrassed, and she was angry. "Kid you, Mr. Ditson? Kid you? I am a total stranger to you."

"Yes—yes, of course. Oh, yes."

"Then why should you think it was one of your friends kidding you? Do you pretend to yourself, or to your friends, that you know me? That we have ever even met? Or that you have ever even seen me?"

"Oh, no, no, no. That's my own—I mean, of course nobody knows or thinks—and anyway, I did see you once, last year in a restaurant!"

NOW her anger was gone, if her embarrassment wasn't. He seemed so much the bashful boy of less than half his years that she almost felt sorry for him. She said, "That could happen—although it doesn't explain— Oh, let's drop it. There's your boat."

"Could I—I mean, could I look at it?"

"It's your boat, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. Er—please excuse me."

He hastened to the boat and gave it a swift inspection. Then he glanced quickly at her. She seemed busy, booting pebbles. He popped his head into the stateroom, and his breath went out with a grunt of relief. The pictures

(Continued on page 62)

"I beg your pardon," he said. "If you'll let me explain—you see, my friends think it is funny to call and kid me"



Jaro Fabry

The Prodigal Nurse

By
Teresa
Hyde Phillips

The Story Thus Far:

BECAUSE she wants to be free for a time and "see life," twenty-one-year-old Celia Landis rejects young Dr. Anthony Starr's proposal of marriage and goes to work as a trained nurse in New York City. Her first experience is with a rich old roué, who insults her. She drops the case.

Patient number two is Mrs. Carleton Daklin. Friends, attractive and gay, swarm around Mrs. Daklin. Among the young men who dance attendance is Pat Braddock, an artists' and advertisers' model. To her amazement, from the moment of her arrival, Celia has a suitor: Mrs. Carleton Daklin's handsome husband!

A difficult situation, which becomes impossible when Pat Braddock, who has been drinking, kisses her—and, in Mrs. Daklin's presence, Carleton Daklin reproves him. Then Celia leaves.

And within a short time she is at work again. But she is no longer a nurse; thanks to Carleton Daklin, who is head of a great advertising agency, she meets Vaski, a noted commercial photographer; and Vaski gives her a job as a model!

Celia is astounded at the size of her first check: for one thousand dollars. The work is easy, she finds; and when United Models and Advertisers Agency insists that she register with them she knows that she is to meet with success.

Among the lovely models she meets is Betty Yandell, who invites Celia to room with her in her apartment. Celia accepts.

Life moves along serenely. But, dining one evening with Tony Starr, she detects a faint resentment in his attitude toward her. It is obvious that he does not entirely approve of modeling—or of Carleton Daklin. They walk home together. Celia opens the door of her apartment. A man rises lazily to greet them. Carleton Daklin! He ignores Starr. "Ah, at last," he exclaims. "Hello, Celia."

V

FOR a second there was silence. An unpleasant silence, for Celia saw Starr's face. She read what he was thinking, and what was there to say?

"This is a surprise, Mr. Daklin," she managed. How false the truth can sound. It rings around the world, the truth, and sounds at times more false than lies. "Are you—are you with Betty?" she said. "Oh, of course—with Mr. Braddock. You are—"

"Waiting for you, naturally," said Daklin.

She hadn't introduced the men, she remembered. Her first impulse was not toward social amenities but toward explanations to Starr. But how could she

explain? She had no idea, herself, how this had come about. Daklin in her apartment and Betty not there, nor anyone.

She said mechanically, staring at Daklin, unable to look at Starr: "Dr. Starr, Mr. Daklin."

Daklin said easily, polished, so polished, "Dr. Starr." He said, "I hope I'm not intruding but I dropped in to discuss some work with you, Celia—and Miss Yandell asked me to wait." He did not add that he had waited with Braddock and that that was why Betty had gone on. And Daklin wasn't concerned with making things look right and as they really were in his relations with Celia. This girl was a wonderful model. She

should not be dragged back into the mediocrity of nursing. He had observed the snapshot of Starr on the table. Betty had said it was a medical friend of Celia's, but only a friend, she had added.

"OF COURSE," said Celia. She was disturbed but this was her own house and every instinct of hospitality urged her to conceal her feelings. Then she looked again at Starr, and immediately her pride was up in arms. Who was he to look like that? Why should she not see Daklin here? To be sure, only a moment before she had assured Tony that she had not been seeing Daklin, had no reason to expect to see him, but she had been tell-

ing the truth and why should he look now as if he had been struck in the face?

She said, "It's very nice to see you again, Mr. Daklin. Pat Braddock tells me you have been away." If Starr did not believe that, if he imagined this was a false front of conversation, put up for his benefit, then she thought little of Starr, she decided passionately. One had to accept one's friends on trust. She would not try to discover from Daklin immediately how it had come about that he was there, waiting for her, alone. No, she would not do that for Tony. One shouldn't need to. One should just make one's point and not elaborate it.

Then she thought, "Good heavens,



"This is altogether too unpleasant," Celia thought. "I won't stay another minute"



ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

what a mountain I am making out of a molehill." But she felt guilty because down in her heart she had had an instinctive feeling that she would see Daklin again, that there *was* some connection between her life and his. She turned to Starr with a little laugh.

"Tony—" she began. But he was far away, and getting farther every minute. Standing straight and stiff beside her, near enough to touch her, there were miles of spiritual distance between them. A continent of arctic waste over which icy winds were blowing. He did not believe anything, she saw.

"Tony—" she began again, while Daklin looked on, understanding perfectly

and making no move. And that was inevitable. A man like Daklin wouldn't have much to say to one like Starr and would have no compulsion to clear up such a situation. She looked at him. Up to something. Thinking. Not the kind of man to be got rid of. . . .

But Starr was different. Serene, kind. He would understand. What she did not stop to think was that Starr was a man in love. He was in love and, for the first time in his life, he was jealous, jealous in his own repressed way, and he could not be, at just that moment, fair.

And he was intuitively right. For men, unlike women, are seldom jealous of the wrong person.

"Now don't lose your head, Celia," she told herself. "Tony will understand. He will know that Daklin does what he pleases, that he's that sort. That I didn't ask him here or think for one second that he would come like this!" She said aloud, "Come in, Tony."

But the polar landscape was at the door. It was turning away, giving her no chance, believing the worst. But she tried again.

"Please stay!" she said. "Just a few minutes! Must you go?" She hoped her voice sounded right but apparently it didn't. The room narrowed to Starr's cool repudiation.

"A FRAID I must," and his aloof blue eyes rested upon her as if she were a laboratory experiment which had proved a failure. "Good night. And thanks for a pleasant evening." He nodded a courteous good night to Daklin and was gone.

The door closed behind him with a little click. Celia listened to that click with her whole being before she turned to Daklin.

"And how," she asked, without remembering the rules of hospitality any longer, "how did you get in here like this?"

He smiled into her eyes unabashed. "I called up and was asked in for a cocktail. You had just gone. Braddock was still here with his friend—Bill is his name? Then we all dined together. Betty had an engagement to pose—you girls certainly don't keep union hours—and as Bill wanted to escort her, I remained. All clear?"

"You might have told all that to Tony—Dr. Starr."

His eyebrows lifted. "Must you explain your guests to him? In any case," he added, "he did not wait to hear."

His suavity put her in the wrong. That was his way—he could take any situation by the throat and throttle it to nothing. He stood smiling at her and he had put aside his manner of the executive head of East-West and was again the Daklin of his own morning-room.

She walked over to a table and took off her hat without another word. "You look lovelier than ever," Daklin said. "That's a new way of doing your hair. Delightful."

Starr would not have noticed her hair in a hundred years. Daklin would always notice one's hair. He also, she knew, understood perfectly that he had done something to her and to Starr. And he did not care. She saw how and why he did not care—he did not believe in the slavery of nursing, he thought Starr or any doctor who was interested in her was a pull towards that slavery. In his own fashion, he had been fighting for her—for her own good. Oh, these persons who do things for one's own good!

CELIA leaned against the table and watched him. She understood him. You had to be a trifle like him yourself, she reflected bitterly, to understand him. She had let Tony go and that had been her mistake—letting him go away thinking that there was more between her and Daklin than there was. She had managed things stupidly because she had wanted to eat her cake and have it too—wanted not to offend either of these men. Daklin comprehended that. Daklin was clever. Oh, clever! If he saw that Tony was jealous. . . . He had seen it and it amused him, roused some devil of mischief in him. . . .

And something else was roused in him also. He reached out now and took her wrists. He had his look of being hard. And his hands were hard on her bare wrists. A leaping something lay there under his skin, a life, a passion.

"Celia!" he said. And what more he might have said she did not know, for the door opened behind them and Betty came in.

"Oh, Celia did get in!" she said to the man she had urged to wait. "I hurried because it seemed rude to leave you alone."

Daklin turned in his leisurely way and smiled at her.

"I'll run along now," he said. "I'll talk over that matter with you later, Celia, when it isn't so late."

Celia watched him go. She looked at Betty without speaking. What was the use of saying anything? Why upbraid Betty? And did she want to?

She went into the bedroom and sat thinking. She must telephone Starr. She could not let him go with that look on his face and let that look crystallize there until it was part of him. Instinct told her that he would go back to the laboratory, that he would work the rest of the night. She looked up the Chalmers Institute in the book and called it.

"I want to speak to Dr. Starr," she told a sleepy, watchmanlike voice, "Dr. Anthony Starr. I am sure he is in his laboratory and it is important."

There was grumbling and remonstrance but presently she heard Starr's voice.

"Tony!" she said. "I couldn't bear your going off like that! Why did you? You know I wanted you to stay! I had no idea Mr. Daklin was there. He never has been before—"

His voice was so low that she could scarcely hear what he said. "Nice of you to call," she made out, "but I don't understand why you think you need to—"

THAT was ridiculous of him. Small. Not like Anthony Starr. Admitting the smallness to herself helped her. "How can you be so horrid!" she cried. "You know why I am calling. I shouldn't have to explain—"

"There isn't anything to explain. I don't understand quite why you are calling—"

"You know," she said furiously, "that I am uncomfortable because I had just told you I had seen nothing more of the Daklins. And there he was. And you jumped to some sort of silly conclusion—I don't know quite what. And went off with your head in the air."

He said in a flat voice, "You are making a fuss about nothing, aren't you? I understand perfectly. It was your employer, calling on business. And why not?"

"Idiot!" Celia said to herself. She sat on the edge of the bed, the receiver pushing back the bronze curly hair from her ear. "As a matter of fact," she said aloud, "I don't see why not. But he isn't my employer," she added hotly. "I am working for United Models."

"All right then," said Starr wearily, "it wasn't your employer calling on business. Celia, do you mind if I hang up? I left in the middle of an experiment—" He said with a voice of one completing a conversation, "Nice of you to call."

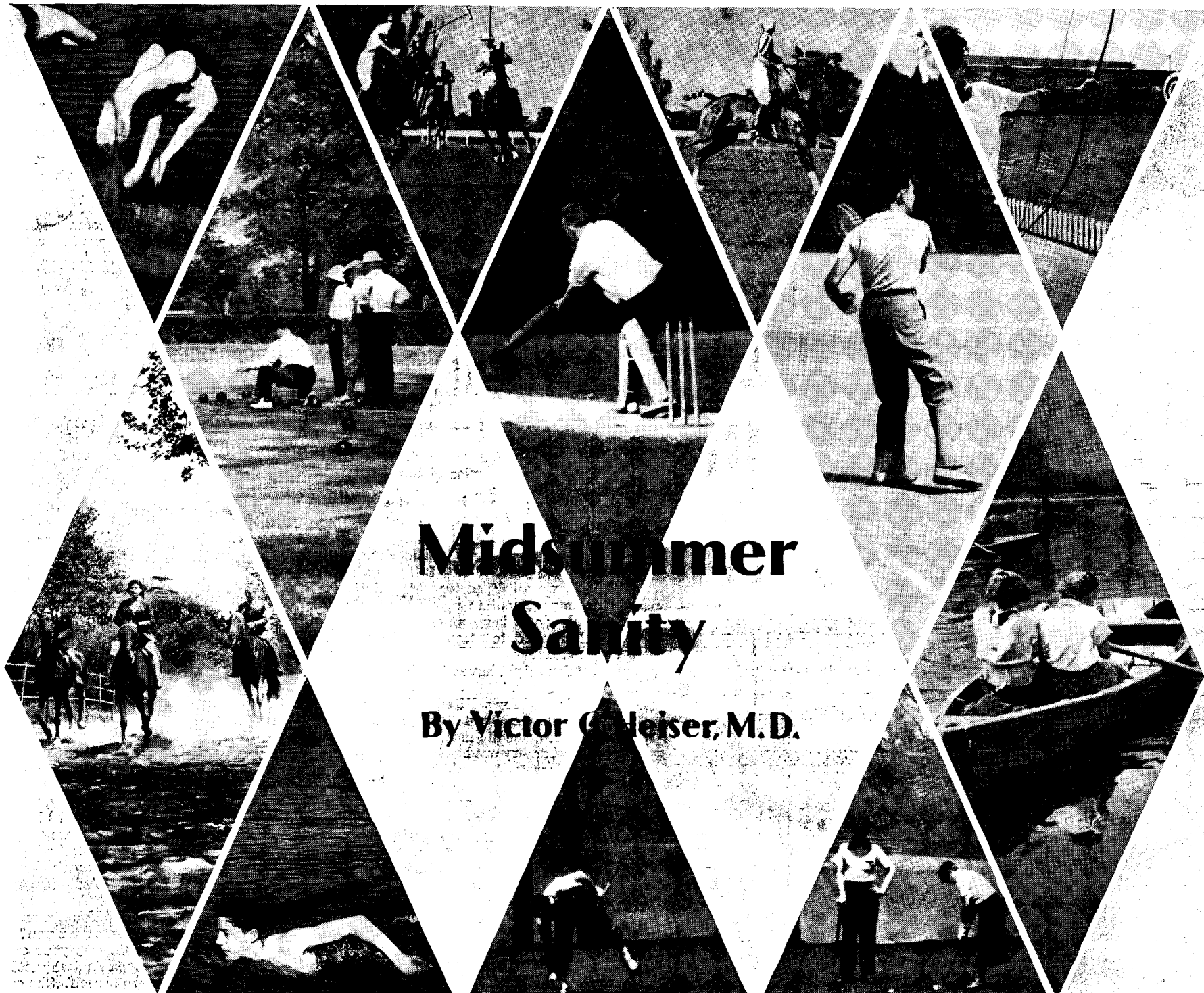
He couldn't go on talking to her. He had no right in the world, he saw, to dictate to her or to criticize. And he was doing neither.

"All right," said Celia slowly. Her future yawned at her feet, deep and dark without Starr, without his love and his kindness, and yet down in that pit was a light, like a star reflected in a pool at the bottom. Nothing was quite hopeless, why, nothing was hopeless at all, there was no pit, she remembered Daklin's look, his voice. . . .

She hung up. And as the receiver clicked into place it seemed to her that she had resigned as a registered nurse.

She went into the living-room and spoke to Betty, then slipped out on the small terrace which was little wider than a fire escape but which held a few chairs and which, in this first of the spring nights, seemed as wide as all New York. She leaned on the railing and let the sweet air cool her forehead. . . .

(Continued on page 30)



Midsummer Sanity

By Victor C. Heiser, M.D.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

What are your plans for vacation? Are you going to play golf, tennis, croquet? Climb mountains, sail boats, go swimming? Dr. Heiser tells you what such diversions do for you—or to you, if you're incautious. Follow his advice and vacation need hold no terrors

SUMMER is here. What are you doing about it? All winter you have been sitting at an office desk, breathing smoke and dirt and gas fumes, worrying over business. Your skin is soft and white, your muscles slack and flabby. You need to recoup your lost energy with a change of scene and with exercise. You want to come back reinvigorated with vim and vigor. But is it as simple as you think? Do you really know how to go about it? In traveling along the road to health do you realize you may encounter rocky roadbeds, detours or even cliffs over which you may fall? Warning signposts point the way if you will but pause to read them. "Summer's the time for fun," but if you plunge into play too recklessly, you may suffer more harm than good. Take it easy and live long.

Are you going to the seashore? Are you going to the mountains or the lakes? Are you going back to the farm? Why do you go? You are seeking health and diversion—fresh air, bright sunshine, mental relaxation and the amusements of sport. A healthy life demands them; they are your weary body's due. But your body is also entitled to cautious conditioning; so that enthusiasm will not outstrip discretion.

Whatever the vacationist's destination, on alighting from train or motor his first comment is apt to be, "Isn't this

air wonderful?" He responds immediately to the change, although when he had been breathing city air, he might not have been conscious of its many impurities. He might have been caught in traffic at such an intersection as 57th Street and Fifth Avenue in New York City, where for blocks in every direction cars are stopping, turning right and left, backing, stopping and starting again. He might have been unaware that combustion under such circumstances was far less perfect than when cars were moving smoothly, and carbon monoxide gas in quantities dangerous to life was puffing insidiously from every muffler.

Sea air, impregnated with salt, smells

fresh and clean. Mountain air, aromatic with pine fragrance, on the other hand, stimulates because, since it contains less oxygen, you have to breathe faster to get enough of it. The same principle is being utilized by physicians. Carbon dioxide, a lung poison, is sometimes administered instead of oxygen to induce a patient to breathe. When the Dionne quintuplets seemed to have ceased respiration, this was the device used to bring them back to life.

As a sport, conquering the unconquerable mountains—*per aspera ad astra*—brings its sense of elation far more potent than rarefied air. Mountain climbing becomes a cult. Young people love

it and it belongs peculiarly to them. The tax on the heart is tremendous; it may become enlarged through overstrain. But the heart is an elastic organ, and the chances are that in the young this dilatation will cure itself. After fifty, however, heart strain becomes an acute danger.

When a child complains of a stitch in his side after running too hard, he is experiencing a mild heart attack, due to dilatation. This is nature's admonition against excess. Pain may prove itself man's best friend. The child usually heeds. An adult must depend upon his reason to guard against overexertion, because he is not vouchsafed this sign.

It is almost inconceivable that walking on level ground can do anyone any serious harm. Since challenge and the spirit of rivalry are lacking, no temptation to overstrain offers itself. But not many people find it diverting; without a definite objective or pleasant companionship, it may become a bore—so many times around the block, so many times around the deck, up one road and back another. Usually the scene varies little. Moreover, walking is a purely automatic exercise in which the brain plays little conscious part. No mental respite is provided. You can "walk off" your emotions, perhaps, but your mental processes are apt to be going at top speed.

(Continued on page 52)



Fred, Mayflower maître d'hôtel, whose guests include bon-vivants, presidents, and kings.

When Washington Dines in This Stately Room

The Presidential Room, main restaurant of the Mayflower Hotel (right), presents a memorable scene as famous men...beautifully gowned women...diplomats and statesmen with foreign orders...gather for relaxation, entertainment, and choice foods. It is one of the most distinguished rooms in America, Colonial in period and decorated with the coats of arms of the various states and commonwealths of the Union. The famous Mayflower kitchens give forth a stream of swift, silent waiters bearing rare and tempting dishes. Good taste reigns supreme! And from table after table the fragrant smoke of Camels rises...adding to the delights of the cosmopolitan throng. Commenting on the preference for Camels at the Mayflower, the famous *maître d'hôtel*—greeted as "Fred" by thousands of the world's epicures—says: "Of course, our cosmopolitan clientele prefer Camels. They are a great favorite with our guests."



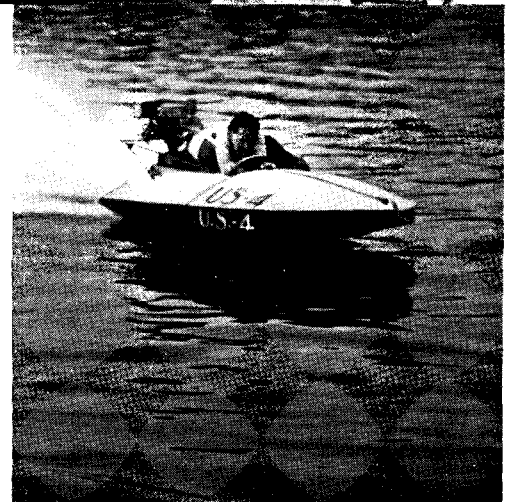
Camels are made from finer,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
...Turkish and Domestic...
than any other popular brand.

Science Confirms the Truth of the Popular Phrase "For Digestion's Sake...Smoke Camels"

Whether your meal is a banquet or a quick sandwich, a Camel gives it more zest. "A Camel helps me enjoy eating," you've heard people say. Scientists have found that Camels promote well-being by gently stimulating the flow of the digestive fluids...alkaline digestive fluids...necessary for good digestion. Often fatigue, worry, nervousness interfere with this flow. Camels *increase* it—assist digestion to proceed normally.

With their finer, costlier tobaccos, Camels give mildness a new meaning. And they have a matchless flavor all their own!

ROARING WIDE OPEN to set a new mark for Class "B" Outboards! Fred Jacoby, Jr. (right), takes a terrific pounding in that frail hull...even in smooth water...as constant vibration hammers away at his nerves and digestion. "Good digestion is all-important in this game," Fred Jacoby says. "I smoke Camels during and between meals. Camels make food taste better and help me get the good out of what I eat. Camels set me right!"



WHEN THE ALARM RINGS, Fire-Chief Frank Gilliar (left) is on the job—ready to forget about food and rest, till the last spark is out. Does he smoke? "You bet I do," he says—"Camels. There's the cigarette if you want mildness. And smoking Camels while I'm eating and after gives me a great feeling of cheer and contentment. Camels put back into eating the joy that nervous strain takes out of it. They're the last word in *flavor*!"

Costlier Tobaccos!

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



Don't DRIVE WITH DIRTY OR
WORN SPARK PLUGS—*they're costly!*

FOR ECONOMY, SPEND 5c EACH FOR AN AC PLUG CLEANING

Dozens of engineering tests prove that dirty or worn plugs waste as much as one gallon of gas in ten, and cause hard starting and loss of power. With cleaned and adjusted, or new plugs, these same tests show that fuel waste and performance trouble completely disappear.

Millions of thrifty car owners are forming the habit of having their spark plugs cleaned, every 4,000 miles, by a Registered AC Cleaning Station. It's a money-saving habit. It pays for itself, on gas savings alone, in a few hundred miles of driving. And it cures hard starting troubles, and restores full engine power. Why not save gas, yourself—the same way? Get an AC spark plug cleaning today—and save on gas.



LOOK FOR THE SIGN OF "THE PLUG IN THE TUB"

Wherever you see this official sign, there's a Registered AC Spark Plug Cleaning Station. There you will find an expert service man—equipped to render the money-saving AC plug cleaning service—for only 5c a plug—while you wait.

AC SPARK PLUG COMPANY • Flint, Michigan, St. Catharines, Ontario



**REPLACE WORN PLUGS
AFTER 10,000 MILES with
AC QUALITY SPARK PLUGS**

—the plugs that have been installed
as factory equipment in more than
three out of five of the new cars
registered in the United States
during the past nine years.

**AC QUALITY SPARK PLUGS
NOW 60c***

*Slightly higher in Canada

Backwash

By Corey Ford and
Alexander MacBain

Illustrated by Herbert Morton Stoops

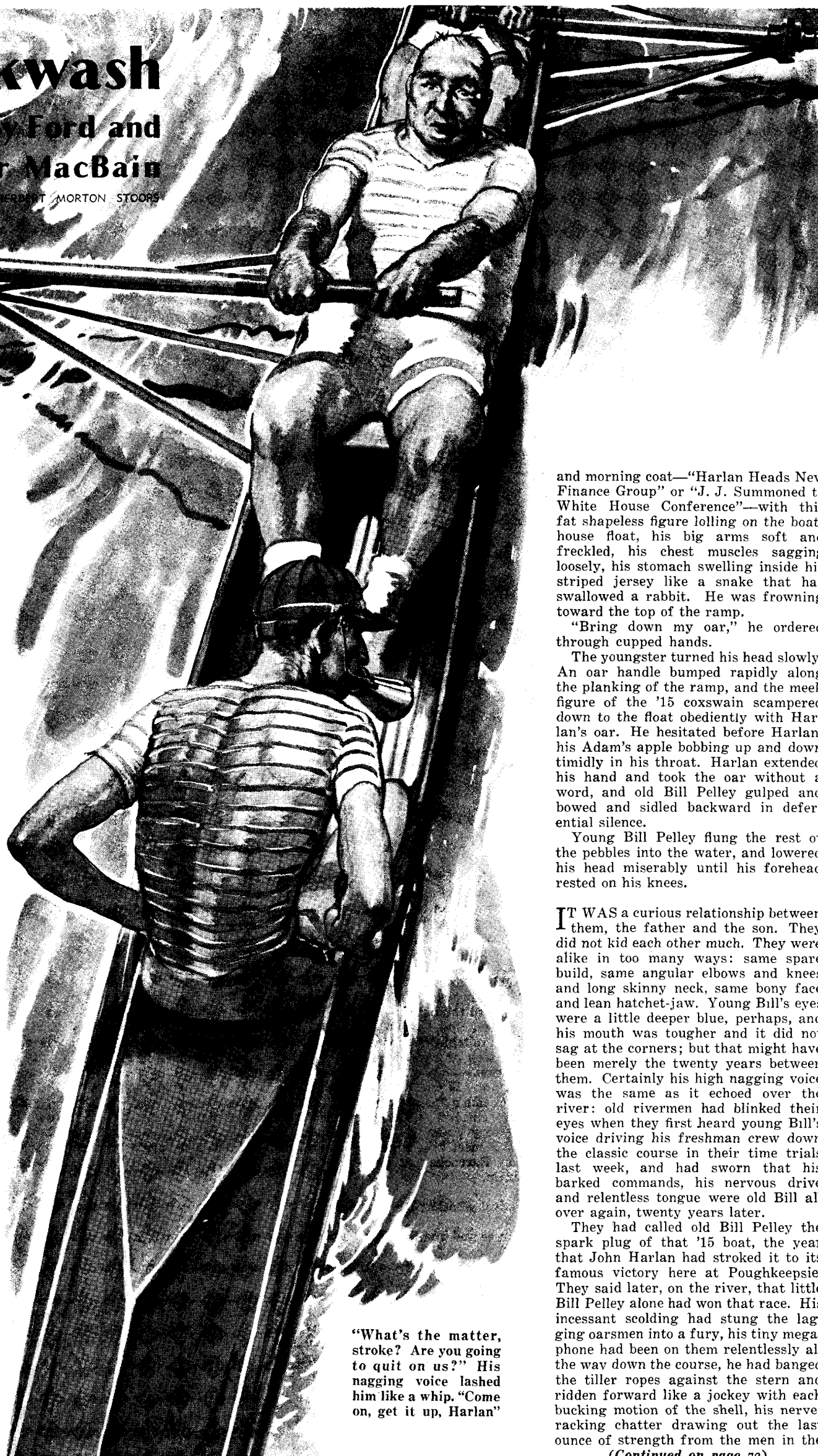
*At Bill Pelley's college
they still remember him
as a fighting coxswain
who would never quit.
Here's the whole story*

HE SQUATTED alone on the edge of the bulkhead in front of the Henley boathouse, his thin arms locked about his legs, his chin propped on his knees, his lean naked back slumped in a despondent arc in the hot June sun. The vizor of his baseball cap was yanked down stubbornly over his eyes, and he scowled at the shimmering sunshine on the river, and the crews of California and Cornell paddling down the river in the sun against the Poughkeepsie shore, their copper-red bodies heaving in rhythm, the distant blades flashing briefly, the sharp barks of the rival coxswains echoing over the water. A turtle clambered onto the steaming planks of the float before the boathouse, and he flipped a pebble absently at it with his thumb, and the turtle sank again.

Oars scraped on the ramp behind him, and he raised his sullen eyes as several middle-aged members of the 1915 crew shuffled past him down the ramp to the float, dragging the heavy twelve-foot sweeps they had borrowed from the varsity for their afternoon paddle. They were dressed for their twentieth reunion in the old-fashioned crew jerseys of two decades ago, with modest half-sleeves and wide horizontal stripes of alternate white and blue. Their paunches sagged over the tight waistbands of their blue-striped rowing trunks, their arms were white and flabby, their bald heads glinted in the sun. They halted before a big man with shaggy shoulders, who was chatting with several newspapermen in the center of the float. He glanced at his crew mates as they dropped their oars, and cupped his hands to his mouth.

"Hey, coxswain!" he bellowed at the boathouse. "Hey, Bill Pelley!"

The youngster on the bulkhead shied another pebble irritably at the water. That would be John J. Harlan, of course, of Harlan and Company, down on the Street. There was no mistaking the instinctive deference which the reporters showed him, his confident booming laughter, his air of long-accustomed authority. It was a little hard to reconcile all those front-page photographs of John J. Harlan in striped trousers



"What's the matter, stroke? Are you going to quit on us?" His nagging voice lashed him like a whip. "Come on, get it up, Harlan"

and morning coat—"Harlan Heads New Finance Group" or "J. J. Summoned to White House Conference"—with this fat shapeless figure lolling on the boathouse float, his big arms soft and freckled, his chest muscles sagging loosely, his stomach swelling inside his striped jersey like a snake that has swallowed a rabbit. He was frowning toward the top of the ramp.

"Bring down my oar," he ordered through cupped hands.

The youngster turned his head slowly. An oar handle bumped rapidly along the planking of the ramp, and the meek figure of the '15 coxswain scampered down to the float obediently with Harlan's oar. He hesitated before Harlan, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down timidly in his throat. Harlan extended his hand and took the oar without a word, and old Bill Pelley gulped and bowed and sidled backward in deferential silence.

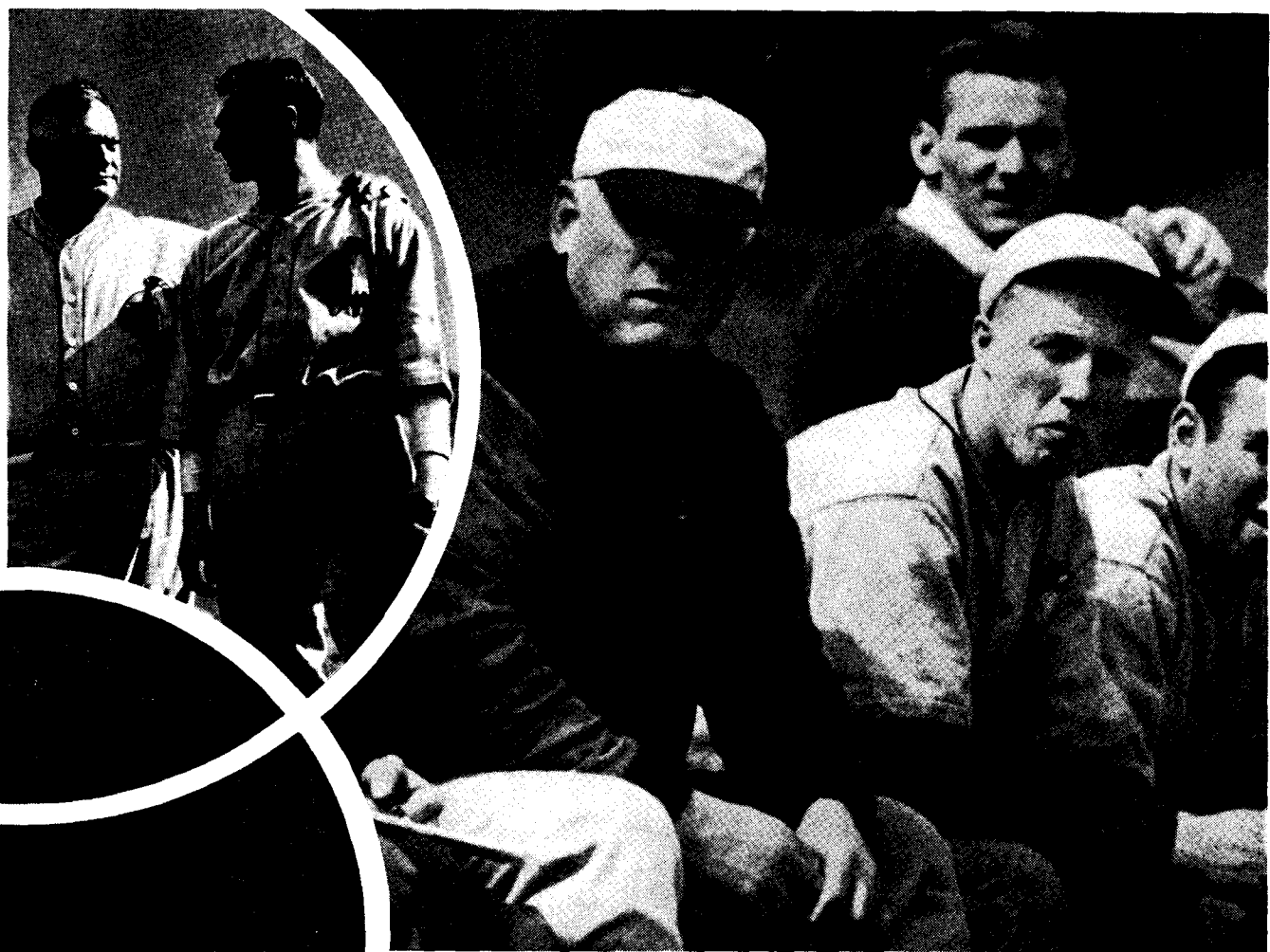
Young Bill Pelley flung the rest of the pebbles into the water, and lowered his head miserably until his forehead rested on his knees.

IT WAS a curious relationship between them, the father and the son. They did not kid each other much. They were alike in too many ways: same spare build, same angular elbows and knees and long skinny neck, same bony face and lean hatchet-jaw. Young Bill's eyes were a little deeper blue, perhaps, and his mouth was tougher and it did not sag at the corners; but that might have been merely the twenty years between them. Certainly his high nagging voice was the same as it echoed over the river: old rivermen had blinked their eyes when they first heard young Bill's voice driving his freshman crew down the classic course in their time trials last week, and had sworn that his barked commands, his nervous drive and relentless tongue were old Bill all over again, twenty years later.

They had called old Bill Pelley the spark plug of that '15 boat, the year that John Harlan had stroked it to its famous victory here at Poughkeepsie. They said later, on the river, that little Bill Pelley alone had won that race. His incessant scolding had stung the lagging oarsmen into a fury, his tiny megaphone had been on them relentlessly all the way down the course, he had banged the tiller ropes against the stern and ridden forward like a jockey with each bucking motion of the shell, his nerve-racking chatter drawing out the last ounce of strength from the men in the

(Continued on page 72)

Jeff Tesreau, an old Irontown boy, quit big-league baseball seventeen years ago to go to Dartmouth. And he's still there—a professor now—turning out championship ball teams one after another



Jeff Tesreau gets a kick out of his Dartmouth team and the team shows it

GIVE a man a horse he can ride," goes the song, "Give a man a boat he can sail . . ." Give a big country boy a regulation baseball and you can never tell how far he'll throw it. He may zing it so fast into a receiving mitt that smoke seems to seep from the seams. He may whip it through arcs and curves as fancy as any the geometrists plot. But that ball just may lift him by his throwing hand, too, and hurl him through scenes and experiences to an eventual landing far, far removed from the cows and the chickens.

I'm thinking of a young Missouri gully-jumper of the generation just previous who hurled a baseball with such tremendous power that it swooshed him through a half-dozen leagues, including the National, a half-dozen pennant fights with one of the most famous teams of all time, through three World's Series and finally dropped him in a fairly graceful landing, as a college professor.

Back in 1906, at St. Jo, Missouri, a six-foot, sixteen-year-old farmer boy named Charles Tesreau, dressed in a homemade baseball uniform, was blinding the batters of every militia team in the state of Missouri—all eight of 'em. Young Tesreau had the build of the Neanderthal man. His shoulders were as broad as the walking beams of the river boats hard by. Full of sinew and steel from busting the sod on his pappy's place in the village of Irontown, his hands toughened from swinging the haying cradle, he was a newly en-

listed private in Irontown's Company M of "the state militia." This was the annual baseball tournament of the annual state encampment.

It was young Charley's first trip away from home and the pangs of nostalgia practically had him down, but this baseball helped to relieve his mind. Wiping his streaming brow upon a ragged sleeve, he knocked the bats out of the hands of all comers. Speed was his forte. He just "wasn't pitchin'" any day he didn't fan sixteen or eighteen of the popeyed opposition.

Company M sailed through that tournament like a frigate through a fleet of fishing smacks. Charley pitched and won every game, giving his team the right to meet "the regulars" from Jefferson Barracks for the camp championship.

Just Another Day for Charley

Horses and buggies for miles brought fans in to view the finals. It was a big day for the countryside, but it was just another shut-out victory for Charley. The regulars couldn't get their bats off their shoulders. When they did, they merely slashed the vacuum Charley's fast one had just left. Gallant Company M went back to Irontown victorious, hilarious and pocket-heavy with bet money.

Such was the genesis of a career that was to roll for years along the boulevards of baseball. The next stop after the maneuvers was the near-by hamlet

of Perryville. Perryville had had a team in the militia round robin, a strong semi-pro outfit. They propositioned Tesreau after they heard about him from their soldiers. He joined and pitched them into the winning class pronto.

In due course, Perryville collided with Herrin, Illinois. Herrin was considered regionally the best of this type of pastime. They possessed, among others, two brilliant young stars, Ray Chapman, fated to die in the regimentals of Cleveland a few seasons later when struck in the head by a swiftly pitched ball of Carl Mays', and Bob Veach, who later wrote history as an outfielder with Detroit.

It wasn't the playing class of Herrin, however, that awed young Tesreau, as he first stood before 'em on the mound. It was the fact that here was the first baseball team he'd ever seen in all his born days that all wore the same kind of uniforms. But he stifled that awe, starved them out with two measly hits and sat them back on their heels two to one.

Herrin promptly hired him for, of course, more money. Herrin's big rival was Mount Vernon, Illinois. These teams clashed in an annual three-game series, held after the customary league seasons closed, and with each line-up sweetened with imported league stars.

Tesreau not only pitched in the series for Herrin; he practically pitched the series to Herrin. He hurled and won the first game. He went in as relief pitcher and saved the second. Then he started and pitched the third through to victory. This was the practical equivalent of fast minor-league ball. The young man was deemed ripe and the scouts hesitated no longer.

Tesreau's minor-league experiences were record-breakers and heartbreakers, too. Part of his troubles were natural breaks of the game. Some more came from the fact that, being a country boy without much idea of business, he'd sign anything and usually did.

His first grief grew out of the fact

that he signed to join the Austin team in the Texas League and almost the next day, when approached by Charley Barrett of the St. Louis Cardinals, he agreed to join the St. Louis club because it meant more money and a bigger opportunity. There followed a loud explosion of executive fireworks, but, of course, there wasn't even an argument. That original signature dragged him into the morass of the minors when he might have stepped from fast semipro ranks right into the majors.

A Season of Farming Out

The young pitcher reported to Austin in 1908 to be greeted with the glad news, upon the day of arrival, that the team had just sold its franchise to Oklahoma City. It had decided, however, to hold the renting rights on certain ballplayers, including the young pitcher, Tesreau. I don't know under what baseball law this procedure was allowable, but certain players, Tesreau, Bill Killifer, Charley Rose and some more were rented around to whatever team needed them. Under this arrangement, Tesreau pitched for Houston and Galveston and was finally heaving for Hot Springs on July fourth when the league blew up.

Here the Irontown boy made his second attempt to jump his Austin contract for a major-league portfolio. Detroit was the team involved this time and Jim Canavan, Tigertown scout, was the contacting agent. Jim had been in Hot Springs when young Mr. Tesreau's league expired under him and he propositioned the young giant about reporting to the Tigers. Tesreau accepted, saying nothing about his Austin contract.

Canavan gave Tesreau traveling money and the young pitcher actually went to Detroit. He not only went to Detroit, but he reported and got so far as pitching for batting practice in the Tiger jungle one morning. This was a memorable occasion, for one of his first pitches,

(Continued on page 56)

An Honest Survey of Car Owners Revealed this:

Mobiloil Lasts Longer... keeps Engines Cleaner... Cuts Repair Bills!



Harry Windle
Brockton,
Mass.
CAR OWNER

"I've saved money with Mobiloil since 1916. It's sure a comfort not to have to worry about oil on trips."



J. A. Crain
Evanston,
Ill.
**AUTO
SALESMAN**

"You ought to hear how sweet my Ford runs after 10,000 miles using Mobiloil! Never have to add oil between times."



Ludwig Best
Garden City,
L. I.
**AERO
MECHANIC**

"Often, I have had to drive beyond an oil change. Mobiloil is the only oil I've found that will stay in my motor."



Mrs. J. Hehn, Jr.
Port Washington,
L. I.
HOUSEWIFE

"I no longer spend 60c for 2 quarts of oil with every 10 gallons of gas. I save \$4.70 every 1,000 miles with Mobiloil."



W. H. Hanna
Cleveland,
Ohio
**BOOK STORE
PROP.**

"Find Mobiloil best of all I tried. Gives us full 1,000 miles in our cars. A big saving, as I drive 35,000 miles a year. Both cars running perfectly."



E. T. Sadler
Chicago,
Ill.
ADVERTISING

"In 75,000 miles, I have learned there's a big difference in oils—that Mobiloil is best. I figure it saves me \$30 a year."

*Start Saving Today with this
Oil... See your Mobiloil Dealer*

WE ARE PASSING ON TO YOU voluntary reports from 26 users of Mobiloil.

We could explain how Mobiloil is made a *better* oil by the famous Clearosol Process... why it is cleaner, purer, lasts longer, stands up better.

But the real proof is right here... in the *actual savings* reported by people who *watched costs*.

Summer's here... an ideal time to get acquainted with Mobiloil savings. Stop in at the Mobiloil sign or the Sign of the Flying Red Horse. Use the grade recommended by the Official 1936 Mobiloil Chart.

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INCORPORATED



J. McManus
Haverhill,
Mass.
**BAKERY
PRESIDENT**

"In changing to Mobiloil, we corrected bearing troubles, bettered mileage... saved 6%, a big item on 42 trucks!"



Lester A. Jeffery
Detroit,
Mich.
**RADIO
TECHNICIAN**

"For 8 years I have averaged 1,200 miles to each filling of Mobiloil. No repairs. Wouldn't think of using other kind."



J. R. Jenkins
Albany,
N. Y.
**HOUSE
INSULATOR**

"Used Mobiloil exclusively for 10 years. My cars always run fine—no trouble, low oil consumption."



Fred J. Hines
Rochester,
N. Y.
**GENERAL
CONTRACTOR**

"We tested many brands of oil on our equipment. Mobiloil proved best... it has cut our oil costs 23%."



T. F. McNaugh
Cleveland,
Ohio
**TUGBOAT
CAPTAIN**

"As a user of oil for 35 years, I sure hand the palm to Mobiloil. Makes my car smoother, more powerful."



S. Umina
Cleveland,
Ohio
BARBER

"Before changing to Mobiloil, I used to add a quart every 150 miles. Now I can drive 1,000 miles without adding any. I'm saving \$25 a year."



G. Whitehurst
Waterford,
N. Y.
**NURSERY
MANAGER**

"Long trips, fast driving, don't make any difference to Mobiloil."



F. M. Lansing
Los Angeles,
Calif.
MECHANIC

"No matter how old the car, I can always spot the Mobiloil users. Pistons, rings and rods are cleaner, look newer."



Capt. F. Hornke
Roosevelt Field,
L. I.
**FLYING
INSTRUCTOR**

"I've used Mobiloil here and in Germany for 20 years. It never forms gum. Keeps rings tight. Best I've found."



Grace Droney
Boston,
Mass.
BEAUTICIAN

"I cover New York, New England, in rain and shine. Mobiloil has cut my oil bill 35%... kept engine free of carbon."



Raymond A. Ely
Rochester,
N. Y.
ENGINEER

"I drive my car over 1,500 miles a week. Since switching to Mobiloil, I never have to add a drop between changes."



Mrs. G. Zapf
Rochester,
N. Y.
HOUSEWIFE

"I thought all oils were alike, until I used Mobiloil. It goes further."



Joseph Pytko
Wynantskill,
N. Y.
**GARAGE
MANAGER**

"Not a bit of engine trouble since I switched to Mobiloil 5 years ago. My motor runs like the day I bought it!"



A. E. Mosier
Kansas City,
Mo.
EXECUTIVE

"I have sold and operated machinery of all kinds for 40 years. Never found anything that does Mobiloil's job."



W. H. Monrian
Albany,
N. Y.
**SALES
SUPERVISOR**

"25,000 miles a year for 3 years—and never had to add Mobiloil between changes! It drains out looking new."



Joe Bova, Jr.
Cleveland,
Ohio
**GROCERY
STORE PROP.**

"Mobiloil has sure delivered extra mileage in our delivery trucks. Always 1,000 miles per crankcaseful."



Don C. Lynn
Montebello,
Cal.
**TANK LINE
OWNER**

"In the Imperial Valley, where my trucks run, it hits 120°... hot enough to blister leather! Yet Mobiloil keeps engines cool, saving 30% on oil bills!"



Col. C. P. Dodson
Boston,
Mass.
**HOTEL
MANAGER**

"I know hundreds of executives 'on the road.' They concur with me—Mobiloil keeps motors at their top!"



Territ E. Swart
Chicago,
Ill.
ACCOUNTANT

"I changed to Mobiloil after just one trial. Sure makes a difference. I no longer have to add quarts."



Robt. H. Glenn
Albany,
N. Y.
PHOTOGRAPH

"3 years on Mobiloil; engine always O. K. Never had a repair due to oil."

Mobiloil



America's Favorite Motor Oil

PRODUCED BY UNK.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"It was courageous," they said. "You've clinched your election"



Their faces changed in sudden fury. "You hound! We'll grind you small"

Double Sentence

By Henry LaCossitt

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY TOWNSEND

THE courtroom was a mean theater of petty drama, oppressive with the odor of too many people. It was dingy and close, the walls were dirty, the plaster was scarred by long, jagged cracks. Before the bench, the floor was worn by the tread of numberless shuffling feet.

"Charged with making unnecessary noise . . . Guilty or not guilty? . . . Two dollars." "Charged with passing a traffic light . . . Guilty or not guilty? . . . Ten dollars."

They filed past, some frightened, some amused, some embarrassed, some impassive.

The man on the bench was fifty. His gray eyes were kindly and tired, his mouth was grave, his whitening hair brushed neatly to conceal his increasing baldness.

Thomas Cobb, City Magistrate.

He had been city magistrate before. He had been many things during his more than a quarter of a century in public life and the law. He had been commissioner of this and of that, an assistant district attorney, an inconspicuous member of the lower house of the state legislature, an unknown member of some high official's legal staff. He had been a small cog in the great machinery of government, a little unit in the great political structure of his party organization. He had been this—and nothing more.

This was because Thomas Cobb was an undistinguished man. He was honest and not merely in the legal sense; he was honest in word and deed and thought, but even honesty may be a negative virtue. Thomas Cobb was one expected to be honest, and when he was, nothing else was required of him. Hence he remained what he was.

So he was living out his years; but he was reasonably happy in his work and with his wife, Ellen, and his son, James.

But there came a time when an election confronted the party bosses like a specter and terrified them. Revelations of corruption and criminal license shocked the people.

The bosses met. They were elderly; they were heavy. Their eyes were hard and empty; their faces wore a varnished look; their hands were fat and white.

"He is honest," said one.

"His record in the state legislature is good," said another.

"He has never done anything they can tax him with," said a third.

"He has never done anything," said a fourth.

They laughed.

"But, since he is honest, will he do it?"

They pondered. "He will," said one, with a slow smile that was cynical, "if we tell him that he is the party's hope to clear itself and clean its house."

THE word went out. From the publicity mills of the party organization, stories went forth; slowly, at first, then more rapidly. The public became aware of Thomas Cobb; Thomas Cobb, to his great astonishment, became aware of himself.

Then the party had met in caucus and Thomas Cobb had walked home from that caucus like a somnambulist. In the living-room his wife waited for him.

"Ellen," he said, "it's happened. They need me. They said they needed an honest man to lead the party. Ellen, they've nominated me for governor!"

He had held her tightly, then, as she wept because of her pride in him.

And it had been surprising how the legend of Thomas Cobb grew. Perhaps it was really because, though exaggerated, it was not distorted. Thomas Cobb really was most of what they said he was. His record was clean.

Therefore, Thomas Cobb's candidacy

waxed in strength and the bosses chuckled. He made speeches. But he remained city magistrate. He had, for some reason, wanted to do this. So the bosses agreed. There was something homely, something appealing in the spectacle of a candidate doing his usual job. . . .

"Charged with illegal parking . . . Guilty or not guilty? . . . Two dollars." The line moved on. "Charged with driving while intoxicated and operating a car while license is suspended."

Thomas Cobb looked up. A young man stood before the bench, a probation officer on one side, an arresting officer on the other. The accused was sullen and defiant. Thomas Cobb looked at him stonily.

"Have you anything to say?"

"No."

Thomas Cobb looked at the bill of complaint. He seemed to study it a long time.

"You were warned once. Your sentence was suspended, although your license was revoked for drunken driving. You were told then what you might expect for a second offense." He paused and he seemed more fragile than ever. "Two years," he continued slowly. "Two years in the state penitentiary!"

It was an autumn day and Thomas Cobb walked home slowly in the thickening dusk. He let himself into his little house and hesitated a moment in the hall.

"Ellen?"

"Yes, Tom?"

She came to him and searched his eyes and, although tears started in her own, she led him into the living-room and sat beside him on the couch. She held his hand, and they sat there for a long time

in the darkness until the doorbell rang stridently in the silence of the house. Ellen Cobb rose and answered the door.

The bosses, sleek and cynical and hard, filed in as Ellen Cobb switched on the lights. They took seats around the room, a slight embarrassment showing in their heavy features. One cleared his throat.

"You have my sympathy, Tom."

"It was courageous," said another. "You've clinched your election by it."

Thomas Cobb's start was not perceptible to anyone but his wife. He looked around the room slowly. And all at once Thomas Cobb was not fragile. His eyes, weary a moment before, filled with a nameless rage. When he spoke his voice was harsh.

"I am resigning my candidacy."

THERE was a heavy gasp, then silence. The house creaked in an evening wind.

"What did you say?" asked one.

"I said I was resigning my candidacy."

They licked their lips.

"Why, Tommy, you can't—"

"I can! And I do!"

Their faces changed in sudden fury.

"You hound! We'll grind you small!"

"Get out!" said Thomas Cobb, and when they only stared: "Get out!" he thundered.

They rose and the house creaked again in the wind and it seemed as if they could hear the cracking of the machine as it tottered. Then they were gone and the house was silent. Thomas Cobb walked to the table in the living-room and looked down at the evening paper. His wife came and stood beside him. She laid her hand on his arm.

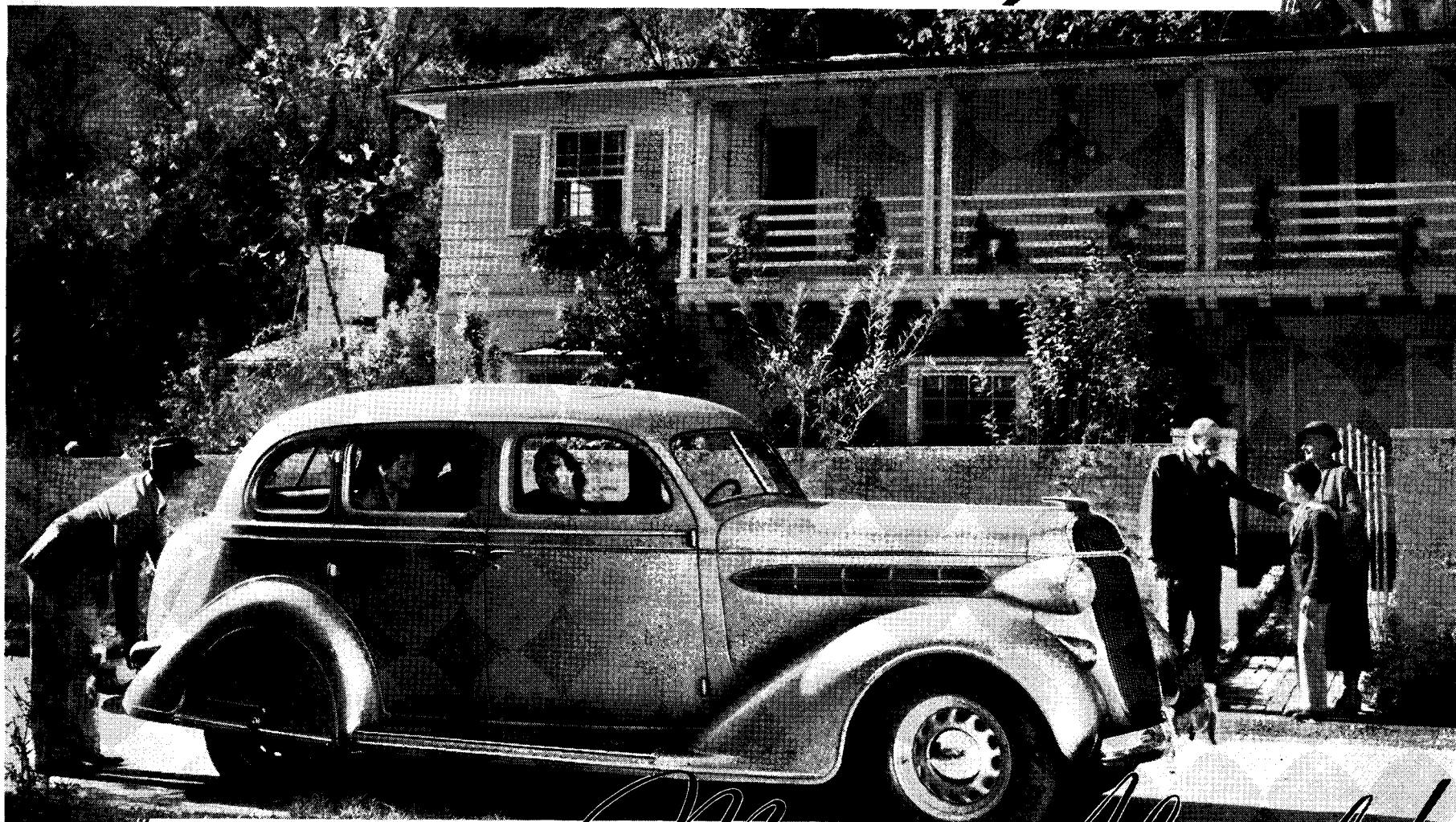
"So," said Thomas Cobb, "it would have assured my election . . ."

And he read, as did his wife, standing, as always, at his side:

"Thomas Cobb, City Magistrate and candidate for governor, in Municipal Traffic Court today sentenced his son, James, to two years in the state penitentiary. . . ."

CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN, \$875*

YOU'LL BE HAPPIER WITH A Chrysler



...AND YOU'LL BE

Money Ahead!

 CHRYSLER puts a thrill in saving money! Gives you the prestige that will make you a proud owner... and saves you money with dozens of economy engineering features.

Why drive a gas-eating car... when owners of big, handsome Chryslers are reporting 16 to over 20 miles per gallon, as a result of Chrysler's most recent engineering features?

Why spoil your touring fun with a dinky, cramped-up car... when Chrysler owners relax in glorious

ease while Automatic Overdrive† gives them up to 5 extra miles per gallon at touring speeds!

Why not have, in Automatic Overdrive, the newest thrill in motoring... when enjoying it means you are saving enough to give you a free mile in every five?

Chrysler's hydraulic brakes are the pioneer hydraulics... twelve years time-tested. Chrysler pioneered safety-steel bodies... naturally, it builds the finest and strongest today.

The difference in paying for a Chrysler and paying for a lowest-

priced car figures out as low as ten dollars a month. And the many money-saving features in a fine new Chrysler will cover that difference in mighty short order.

We say you'll be money ahead with a Chrysler... any Chrysler dealer will be glad to prove it with clear facts and plain figures.

☆ CHRYSLER SIX... 93 horsepower, 118-inch wheelbase, \$760 and up.

☆ DE LUXE EIGHT... 105 and 110 horsepower, 121 and 133-inch wheelbase, \$925 and up.

☆ AIRFLOW EIGHT... 115 horsepower, 123-inch wheelbase. All models, \$1345.

\$ 760*

☆ AIRFLOW IMPERIAL... 130 horsepower, 128-inch wheelbase. All models, \$1475.

☆ AIRFLOW CUSTOM IMPERIAL... 130 horsepower, 137-inch wheelbase, \$2475 and up.

†Automatic Overdrive is standard on Airflow Imperial. Available on all 1936 Chryslers at slight additional cost.

*All prices list at factory, Detroit; special equipment extra.

Ask for the Official Chrysler Motors-Commercial Credit Company Time Payment plan. Available through all Chrysler Dealers.

MONEY-SAVING MIRACLE...Chrysler's Automatic Overdrive†. Cuts engine speed one-third at car speeds over 40. Actually gives you one free mile in every five!

16 TO 20 MILES PER GALLON. Some Chrysler owners report even more! Big savings too in oil consumption. A Chrysler costs less to drive than many smaller cars

ENGINEERED TO SAVE MONEY! There are savings in Chrysler's time-tested hydraulic brakes... safety-steel bodies... Floating Power... valve seat inserts

LOWER REPAIR BILLS... LONGER LIFE. Chrysler gives you finest quality and top-ranking engineering. It costs less to run... needs fewer repairs... lasts longer



The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 21

fill all
sockets with
lamps that

STAY
BRIGHTER
LONGER



GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

Also the famous G-E "Dime" lamp. The first real value in a 10c lamp. It is available in 60, 30, 15 and 7½ watt sizes, and is marked like this . . . GE

When she went in at last, Betty was asleep. But Celia lay long, the sheet pulled up to her chin, thinking. Thinking only a little about Starr and mainly, because one had to think of him if one knew him, of Daklin.

In the morning she went as usual to the office of United Models. She stopped at Miss Braing's desk.

"Miss Braing," she said, for this was something she had to know. "Miss Braing, am I really a good model? Is that why you are using me?"

That seemed to the secretary a senseless question. Vaski had recommended Miss Landis and she had immediately sprung into popularity with their clients. If Miss Braing considered this rather phenomenal luck for a girl she did not say so.

SHE said crisply: "We find you a splendid model. That, naturally, is why we use you." She regarded Celia with interest, not being accustomed to models who questioned their beauty.

"Thanks," said Celia vaguely. "It just seems so queer, this work—" She regarded Miss Braing, then walked over and consulted her engagement pad. It was full for the entire week. And not only with the clients of East-West, she saw, which disposed of her creeping doubt of herself and her fear that it was Daklin alone who was responsible for her success. But she could dismiss that. She was indebted to him only for a start. . . . She sighed with relief, for somehow Starr had destroyed temporarily her self-possession, had forced her that morning to look in the mirror—and wonder.

Her chart read—"McGregor Studios at 3. For Springtime Soap." She looked at that—"Springtime Soap"—that would be one of East-West's accounts, for soap was connected with Hygiene. Well, what of it? There were many accounts which were not for East-West. "Evening Clothes," said the engagement pad.

She went home and packed her bag and at three o'clock presented herself at the floor of the huge studios which were McGregor's establishment. There were many kinds of photographic studios, she had already discovered. This was the largest and most commercial of all, in which mechanics built sets and arranged extraordinary lighting effects. For all those lovely beings one saw in advertisements were not necessarily photographed in their own palatial halls.

Here were props of all kinds—baronial staircases, parapets, simulated gardens, and a machine which projected behind the living models landscapes previously photographed from nature and now reproduced with an illusion practically perfect.

CELIA covered her face with the make-up for color photography. She had learned to do this for herself by this time. She applied the thin orange coating and the purplish-brown lipstick. On went the silver paste for the eyelids and the beading for the lashes. Like nothing on earth, really, she thought, observing herself in the mirror, and yet, in its bizarre fashion, the effect was enchanting. She had observed it so often on other models and wondered how such coloring could look so magical.

She was to work, her instructions read, in Studio A. The length of the department had to be crossed, and was crossed, miraculously, for mechanics and electricians swarmed, paying no attention to merely another model.

She opened the door of Studio A and at once saw him—saw Carleton Daklin. He was wearing a gray lounge suit,

standing talking to another man, a huge man with red hair and a long nose. "That is McGregor himself," she thought and looked at him curiously. She had never posed for New York's most expensive photographer.

They turned and looked at her, the red-haired McGregor as he might observe a horse in the show ring. Daklin smiled. Waiting for her and smiling when she came.

"Hello, Celia," he said. "McGregor tells me he has never used you. Well, now's the time." He introduced the two. "And what are you doing here?" she asked Daklin.

"Launching a new campaign," he grinned.

Celia studied him. "In more ways than one," his grin had said.

"I suppose," she said, "that this personal attention to detail is the secret of success."

"There are certain things one can't delegate."

"Ho, ho," thought Celia.

McGregor studied her. "I brought several frocks," Celia told him. "Is this one all right? I have something more tailored, if you prefer it."

He looked at the clouds of gray tulle over flesh-colored taffeta.

"It's perfect. You are to carry gardenias," he said, handing her a huge cluster of them. "And please wear an air of high-minded depravity. With your face and that innocent frock, the effect ought to knock them for a row."

Celia mounted the model stand, carrying the gardenias.

"A small smile, please," ordered McGregor. "Subtle. Mona Lisa effect."

"Mystery," put in Daklin from his chair behind McGregor. He sat so that, looking ahead, past McGregor, she could only look at him.

"Possibly," he murmured to McGregor, "she is too grown-up to look mys-

terious. Mystery is only found in the eyes of infants, I've always thought. I tell you, Celia, think of someone you love."

"Sorry. I don't love anyone."

McGregor grinned at Celia, a knowing impish grin. He snapped the shutter. But Daklin sat still and again Celia met his eyes, shining deeply, holding hers. Behind the photographer's back his lips formed one word, soundlessly: "Liar!"

She stared back at him, standing very straight, the gardenias sending up their perfume, and lovely lights playing on her painted face. Very beautiful she looked to the two men, something not really of this world, just of her new world of make-believe.

Daklin laughed a little. "She's all right, isn't she, McGregor? She ought to sell a lot of soap for us."

"We'll all be wearing scrubbed morning-faces for Miss Landis," agreed McGregor, posing Celia again.

When they had finished, Daklin said, "I'm going your way, Celia. Glad to drop you off."

"Thanks."

SO HE drove her uptown in his open car. "Five o'clock," he said. "And you've been working hard. I prescribe a touch of relaxation."

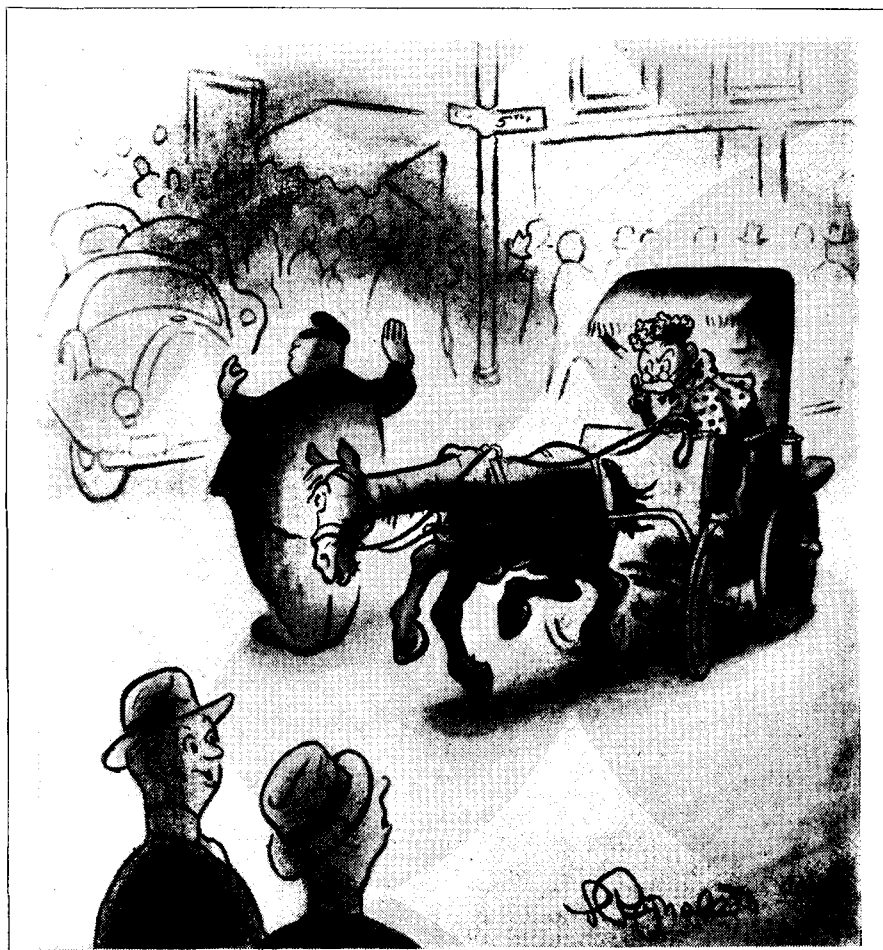
"Yes. I'm going to take a walk. In the park."

"And that is one of the silliest things I've heard," was his comment, not turning east, but swinging on over the New York Central ramp and up Park Avenue. "You are going out among them, Celia. You are about to have cocktails with Miriam Calder."

"Am I? What a surprise for Miriam Calder. Who is she?"

She actually did not know and later on she was to realize how that marked her off from social matters in the town. For

(Continued on page 32)



"Remarkable, isn't it! They say she taught him that tip-toeing stunt herself!"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

**Choose the
Spark Plugs
Champions
Use**

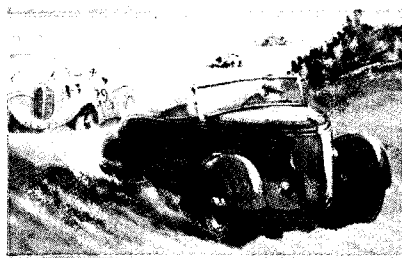


If you had two cars that were precisely alike—except that one was equipped with Champion Spark Plugs and one with some other brand—and you drove each of these cars every other day—you would soon learn a very startling lesson. You would find, as the miles accumulated on the speedometer, that the car equipped with Champions would perform better, give better gasoline mileage, and operate more dependably. That is the reason why Champions are preferred both at home and abroad—and why every important race in the last twelve years has been won with Champions. Insist on Champions especially if you are not already using them.

PREFERRED AT HOME . . . PREFERRED ABROAD



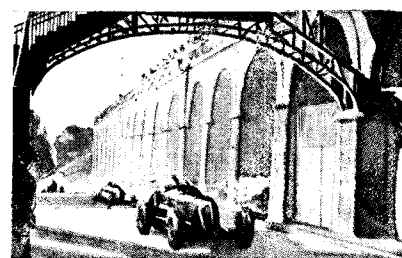
W. PALM BEACH, FLA.—Champions made a clean sweep of the 29th Washington's Birthday Regatta. Chris Ripp won permanent possession of coveted Royal Poinciana and Col. E. R. Bradley Trophies. Exclusive Sillimanite insulators have made Champions a byword for dependability.



DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.—The recent 250 mile Stock Car Beach and Road Race was won by Milt Marion in a Ford V-8. All cars finishing used Champions. Champion Extra-Range design provided the heat range necessary for full power in deep sand as well as full speed on hard level stretches.



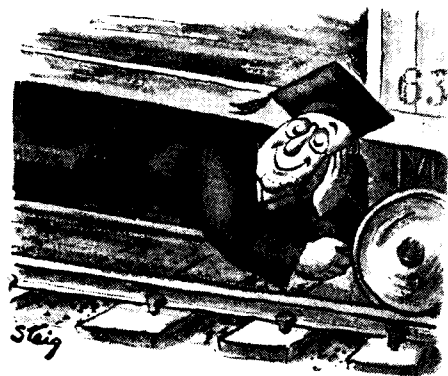
CHICAGO—Keeshin Motor Express Co., Inc., one of the world's foremost motor freight lines operates over 1400 units, traveling 16,000 direct miles daily. Famous for its efficiency, Keeshin uses Champions to meet varying performance requirements and operating conditions.



FRANCE—Etancelin, driving a Champion-equipped Maserati, won the recent Grand Prix Pau. The first four to finish used Champions. The necessity for extreme engine flexibility in European road racing explains the almost universal use of Champions by leading race drivers.

TO GET YOUR CAR OF MOTION "BUGS" INSTALL A SET OF CHAMPION PLUGS

... "Grit got my goat" ...



Says President of University of Venus*

Tells how he cured himself of Scratchitus

"AS a psychological study we gave half a class ordinary pencils for 10 days, the other half Venus Pencils.

"The students were of equal dumbness and did not suspect our test. I know what Venus pencils have done for me, saving me from more than death.

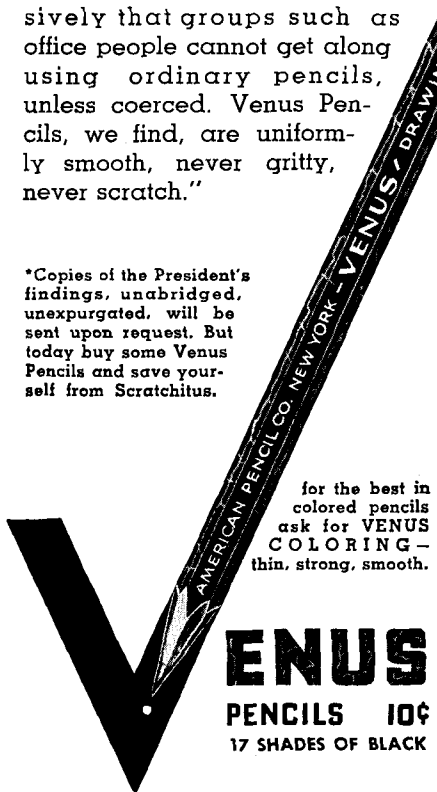
"So I wanted to watch, laboratorily, the reactions of those less intelligent than I.

"But the experiment had to be curtailed at the end of the first day—the users of ordinary pencils as a group became unmanageable.

"It seems that Scratchitus, which comes from gritty pencils, is suffered in silence by countless individuals, but as a group disease it almost causes rioting.

"Our experiment proves conclusively that groups such as office people cannot get along using ordinary pencils, unless coerced. Venus Pencils, we find, are uniformly smooth, never gritty, never scratch."

*Copies of the President's findings, unabridged, unexpurgated, will be sent upon request. But today buy some Venus Pencils and save yourself from Scratchitus.



for the best in colored pencils ask for VENUS COLORING—thin, strong, smooth.

VENUS
PENCILS 10¢
17 SHADES OF BLACK

Miriam Calder's parties are a prerequisite to position in café society in New York.

He told her about that. "You can't have inside information about anything on earth," he added, "unless you go to Miriam's parties. And not everyone is welcome there—oh, no indeed."

"Perhaps that lets me out."

But she knew that no one was let out who went with Carleton Daklin.

"Perhaps I am making a mistake," he said, stopping in front of a house in Sutton Place. "This may mean that no one, from now on, can see Miss Celia Landis unless they make an engagement three weeks ahead."

"Yes, I expect I shall cut a great figure in social life."

AND the extraordinary thing was that she did. Café and professional society is open to beautiful girls who decorate any place they may be in. Celia's face grew lovelier as April opened into May, and her smile became unaccountable and as impersonal as the stars. Which gave her mystery and allure. But that was later. Today she went without mystery into the madhouse which was Miriam Calder's menagerie of singers and actors, of artists, writers, debutantes and beautiful models. And she was doubly welcome, for Carleton Daklin was her sponsor.

"Come with me," said Daklin, leading her by the hand as if she were a child. He threaded his way through the groups of smartly dressed women and of dashing young men, throwing her an occasional name as a celebrity swept past. Celia followed him, nourishing a faint hope that she would not be thrown out by the time they had reached Miss Calder and wondering if her new spring suit, which had seemed so worthy of notice a few hours before, was really as attractive as she had hoped.

They found Miss Calder in the midst of a shouting mob scene, crying, "Hello there, Tiny," or "By-by, darling, see you at the Chittendens' tonight." She saw Carleton Daklin and pushed others aside to greet him. Celia discovered with relief that she was only a good-natured-looking, plump woman in an amazingly unbecoming and raffish-looking salmon-colored knitted suit, who held out a tiny hand adorned with one enormous square-cut diamond.

"Hello, darling," she said to Daklin, and gave Celia, the newcomer, an admiring glance along with the tiny hand. "So glad you could come," she said to her. "You know everyone, of course. If not, you haven't missed a thing. Not a thing. That's a good child."

Daklin said, "She doesn't know anyone. What have you to drink, Mimi? Or is this just song and dance?"

"Things over there. Someone will be around sometime with trays, if you want to wait. Isn't that music too divine? LeMarr and Gallo, you know." She threw back over her shoulder, "So nice you are here, Miss Landis. Don't go until I've seen you again, or if you must, come again, soon. Love to have you. So delightful—bronze eyes. I love bronze eyes, Charlie." She gave him a shrewd look of understanding and, shrieking like a parrot, was off to greet a newcomer. She was back in a minute. "There'll be drinks soon," she said. "Why don't you go over and sing some of those incredible songs of yours, Charlie? The naughtiest ones."

"With professionals about like LeMarr and Gallo?"

"Don't put on airs." She was off again.

"Whoever that is playing the piano is marvelous," Celia murmured, recovering

from the effect of Miss Calder and reinforcing the recovery with a sidecar.

"We'll go over and cheer them on," he said. Two men were beginning a two-piano arrangement of the Rhapsody in Blue and Celia wished they might never finish. She stood with Daklin near them, and the musicians, sensible of enthusiastic appreciation, played to her as if she were alone. She wondered who they were. At one piano was a tall, grave man with a sensitive face and long, slim, marvelous hands which caressed the keys. The other was shorter and darker and handsome in a passionate, glowering way.

"Gallo and LeMarr," Daklin said to Celia's inquiring look as they finished the Rhapsody. "Radio's newest finds."

"It was heavenly," Celia breathed, smiling to Pietro Gallo, the Italian, and at the grave René LeMarr. A sense of infinite gratitude filled her for their music. She recalled now that she had heard them on the radio but how the radio had belied the artistry that was theirs!

At this a girl whom Celia recognized and, in fact, had worked with, joined them at the piano, speaking to Gallo, and leaning over LeMarr with a proprietary air.

"I've brought you two some champagne," she said. "Good for that tired feeling."

She looked up speculatively at Celia as if wondering how she had crashed these gates. Her glance wandered to Daklin and she nodded. "How do you do, Mr. Daklin?"

"Hello, Jane. Do you know Celia Landis?"

"Yes. Hello, Miss Landis. We've worked together, haven't we? You share an apartment with Betty Yandell."

LeMarr said, "Oh, is that so? Then you are at the Hotel des Arts? We are neighbors. My studio is just below you."

Celia sipped her sidecar. "I hope I am near enough to hear you practice," she said. "I never have, though."

"Wait until the windows are open for the summer; you'll hear us whether you want to or not and wish we'd never been born."

GALLO said nothing. He looked at Jane Leeds and glowered. Now what was the matter with him, speculated Celia. The nurse in her saw that his hands trembled as he tried to light a cigarette. And she wondered, with the back of her mind, what was wrong. Something to do with Jane Leeds, she saw. Jane Leeds, so rumor said, was at the back of a number of things in this town. That girl! Celia had not liked her from the start and liked her no better now. None of the models trusted her and not only because she was taking work from them, this spoiled debutante who had no need of money, but because she was a troublemaker.

But Celia thought she would never be forced to have anything to do with Jane Leeds. And her attention was diverted from her now, for there appeared the other woman whom Celia did not like in this town—Alita Brett, accompanied by Pat Braddock.

"Look at that," Celia said to Daklin.

He nodded. "This is one of Alita's hangouts. Never could see why Miriam puts up with her. She adds little to the gayety of nations, in my opinion."

"I'm afraid of her."

He shot seltzer into his glass. "Don't be ridiculous. What harm can she do to you? Not that she wouldn't like to. She's impossible, really, and she'd do you dirty if she could but you've got nothing to fear from her."

"I know, but she's infatuated with Pat."

"What of it? You aren't, are you?"

"Of course. Mad about him. I should have let my mind dwell on him today at McGregor's."

He shook his head. "You couldn't. Your mind was on me."

She was not someone young and vulnerable to Carleton Daklin. She was an intelligent woman, one who had done well in a serious, difficult profession, and the first woman who had attracted him since that time, years ago, when Janet and he had agreed that their lives, outwardly linked together, should run in separate channels.

IT WAS a trifling misunderstanding which had separated the Daklins but it was effectual. At first he had tried to convince Janet that a silly flirtation with her cousin who was visiting them had been just that. That it meant nothing to him and less than that to the girl, Mary Louise Peabody. But Janet, convent-bred, brought up strangely apart from life, could not accept that, and he had not realized, did not now realize that that exquisite creature, Janet Daklin, was the victim of the thing which is so glibly called an inferiority complex. So from then on Janet Daklin had continued to live her own life, apart from the man she had married in an excess of feeling amounting practically to worship. She had spent a large part of her time since then attracting men, to prove to herself that she was not thoroughly unattractive. And then, sometimes she would pretend to herself that she was all that these strange young men said, but she could never convince herself of it, never. And she thought of herself as an aimless, useless person, a second-rate lady. But how was Daklin to guess that, he who lived so close to her that he could not see? Who was still so doggedly in love with her.

And now Celia had stepped from nowhere into his life, into a life which had been frittered away in freedom. "Any action which you may bring will go uncontested, I assure you," he had told Janet those years ago. But she had not cared to leave him. "Not until you really want it—" she had said. And so the years had gone by, while both had feared that something they wanted might turn out to be something less than they wanted it to be. Perfectionists, both of them, so missing everything.

But all that was too difficult to say, even had he known it. And all he knew was that here was a girl whom he could love, not as he loved Janet, but with some degree of amusement and satisfaction. There was nothing villainous in Daklin's mind—he had simply come to the conclusion that in life all satisfactions are largely synthetic, so why worry?

Celia, in her way, understood him, and for the rest of that spring she let things drift. She went everywhere with him, was photographed with him in night clubs and at sports events. "Miss Celia Landis and Mr. Carleton Daklin—"

She told herself that she was happy, that this was a marvelous life. Daklin had said nothing more, if, indeed, he had said anything at all of love. And if sometimes she thought of Starr and the fact that she had seen nothing of him for weeks was like a knife in her throat, she would not let it frighten her. The emptiness he left was teaching her things. It was enlightening.

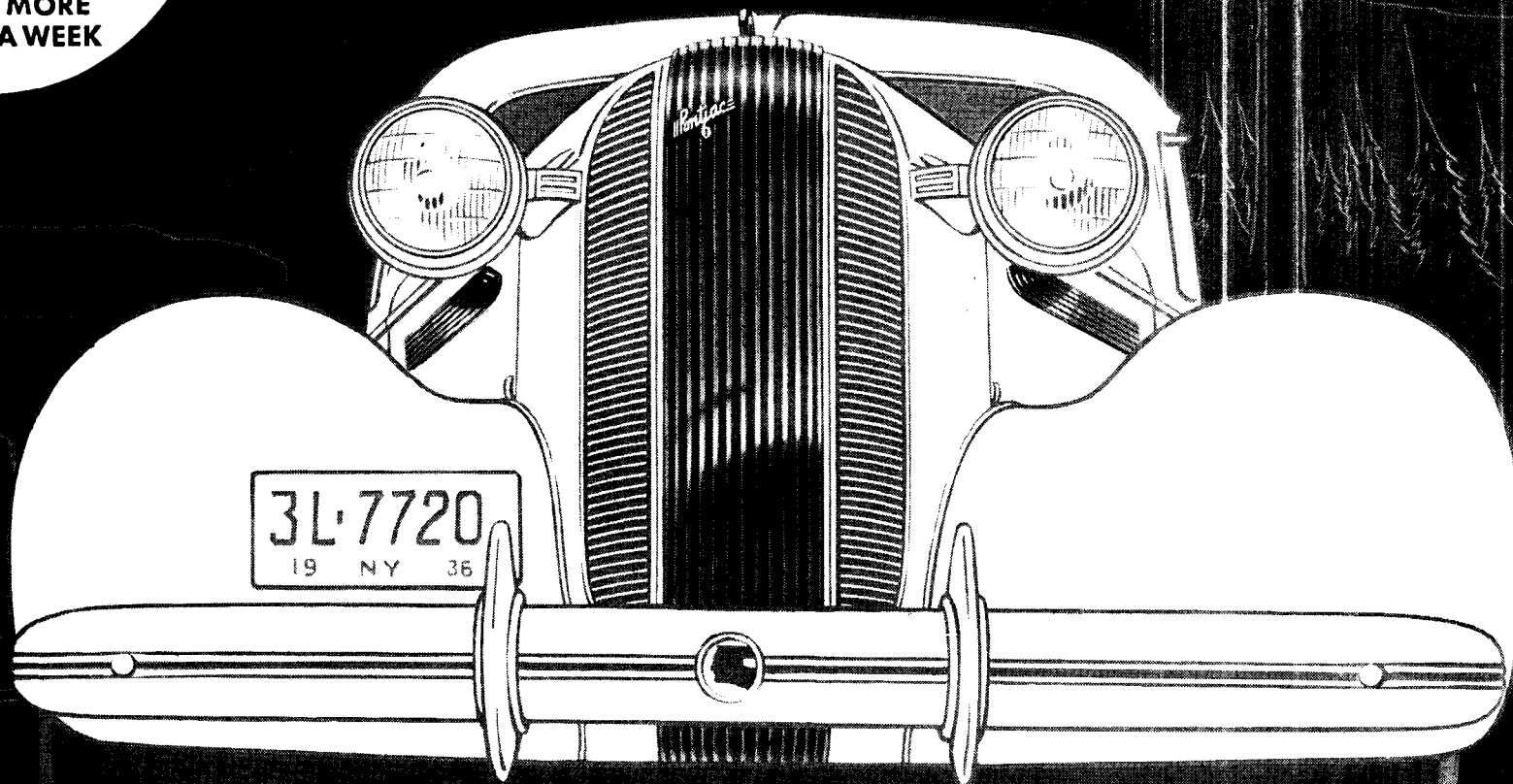
"I'm having a splendid time. I'm denying myself nothing," she told herself, remembering her new clothes, her pleas-

(Continued on page 35)

Buy a Pontiac

AND SATISFY YOURSELF
WITH SOMETHING BETTER

FOR ONLY \$ **1.00**★
MORE
A WEEK



SEE.. DRIVE.. PRICE THEM ALL.. and

**YOU'LL COME BACK
TO PONTIAC!**

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

A General Motors Value

YES, you'll come back to Pontiac and here's what will bring you back: *Silver Streak* styling that gains in distinction the more you look about you. *Luxury* that becomes more incredible the more comparisons you make. *Economy* that equals or surpasses that of smaller, lighter cars. (Official record of the Pontiac Six is 23.9 miles per gallon.) A record for *dependability* that is unique in the industry. (83 per cent of all Pontiacs ever built are still in daily use.) *Advancements* that put Pontiac on a plane with the greatest cars ever built. And a first-cost that brings Pontiac so close to the very lowest in price that, as little as \$1.00★ extra a week, over a year's period, will cover the difference!

There, in 100 words, is a story of value new to the automotive industry. In it you will find the cause of Pontiac's firm hold on its growing public. Owners stand by Pontiac for the very practical reason that they have nothing to gain and much to lose by switching to another car. Find out why—make comparisons—*track down the truth*. Every new fact will point to Pontiac as the logical car to buy.

*List prices at Pontiac, Michigan, begin at \$615 for the Six and \$730 for the Eight (subject to change without notice). Safety glass standard equipment on De Luxe Six and Eight. Monthly payments to suit your purse on the General Motors Installment Plan. Standard group of accessories extra. ★Lowest priced Pontiac Coupe versus the average of the de luxe coupe prices of three leading low-priced cars. Based on delivered prices in a centrally located metropolis.

PONTIAC \$615*
THE BIG ECONOMY
Six

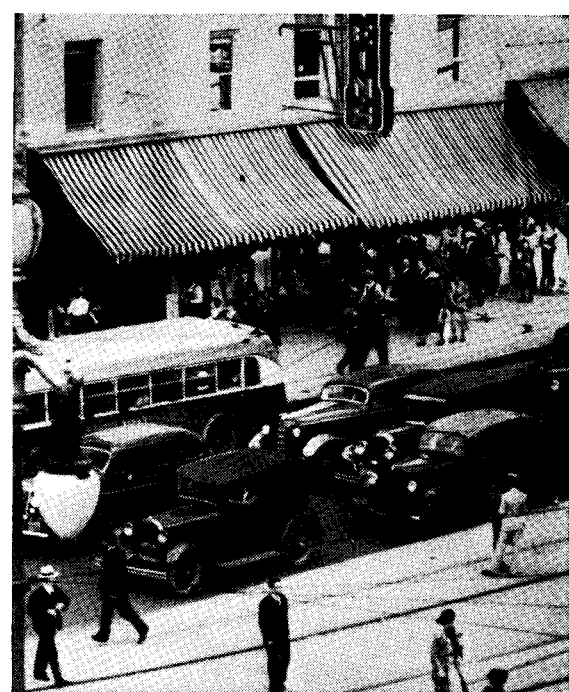
America's Cars Make $\frac{3}{4}$ Billion *STOPS* a Day!



ST. LOUIS, MO.—12th and Market! 70 cars stop every minute between 5 and 6 P.M. Many cars average 5 shifts in two blocks, even though the two intersecting streets are very broad.



TROY, N. Y.—Driving 7 blocks in the business district, from Congress and 3rd Streets to Jacob and River Streets, a reporter had to stop 10 times. In this short distance, he had to shift 30 times.



NEW ORLEANS, LA.—A test car took 6 minutes to drive 9 blocks down Canal Street. It had to make 7 stops. An average of 20,531 cars pass the busy corner of Canal and Rampart Streets every day.

4 out of every 5 miles you drive are "STOP-and-GO"

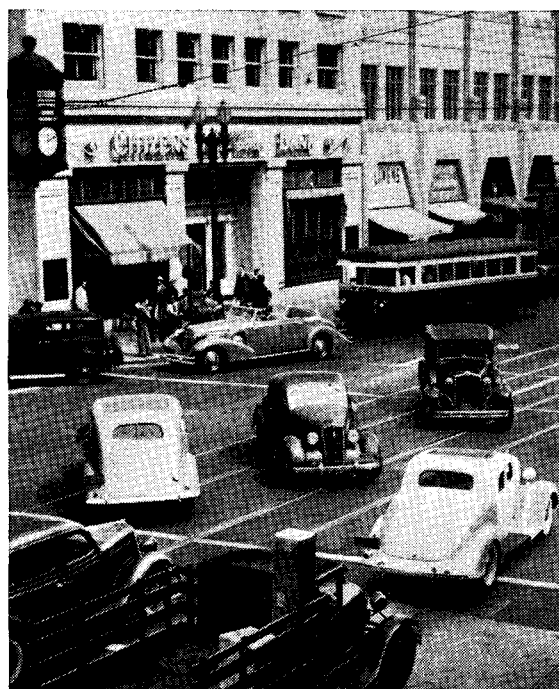
EACH DAY America's 25 million cars average 30 stops... making $\frac{3}{4}$ of a billion in all. Each stop eats up gasoline... in starting, shifting, accelerating!

Accelerating alone, leading auto engineers say, can use up 60% more gasoline than steady running.

For economy in "stop-and-go" driving, your gasoline needs 3 kinds of power—just as your car needs 3 different shifts of gears. You need one kind of power for *quick starts*, one for *fast pickup* and hill climbing, and still another for *steady running*.

Super-Shell combines these 3 different kinds of power in one fuel—THE FIRST TRULY BALANCED GASOLINE.

Super-Shell is on sale at more than 30,000 neighborly Shell stations from coast to coast.



PASADENA, CAL.

—An investigator drove 10 blocks through the busiest part of town. Over *half* of his time was spent standing still. His average speed was only 9 miles an hour, although he tried to see how fast he could travel the distance. Over *one-fifth* of the time, the car was in low gear.

SUPER SHELL

The Prodigal Nurse

Continued from page 32

ant apartment, the fun she had with Daklin, the excitement and the parties and the admiration she received. She went about New York, looking composed and feeling all at sea. People, some of them, were kind. She had thought Starr was kind. He wasn't. Daklin was kind. And yet something told her, he himself indeed told her that he did not do things for merely kind reasons. No. Kindness was not in the amused, contemptuous look with which he embraced the world.

One day she read in the paper that Dr. Anthony Starr had been sent by Chalmers Institute on an expedition into the Far East. She read that paragraph and looked at the picture published with it. After a while she tore up the paper and an odd little curve crept about her mouth. Perhaps it was that odd curve which made her face from then on have a new look. Like a queen of olden times, or, perhaps, not of a queen at all. But it added to her magic for people. It was to take her many places, that little curve. That look which makes some persons say that the Mona Lisa smiles.

SHE went about the city, working hard, playing hard, with persons who thought themselves free and who, if they looked up and about, were hemmed in. Who thought themselves whole and, when they wakened tomorrow and tomorrow, would find themselves wounded in some skirmish of which they had not dreamed. Celia was popular among them. She laughed a great deal in this city of laughter and she lived mainly in the studios of photographers and of illustrators and in cafés. She went down to Long Beach in the long summer days to swim and was asked here and there for week ends.

Betty said once, "Don't you think you are seeing too much of this Daklin?" But Celia only laughed.

Then she read that Starr was back

again and long columns were given to his report to the Medical Society. But he did not call her up.

That evening she went out with Carleton Daklin. They went from place to place. "What is going on?" he asked. "Keep nothing from me. Whither are we going and why?"

"We're going to get plastered, I hope," said Celia. But though they went to the barge attached outside the Crystal Club as far east as possible on Fifty-second Street, and to the Casino and to the Stork Club and Versailles, nothing helped. The girl who had been thrilled by a glass of Chablis a few months before found that not tubs of champagne touched the dull ache in her heart.

"I now feel that I've taken a lunatic out," said Daklin at last. "Fortunately they don't lock you up if you have a guardian." He stared hard at her. "Let's go," he said.

In the last taxi he held her in his arms. He kissed her. She looked exhausted as he let her fall at last back into the seat. "I'm coming up," he said as the taxi stopped outside her building.

"It is too late."

"I'm coming anyway."

Another taxi drove up behind theirs and out of it stepped the piano duo, Gallo and LeMarr with Jane Leeds. Jane pounced on Celia. "Celia," she cried. "I have a yen to hear these men play. We've been everywhere and done everything tonight and now they must play. You must come up—" she looked at Daklin too—"I need a chaperon."

Daklin raised his brows at that. "Sorry," he said. "I'm tucking Celia in and then I must run." Suddenly Celia was afraid. She did not want to be alone with him. Betty was probably not in yet, for she had gone out to Westchester to a dance and Celia was afraid. She liked Jane no better than she ever had, and there was a tension in the atmosphere

which she knew Daklin sensed also. "Jane wants me to pull some sort of chestnuts out of the fire for her," she thought. But even so, she said she would go up with them, for she was timid within the four walls of her soul now, and did not trust Daklin's quiet air of waiting. He could wait, that man—that was one of his attributes, waiting.

"You won't come up to hear them play?" she asked. And he looked back and laughed a little. He knew she was afraid. "No," he said. "Good night, Celia." And strolled away, as she entered the elevator with Jane and the two musicians.

CELIA entered their great bare studio and listened to LeMarr play, listened to the music which flowed from under his fingers while Gallo brought out drinks. Gallo was in an ugly temper but she could not be bothered about that. That, she thought, was Jane's affair. She had her own worries. "There is no way out," she was thinking inside herself. "There is nothing to be done."

She scarcely noticed Jane, who sat on the bench beside LeMarr, searching the room with slanting, mocking eyes, looking along her eyelashes at Gallo. Jane pretended to be there for the music but that was not why she was there. She was there because hers was the boredom of one who has lived in excitement all her life and who wants only more and more excitement, the desire of the silly and vain to play with fire. She felt, now, it was clear, a deep need to stir up trouble between Gallo and LeMarr, men who, until they knew her, had worked together for years in perfect agreement. She leaned over LeMarr, no longer looking at Gallo but allowing him, while he measured drinks, to go quietly mad.

Celia looked up at him, coming out of her own abstraction. She suddenly felt nothing in the room but Jane's vanity and Gallo's drink and his rage and his despair. "This is altogether too unpleasant," she thought. "I won't stay another minute. Jane can do as she likes. I'm going."

She rose and started to tiptoe out but just then Jane leaned over and laid her hand on LeMarr's shoulder. "You are really too marvelous," she sighed. "Such a musician, René!" and her black, high-voltage look tried to drown itself in his.

What LeMarr thought of that, Celia had no way of knowing nor did she care. But Gallo cared. For all at once he was across the room and had slapped Jane in the face.

THE music stopped, and LeMarr said, "Pietro!" And he stood up swiftly and whether he meant to fight Gallo, Celia never knew. All she knew was that there was that Latin slap seeming still to be ringing in the room, and the red mark on Jane's face and her furious eyes, and a spilled glass.

Then LeMarr started to move away from the piano and Jane cried, "Don't, René, he will hurt you." And as if her care for LeMarr was the last straw, Gallo snarled and picked up something from the table. Afterwards Celia tried to think what it was and how it happened to be there but at the moment all she thought was, "But he's an Italian and they always seem to have knives—"

And she jumped and Jane screamed and Gallo struck. And René LeMarr, with the strangest look of astonishment on his face, fell across the keys, his hands reaching up as if to pull out the paper knife which had left the narrowest trail of blood along his white coat.

(To be continued next week)

TO ALL MEN
WHO SMOKE BOTH A
PIPE AND CIGARETTES



HERE'S the 1936 way to smoking happiness — match your pipe tobacco to the mildness of your favorite cigarettes. Now it can be done! **EDGEWORTH JUNIOR** is a free-burning cut and blend of finest tobaccos smoothly matched to the mildness of 1936 cigarettes. (For the confirmed pipe smoker, there is nothing better than Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth Plug Slice.) Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.



"How intine!"

HOWARD BAER

"Leave me alone— my brains are jumping rope!"



What doctors learned about Next-Morning Headaches—

RECENTLY, doctors tested different remedies for next-morning headaches. Here is what they found.

One remedy—Bromo-Seltzer—gave relief *faster* than any other remedy they tested!

Bromo-Seltzer does far more than merely relieve headache pain. It helps settle the stomach, steadies the nerves and brings another

important benefit. When you indulge unwisely, excess lactic acid is accumulated in your blood.

Bromo-Seltzer reduces this harmful acid, helps nature restore the alkaline balance of your blood. That's why, after Bromo-Seltzer, you feel keener, more alert for work or play.

Ask for Bromo-Seltzer by its full name at any drugstore or soda fountain. Protect yourself by having a bottle in the medicine cabinet at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER

Makes you feel fit *FASTER!*



You've Got to Be Sensible

Continued from page 13

Please. I can't bear to hear that again." He said heavily, "I'll be glad when your mother gets back."

ON TUESDAY she was taking a typing test for accuracy. Only urgent telephone calls were permitted to be answered during classes and her first thought, when she was summoned, was for Rob. That something had happened to him.

It was, however, her father's office, and the anguish she almost immediately felt was dull in comparison to the sharp twinge she had experienced at the thought of anything wrong with Rob. Her father's secretary: "Miss Rogers. Will you meet your father right away at Grand Central? The two-o'clock train for Boston. There's been an accident. Your mother is hurt. He's waiting for you there. That's all I know."

She found her father before the gates. He was, she saw, unlike himself. There was nothing of his accustomed, imperturbable calm. It was as if she were with a stranger. Even his impatience to be on the way was diffused. When the gates opened she had to remind him. In the chair car he sat silent, staring. Linda thought calmly of the fact that she knew so little. She was certain that he knew no more, yet he was letting his mind run into the dark, limitless field of possibilities. She called the porter and wrote telegrams for Rob and for Hilda.

In Boston she arranged for the car. All the while, on the train and now, with her father sitting gray-faced beside her while the greening countryside fled by on either side of the black tarred road, she had been irked by the desire of recalling him to himself, of asking him to pull himself together—to be sensible. But her very hatred of the phrase that enclosed the words kept her from uttering them.

Beyond Taunton, near Middleton, the driver picked up a State Trooper. When they came into the small, nameless village and stopped before the white frame building Linda got quickly from the car. Her father did not stir and she said: "This is the place, Dad."

SHE followed him into the quiet house. In the hallway, palely lighted by the panes of the fanlight behind them and filled with the soft, insistent ticking of the tall clock in the turn of the stair above, a middle-aged man came to them. "Mr. Rogers? You got here quickly. I'm Doctor Merwin."

Her father's voice was a dry rasp, rattling. "Doctor, she—she's not—"

The light blue eyes in the lean, weathered face widened. "Now, now, sir. Mrs. Rogers is all right. A fracture of the right tibia; contusions, of course. I think it best not to move her at present. There's always the matter of shock in accidents of this sort—though she isn't the type to react badly. But she is perfectly all right. Resting nicely."

Linda stood, thankful, yet oddly detached. The grayness was still in her father's face. It was she who said, "Can we see Mother, Doctor Merwin?"

"Yes."

There was twilight, vaguely blue, yet clear, in the square room with its flowered papering that covered walls and ceiling. She saw her mother's face, placid beneath her gray hair, against the white of the pillow, even as her father pushed by her, shambling, awkward. "Grace! You—you—"

He had, Linda knew, forgotten her. Had it been she who lay there, instead of her mother, his anguish would have been perhaps as great, but he would

have stood with her mother, sharing his terror, his fear with her, depending on her for support. But she could see that she had no part in this—so far as her father was concerned. She did not exist. Over his bent head she caught her mother's smile.

"Now, Henry, I'm really all right. I'm sorry I messed things. It happened too quickly for me to know what was going on. A truck in the middle of the curve, and I turned the wheel." She laughed. "I've ruined your car, Linda." But her hands were in his and her face turned to him, Linda saw. "Henry, truly it's all right, dear."

The nurse came in and turned on the lights. Her mother said, "You'd better take your father out and get him some dinner, Linda."

"He hasn't had anything since breakfast," Linda said. "No lunch at all."

"That's silly," her mother said. "You go right along with Linda."

The iron-gray head moved. "I'm staying here."

FOR the last time something echoed in Linda and she knew what her mother was going to say. But she did not mind—did not flinch from it. "Henry, you've got to be sensible. Go and have your dinner, dear. You'll be permitted to come back."

His voice was stubborn: "I'm not going."

Linda said, "I'll go and see about staying over tonight, Mother. There's an inn. We'll need toothbrushes and things. I'll be back soon."

She went down the stairs and out into the settling night. Lamps gleamed on the sidewalks between the pregnant loom of the dark, bare-branched elms.

The coins dropped into the box with a deeply resonant chime. Rob said, as she knew he would, "Linda—are you all right?"

"Yes. Everything is all right."

"Is your mother badly hurt?"

"No. A fractured leg."

Standing there in the confines of the phone booth of the tiny drug and stationery shop, she smiled.

"When will you be back?"

"I'm not sure. But you'd better get things ready, Rob. When I do we're going to be married."

"Has your father—?"

"No. You want to—don't you, Rob?"

"Oh, Lord, Linda, you know— Yes, I do."

"Then that's all right. I'll write you later when I get us settled for the evening. Good night, dear."

She went out of the shop, across the wooden porch and down the resounding plank steps. The lights of a luncheonroom gleamed from across the street. She could see the counterwoman in his white jacket reading a paper.

You could, she thought, be sensible about things. About anything and everything. About how you spent your money and how you led your life and how you thought and ate and acted. But you couldn't be sensible about love. Love wasn't subject to logic or reason—like other things. It was either the very height of reason, of logic, or the very negation. It really didn't matter. It was of itself enough. A guarantee that nothing else that might come could measure even a little way against it.

She said to the counterwoman, "I'll have a hamburger and a glass of milk."

He turned to the icebox as she seated herself on the stool. "With onion, Miss?"

"With herbs."

"Ma'am?"

"With onion—yes."

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 9

ironically. "All I got to say is Big Sid sure has taste."

"Sure—"

The door opened without ceremony and a pair of older men walked in. Peace laid down his razor. He said, "I was just coming over to the office, Sam. Hello, Jack."

Sam Reed said, "You've heard the news, I suppose." Jack Casement said, "What's doing in Omaha?"

They were both small, wiry men. Reed, superintendent of construction, had a rather gentle face set off by a heavy black beard. As for Jack Casement, who held the contract for laying steel all the way through, there was no gentleness about him. He was a terrier, a doughty, scrapping little terrier, physically unable to stand still, never unwilling to fight it out with any of the thousands working under him. Like Reed, he carried a full beard, the color of rust.

Peace went back to finish his shaving. Casement fished up his pipe and began stirring around the room. Peace said: "Your brother Dan told me to say you can have eighty cars of material a day. Omaha looks like a freight dump. So does Council Bluffs. Stuff piled story high on both sides of the river. Ferries workin' twenty-four hours a day. What news, Sam?"

The door opened again with a bang. A burly young man came in and said, "What the hell here, Peace?"

"Mamma Tarrant's little boy, Ed, once more," murmured Overmile. "This place begins to resemble an old settler's convention."

Ed Tarrant went over and shook Peace with a broad blow on the back. "Here comes the swallow with the spring. So we whip hell out of the Central this year, don't we? Had supper? No? Well, what this room needs is a little more fraternity. Just wait right here. Don't move a step." He wheeled around and wagged his thumb profanely at Overmile and left them, slamming the door with a boisterous violence. Tobacco smoke began to turn the light blue. Overmile said mildly: "That wild bull."

"What news, Sam?" prompted Peace.

Reed said: "Well, we had our schedule for '68 all set. We were to locate to Salt Lake and lay steel as far as the Wasatch range. With a little survey work done west of Salt Lake to Humboldt Wells. But last night I get a wire from Dodge. He's dropped his work in Congress and he'll be here within a week."

EVERYBODY paid Sam Reed strict attention. Peace stood still, the razor suspended. For General Dodge was chief engineer and his word was law to all of them. Reed went on in his dry way. "Our schedule's been knocked to pieces. The order now is to make our location lines final all the way to Salt Lake in thirty days, and to Humboldt Wells, 220 miles east of the Lake, in another sixty days. We are, moreover, to cover the whole line with men regardless of the cost and get into Salt Lake with steel as fast as possible. It makes no difference where snow catches us this year. We are to keep on."

Jack Casement said: "You hear? Five hundred miles of steel to be laid down, and no stops."

"Why?" said Peace.

Reed shrugged his shoulders. He had a trick of saying important things without emphasis. He moved his cigar to another corner of his mouth, speaking around it. "Under the original setup, the Central was to build from Frisco east to the California line and the Union

was to build west from Omaha and meet them there. All of us know Huntington and Stanford and Crocker have been too ambitious to stop at the California line. So they had their charter changed and came on. Now they have persuaded the Secretary of the Interior that the Central is financially and morally purer than the Union and so should have more rewards. Well, it looked like brag until now. But the fact is that the Central has put the Sierras behind and they've got all the level stretches of Nevada in front, whereas we haven't yet reached our heavy work in the Wasatch chain."

"Which," said Casement, always preoccupied with the problem of getting steel laid, "we'll hit in the dead of winter."

REED went on: "So Central sprung its surprise. It intends to beat us into Salt Lake. If it succeeds it will block us out of our only logical terminal and dictate its own terms as to what the Union will have in through traffic. We're hipped. If we lose, our whole financial structure blows up. There's no revenue to be had out of a road running nine hundred miles across a desert without a terminal. The government will listen to the road reaching the Lake first—and Central means to make Union the tail of the dog. My guess is that Huntington and his partners aim to beat us to Salt Lake so that they can whip the Union into line and control the whole road from Frisco to Omaha. We have got to reach Salt Lake first regardless of cost—regardless of anything." He leaned forward and his eyes brightened. "We've got to get there first."

Ed Tarrant came banging back into the room, bearing glasses and a bottle. He said, "Amity and concord and fraternity—that's the ticket." But the thoughtful silence of the group struck him and he looked about with a curious eye and shrugged his shoulders. Frank Peace finished his shave; he put his shirt and coat back on. The rest of them were entirely caught up in their own considerations, with the room turning a hazier blue from the rising spirals of tobacco smoke. Ed Tarrant poured the drinks, passing them around.

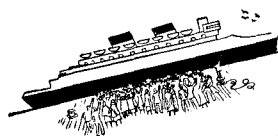
"We're going to have trouble," said Reed quietly. "Some of it we can forecast, like weather and grading delay and operating breakdown. Some of it we can't. We're going into country this season that the Indians claim as private hunting ground. There's some sort of a treaty about it. I don't know the rights—all I know is I've been told to lay steel. But the Cheyennes are sore and they're going to hit us. I know also we've got some agitators in our construction gangs. Who's payin' 'em to cause trouble? Make your own guesses. And I know that the gamblers aim to take control of the end-of-track towns away from us this year. Our rule has been hurting their profits. That's why Big Sid Campeaux came back early this season. They've got their joints laid out already at Laramie. Our tracks will reach there in two or three days. And then the ball opens. The company has been served notice by these fellows, through Campeaux, that they do not propose to observe the authority of any mayor or town marshal we may appoint."

"A fight?" drawled Leach Overmile, and reared up from the bed.

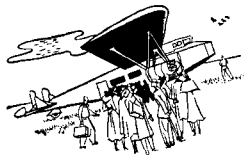
Reed said to Peace: "The construction train leaves for end of track in an hour. I've had Overmile arrange for horses to meet you there. Go on to Fort Sanders and locate Mormon Charley.

(Continued on page 40)

Telephone



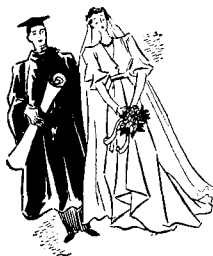
happy sailings



happy landings



happy returns



HAPPY DAYS

Long Distance is quick, convenient, personal.

You can time your good wishes to arrive at the right moment. . . . It's inexpensive, too.

Rates for Long Distance calls to most points are reduced after 7 o'clock every evening and all day Sunday.



Life itself depends upon them

STOP the freight trains of the country and chaos would result—darkened cities; stagnation of business; famine!

Despite cold and darkness, heat and storm, freight goes through. An army of loyal men set themselves doggedly to the task of putting it through, no matter what the difficulties . . . trained men whose lives are devoted to their jobs.

The quarter-million miles of railroads that span the country are arteries of steel along which the life-blood of the nation flows.

Insulated tank cars carry milk hundreds of miles with less than one degree rise in temperature and deliver it sweet and fresh. Refrigerator cars rush perishable goods over the country at express speed. Every twenty-four hours sees freight cars traveling more than a million miles—two round trips to the moon, with a billion-and-a-quarter dollars in lading.

These services are performed with such smoothness, swiftness and regularity that the nation now takes them for granted. Only if they should cease would we realize that life itself depends upon freight. And it moves at a lower cost in North America than anywhere else in the world.

Steel helps make possible this record of service. Still greater achievements are ahead. New and stronger steels now permit the use of lighter equipment. Cars weigh less and locomotives move more freight, faster. Through its railway research, United States Steel has played a large part in the introduction of these new steels.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN SHEET AND TIN PLATE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY • CANADIAN BRIDGE COMPANY, LTD. • CARNEGIE-ILLINOIS STEEL CORPORATION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY • FEDERAL SHIPBUILDING AND DRY DOCK COMPANY • NATIONAL TUBE COMPANY • OIL WELL SUPPLY COMPANY • SCULLY STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

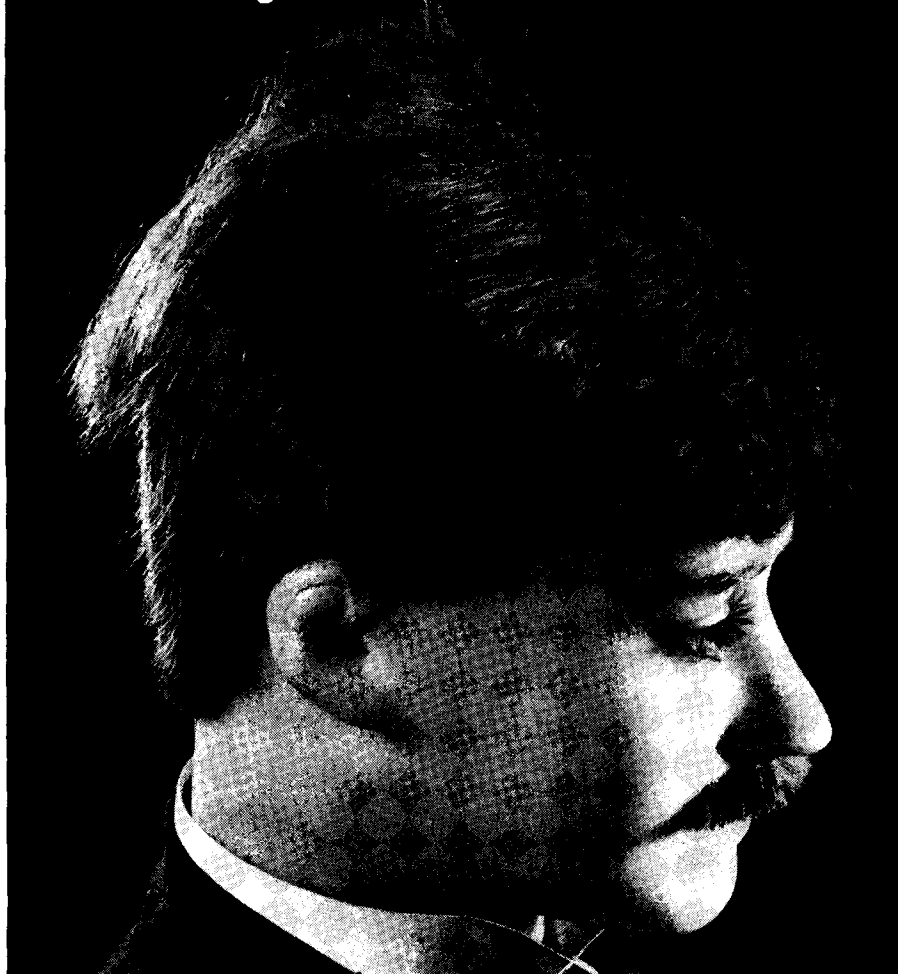
United States Steel Corporation Subsidiaries



UNITED STATES STEEL



"DON'T HAVE Toupée Hair"



● Water washes out the natural scalp oils Let Kreml give your hair new life and lustre

People who soak their heads with water every day in order to comb their hair are most in danger of getting "toupée hair."

Too much water washes out the natural oils of the scalp, leaves the hair dry and brittle; takes away its lustre.

Try Kreml as a hair dressing for a week.

This scientific new oil-tonic brings back the natural brilliance and sheen to hair; restores the oil balance; makes unruly hair lie down before the brush and comb.

Kreml is so popular

because it never gives hair that glossy, patent-leather look.

A marvelous dandruff remover, it also stimulates the growth of hair and stops excessive shedding.

Men swear by it and women love it, because it makes their waves last so much longer.

Ask for Kreml at your barber's. Use it regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

Use this olive oil shampoo. It simply billows with cleansing, purifying lather.



KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 37

He's close to the Indians. I want you to have him use his influence with the Indians not to fight us. You don't do any more office work this year, Frank. From now on your particular job is to handle the grief along the right of way. And in particular, you've got to handle the toughs. The train leaves in an hour."

Peace said: "I haven't had supper. And I've got some personal business."

Reed smiled a little bit—and the other men in the room shared that. "All right. Give Eileen my regards. The train can wait."

"Gentlemen," put in Ed Tarrant, "how long should good liquor be ignored?" He poured the drinks, passing them around.

THEY were silent a little while and then Peace lifted his glass and echoed the thought that was in the minds of all of them. "Here," he said, "is to '68—the year we beat the Central into Salt Lake."

They drank on that and they broke up. Sam Reed stopped at the door to drop an afterthought. "You don't travel alone this year, Frank. Overmile sticks with you particularly. Phil Morgan is also on hand for your use. When you get to Fort Sanders you'll find Lieutenant Millard has orders to accompany you on any trip off the road."

"What's that for?" demanded Peace. But Sam Reed only shrugged his shoulders and went out, Jack Casement following. Peace remained in his tracks,

a tall and unruly presence in that room, with his black head faintly bent. There was a sharpness and a hardness in the look he threw at those three deep friends ranged about him. He saw the way they studied him, with an affection—and with a concern.

He said again: "What's it all for?"

Leach Overmile blew a ring of cigarette smoke casually upward. Pure blandness covered the cheeks of this silver-headed ex-cowpuncher; faint crows-feet wrinkles sprang shrewdly about his eyes. Phil Morgan was an inscrutable figure in the chair, teeth clenched about the stem of his pipe. Ed Tarrant lifted his glass against the light, squinting through it.

"You don't know yet?" murmured Overmile.

"I don't like mystery, you slabsided horse wrangler."

No mystery," remarked Overmile quietly. "This Indian business is just a side trip. Reed sent word to all the joints last night that the railroad proposed to back up its authority in all end-of-track towns this year—and that you were the man to clean 'em up if they got tough. Ed Tarrant was in the Club last night when the news trickled through. The gamblers held a meetin' about it. We know for a fact they wired Campeaux, who was winterin' in Omaha. That's what brought him along in such a hurry."

He stopped and blew another smoke



"You say it loses three minutes a week?"

FRITZ WILKINSON

ring at the ceiling. But Phil Morgan said: "Tell him the rest, Leach."

Overmile drawled: "At this meetin' the toughs decided to put you to sleep if you started anything. Which is why Reed said you wouldn't travel alone this year."

Frank Peace let his eyes narrow a moment, considering it. Afterwards the grin they were all waiting for laid a taut streak across his skin. He said: "I'm to be chaperoned? Brethren, I'll run you ragged. I'll have you sittin' on front porches and back steps all summer. Now get away from my sight—I'm busy. See you at the train in two hours."

"Another drink?" suggested Ed Tarrant hopefully. But Frank Peace, bound for the door, swept him forward with a long arm. They went down the stairs and out through the lobby of the Rollins House, into Cheyenne's windy, tumultuous street. Peace said, "At the train," and swung away, cutting around the corner of Eddy and going along it at a fast, cruising stride. There were men working at the corner guy ropes of Campeaux's Club saloon, cursing the wind as they slid into the heavy mud; and a four-horse team pulled away from it, high-laden with freight. It was the way all these joints worked. Tonight the Club was in full roar in Cheyenne. But end of track crept on past Sherman summit into Laramie Plains, and Laramie City was only two or three days from steel. Tomorrow night Campeaux's Club saloon would be pitched in Laramie, waiting for the Irish paddies to come swinging in off the first work train with money in their pockets, a thirst in their throats, and the very devil in their bony fists. And around the Club's enormous tent would be all the other shanty hells, with their spiekers crying across the street: "Come on you rondo-coolo sports—come on over and give us a bet!" Spring was here, the railroad stirred from its sleep, and 1868 would be a lustier year, a more roaring year—and a deadlier year.

He turned in front of a small two-storied frame building wedged between other buildings of like rawness and newness. A sign above it said briefly: "Oliver Mercantile Company," and inside he saw Enoch Oliver's pointed, smooth Yankee face turning slowly and obstinately from side to side at a customer across the counter. It roused Peace's sense of humor. Enoch Oliver was on his way to a fortune through that one gift he had of being able to shake his head. In this prodigal country, where men were turned giddy by the buoyant air, Enoch kept his senses.

He saw Peace. He said, "Hello, Frank," as a matter of course. This casualness was something he never departed from, fire or storm or gunfight. "Eileen," he added, "is just up the stairs," and afterwards he turned his attention back to the customer.

PEACE went across the store more rapidly than he realized. He skirted the piles of sacked flour, the boxes of canned goods, the heavy tiers of lard tubs; he came to the narrow stairway and went up two steps at a time, to knock impatiently on the upper door. A voice—like the cool, remote tinkle of porcelain—said: "Come in," and he pushed the door aside. Across the room Eileen Oliver turned slowly around, slowly and gracefully and without hurry.

It was this picture—the promise of this picture—that had long been in his memory, stirring his restlessness during the month he had been away, a restlessness that was like vaguely remembering something valuable he had left behind him and might lose. A fear of that sort—a feeling of unease and uncertainty. She had on a dress that lay tightly against her slim waist, that accented the self-reliance of her small,

square shoulders. Her hair was quite dark, drawn back in the strict, center-parted fashion of the time; her eyes were gray, and all this darkness gave to her small, distinct and oval face a remote olive tint. She was a quiet girl and her smile now sweetened rather than lightened the grave even lines of those New England lips. She said, "I hoped you'd be in tonight, Frank," and a slight gesture of her head sent two jade ear-drops into quiet motion.

"Is that all, Eileen?" he said, and went straight across the room. Her hands came up in a quick gesture of defense. But he brought her to him with a hard sweep of his long arms. She said, half in a whisper, "Frank!" When he kissed her he caught the perfume of her hair. Her lips slid away from him and her hands put a steady pressure against his wide chest. Her eyes were very bright; color stained her cheeks. "Frank—why are you so rough?"

HE WAS laughing then, for he had remembered that self-possession was the key to this girl, and that she hated unsettling emotions. There was that much of her father's casualness in her make-up. He looked at her until her eyes dropped and that strange shyness pushed his spirits higher than they had been. He reached down and caught the point of her chin, and lifted it and said, "Eileen—coolness is for strangers." But she had a need for self-possession that he could not break through; her eyes flashed out quick anger at him and she shoved his arm aside.

"Eileen," he said, remotely stung, "are you afraid to be alive?"

She caught her breath. She said, "Frank!" Her hands held him by the coat lapels and he saw through her reserve, down into some part of her that held flame. It was soon shut out. She dropped her hands, and humor turned her lips frankly at the corners. "It doesn't take us long to quarrel, does it?"

"If you fed me, I'd be more agreeable."

She said, "Sit down," and went into the kitchen.

There was, Peace thought, an unbreakable serenity in this room. The boards hadn't yet been painted or papered, the furniture was scarred by usage and travel—and the robust, turbulent echoes of a Cheyenne busy with its work and its pleasure beat like waves against the thin walls. Yet the personality of the girl was stronger than these other influences. Quiet as she was, she had put the impress of her will upon the room; it was a matter of orderliness, of small touches of grace against the bare walls. He got out his pipe and packed it, feeling ease go through him.

She came back and put a plate in front of him and said: "Cold scraps. Has Omaha changed?"

"Packed solid with railroad stuff. Mud hub deep on the main street. Steamboats tied by the dozen to the docks. It's a railroad town now, Eileen."

She said: "We should be grateful for the railroad, I suppose. It is life for all of us." She sat down opposite him, her arms resting on the table; her definite mouth was minutely stubborn and a latent unhappiness stirred the exact detail of her face. "But I shall be glad when it is finished and all this roughness is gone. Listen to those men outside."

This windy night shouldered against the pine wall of the building, condensing the reports of Cheyenne's uproaring activity. There was a teamster directly under the window, yelling at his horses caught in the muddy channel of Eddy Street; the board walk down there was a-drumming with the feet of the roving Irish; out of the Club saloon the racket of the saloon's band poured interminably, laced now and then by the barker's

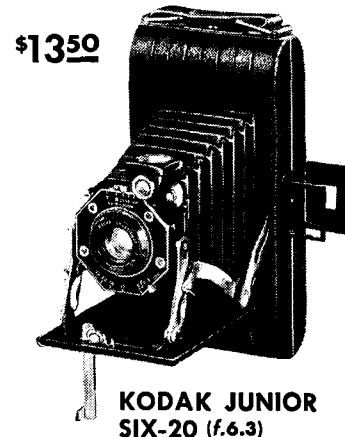
(Continued on page 42)



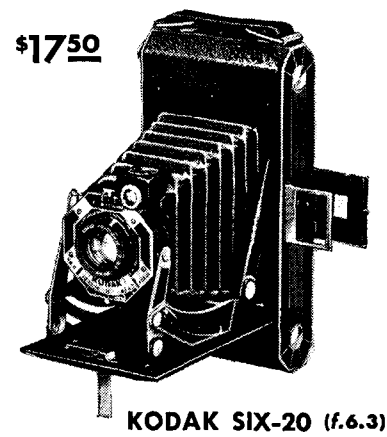
"Sure I get swell pictures—look at my new Kodak!"

\$8 JIFFY KODAK SIX-20—The original folding camera with box camera simplicity. Touch one button—*Pop*—it opens. Touch another—*Click*—it gets the picture. Size, 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Jiffy Kodak Six-16, with the same features—for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures—\$9.

YOUR OLD CAMERA may have been a world-beater in its day—but that wasn't 1936. Give your skill a chance to grow with one of these new Kodaks. They're smart in looks—compact, easy to carry. They're smart in action—keen, quick on the trigger. You'll be proud to be seen out with one. And prouder of the pictures you bring back. Kodaks as low as \$5; Brownies from \$1... at your dealer's... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.



KODAK JUNIOR SIX-20 (f.6.3)
A lot for your money. Fast lens, 1/100-second shutter, give wide range. Both eye-level and reflecting finders. Pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Kodak Junior Six-16—pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches—\$15.50.



KODAK SIX-20 (f.6.3)
America's most popular fine camera. Rich in appointments. Reserve lens power, 1/100-second shutter. Pictures 2¼ x 3¼ inches. Kodak Six-16 (f.6.3)—for 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures—\$20.

"HOLD YOUR HARPOON ...I GIVE UP!"



A CLAMMY pipe full of seaweed tobacco is a weapon that will overpower any innocent whale. But if you're fishing the stream of life for pleasure and companionship, here's bait worth two of that: Sir Walter Raleigh in a pipe kept dry and shipshape. Sir Walter is a cleaner, cooler, milder smoke that raises no dark clouds anywhere. Instead, this sunny blend of well-aged Kentucky Burleys spreads only a winning fragrance that gains respect for all who puff it. In a modest way it's become the sensation of the smoking world. So try a tin; follow it with another—and you'll be the catch of the season!

SWITCH TO THE BRAND
OF GRAND AROMA



(Continued from page 41)
strident calling: "Come over here, you rondo-coolo sports and give us a bet!" Yonder by the depot the ringing of the switch engine's bell kept on. Somewhere the unsupported wall of a half-built house went down against the blast with a long, flat crash.

Watching Eileen across the table, Peace realized that she hated all this raw, lusty life with an unfathomed intensity. The vitality of it warmed him like a fire—and only roused in her a hatred for its disorder. Every fiber in her body was stiffened against it. There was an insistence in her for exact ways, for gentility and sedate manners; and the louder all that outside fury became, the more pronounced became the color on her cheeks.

"It isn't bad, Eileen," he said quietly. She looked at him in her old way, which was cool and clear. "I know, Frank. You love it. Excitement and fighting keep you going. You are hard—you are becoming harder."

HE HAD finished his meal. He took up his pipe again. He was smiling through the gray lift of tobacco smoke. "I like it," he admitted.

"They have made a work horse out of you," she told him. "They have made a slave driver out of you. What do these Irishmen call you? Bucko Frank. A man that cleans up gambling dens at the point of a gun and knocks workmen down with his fists."

He said mildly: "It's the way to handle these fellows. I could go out on that street now and yell and get a hundred of them around me in five minutes—and they'd do anything I asked."

"I hate it, Frank! Killers call you by your first name and ask you to have a drink on them. Women—" her voice turned bitter, "those women—smile at you."

"Listen," he said carefully. "This is the greatest engineering job in the world. When it's done there'll be other roads to build. Here is where I make my way—for the next job to come."

She made a resigned motion with her small hand. "Have breakfast with us, Frank. I haven't seen you for a month."

He shook his head. His smile was regretting. "Reed's sending me to Fort Sanders tonight."

"Then I won't see you for another month! It isn't right. Why can't he wait one day?" She was angry then, with the rose color filling her cheeks. "How long do I have to sit and wait?"

He said, all at once laughing and reckless: "You're a lovely woman when you get angry." He rose and came around the table, and instantly she got out of her chair and her hands lifted in a self-defense she couldn't forget. She said rapidly: "No, Frank—I don't like that!" But he took her by the arms and looked down, forgetting his humor. "What have I been thinking about in Omaha? Why do you suppose I held up a work train for an hour and came here on an empty stomach? Good God, Eileen, forget your manners for a minute! Don't be so stiff and scared! The waiting is just as tough on me as it is on you. But I keep thinking that the few minutes we have may be worth the waiting. A woman in love, Eileen, doesn't act like a Boston spinster in a museum. We're alive—and what are you afraid of?"

She shook herself away; her hand lifted and slapped him across the cheek. He didn't step away. He dropped his arms and stood there watching her, smiling once more. "Maybe," he said softly, "you'd be human if we fought more."

She said, "Frank—I'm sorry." And remained rigidly in her place, on the edge of tears. "But stay over tomorrow." "No," he said.

She flung her protest at him. "Who's

being stubborn now? Do I take second place to the railroad?"

He said, laconically: "That's something you'll have to learn, Eileen. Never make a man choose between his job and his woman. There is a time for each, and the two things don't compare."

She faced him, resisting him quietly with her will. "I'm not just a woman, Frank. I'm Eileen Oliver. I can't change that."

He shrugged his shoulders and was about to answer her when somebody tapped on the room door. Eileen said, "Come in," and her hands went up automatically to her hair, arranging it. Ben Latimer walked into the room and stopped and looked across at these two people with a manner that was very cool and very self-contained. He said, "Hello, Peace. I heard you were back," and then he bowed at Eileen and his voice lost its distant ring. "There's four thousand Irishmen abroad and the town's wild—and I got lonely, Eileen."

Peace said: "A logical and orderly sentiment, Ben," and stared at Latimer without expression. But a hard, violent impulse washed through him and left him inwardly a-smolder. Latimer was young. He was sound and dogged and full of nerve. Yet in the narrows of those pale gray eyes was something wholly unsentimental. It reminded Peace of old Enoch Oliver downstairs who calculated his chances so dryly, so smartly. Latimer was of that same disposition, avoiding enthusiasm, and thereby making his profitable way.

"Just so," agreed Latimer imperturbably. "Well, I guess we start another year. You'll be interested to know I took a contract on ten miles of fill the other side of Laramie. I got twenty teams and fifty men going now."

"You progress," drawled Peace.

"I guess I do," agreed Latimer. "One year ago I swung a shovel at two and a half a day. I don't want to be breakin' in here, though."

"Sit down, Ben," said Eileen. A coolness and a serenity had returned to her. She said, to Peace: "When will you be back?"

PEACE took his hat and walked to the doorway. He kicked his unruly temper back into its proper place and spoke idly: "Not sure. Good night, Eileen."

But she followed him and swung the door after her—and the two were in the semidarkness of the landing. Her hand brushed his sleeve softly; her voice was a quiet, urgent whisper: "When will you be back, Frank? How long do I wait now?"

He said irritably: "Wait for what? Another argument? Go back and entertain Ben by reciting the table of compound interest. It is a safe topic and you'll enjoy it."

"Frank!" Her hand held him and the faint perfume of her hair was a strong call in these shadows. He reached down abruptly and kissed her again, and hoped for an answer. There was a yielding of her body, yet even then he felt a remote resistance; she was giving him a concession; she was trying to please him—but it was no more than that. She couldn't break through her will; she couldn't be generous in the way of a woman in love. It struck him hard. He left her there and went down the stairs. Enoch Oliver sat on his counter, waiting for trade. Enoch said:

"Got a raise yet, Frank?"

"Haven't asked."

Oliver looked at him out of eyes surrounded by a net of shrewd wrinkles. "Never get more if you don't ask. You been doing the company's dirty work. Goin' to do more, according to rumors. Better figure for yourself and lay by—like Ben there. Ben's smart enough to know the bonanza won't last forever. You should be."

Peace only nodded. He entered the brawling, wind-choked street and tramped toward the depot with his head lowered. Somebody in the western edge of this formless, disorderly town was firing a gun; and the monotonous pumping of the Club's orchestra kept going on and on. By impulse he cut across the mud, ducking past a mired freight wagon and walked to the saloon's doorway. The spieler there quit his talking—quit it suddenly and stared at Peace. Men rolled in and out of this crowded place and lamplight went glittering along the bright fifty feet of Campeaux's portable bar. Opposite the bar all the games were going, and beyond, on the dance floor, girl after girl in full evening clothes whirled with their partners.

THE music stopped then and the promenade to the bar began; a monte player kept calling in his tuneless formula: "Fifty dollars if you spot it. Gentlemen, my hand against your eye. Who's trying?" Somebody came along the outgoing stream of traffic and said: "Hello, Frank." Peace merely nodded. He turned toward the depot, his long arms swinging. A heavy line plowed its way across his forehead; the bite of the wind turned the scar on his temple white. A man called, "Wait a minute, Peace," but he kept on, a feeling of frustration boiling up.

There was one passenger coach hitched to nine flatcars of steel, with a helper engine coupled behind. A jet of steam exploded from that engine and a bell kept ringing. At the steps of the coach he found Overmile and Morgan and Ed Tarrant waiting for him, their big coats turned against the wind. The conductor, Mike Connor, came rapidly along the platform. He said: "We'll be on our way, Mr. Peace?"

"Let her go, Mike." But he stood there at the foot of the car steps, thinking of Eileen's definite face turned up so stubbornly to him, and he kept thinking of the eagerness he had brought to that room and the sultry irritation he had brought away from it. Back of all this the shape of Ben Latimer lay like a shadow. Leach Overmile's voice reached him as from a distance.

"Make up your mind, Mister Peace."

All his partners watched him closely. He shrugged his shoulders then and swung up the steps. The coach threw its sudden warmth into his face and the flicker of the gas lights momentarily blurred his sight. He found his stuff piled under a seat and sat down there, the others coming on to join him. The engines were alternately pulling and boosting the train out of Cheyenne with a lack of unison that buckled the coach back and forth; the town lights slid by and the speed picked up. Over on the right-hand prairie he saw the barrack windows of Fort D. A. Russell strongly shining through the pitch black; afterwards the steady steam blast of the engines began to slap harder into the night as the track started to climb the long grade to Sherman Summit. He considered his watch and found it to be ten o'clock; and there was in him once more that deep uneasiness he could not explain—the feeling of leaving something behind him he treasured and would lose.

A little flash of color in one corner of his vision lifted him out of this long study. He saw Nan Normandy sitting at the far end of the car. She had her eyes on him and she held his attention for a long moment, seriously and proudly, and with a faint flash of something that seemed like fear to him.

She turned her head away. He hadn't noticed until then that Campeaux sat with her and that Campeaux's creature, Mitch Dollarhide, held her luggage in an adjoining seat.

(To be continued next week)

FORD V-8 TRUCK DOES 68,000 MILES WITHOUT TAKING HEAD OFF ENGINE

Some of the Ford V-8 Trucks owned by the Great Southern Trucking Company have run as high as 68,000 miles with heavy loads. Yet it hasn't even been necessary to remove the engine-heads. Repair bills have been cut to the minimum.

Ford V-8 Trucks fit right into the hauling business. They get over the roads on faster schedules, and give customers better competitive service. They can carry

the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle.

The Great Southern Trucking Company has been using Ford V-8 Trucks for years. They have found that these trucks are the best. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle.

They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle.

They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle.

They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle.

They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle.

They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle. They can handle the kind of loads that other trucks can't handle.

THE ONLY TRUCK THAT GIVES YOU A V-8 ENGINE... PLUS THESE ADDITIONAL FEATURES

Full-floating rear axle with straddle-mounted pinion . . . full torque-tube and radius-rod drive . . . quick-action and safety brakes . . . big, 11-inch heavy-duty clutch . . . truck-type four-speed transmission . . . deep, rugged frame with full-channel-depth cross-members . . . durable baked-enamel finish.

• Any new 112-inch wheelbase Ford V-8 Commercial Car can be purchased for \$25 a month, with usual down-payment. Any new 131½-inch or 157-inch wheelbase Ford V-8 Truck can be purchased with the usual down-payment on the new UCC ½% per month Finance Plans.

Ford V-8 Trucks

AND COMMERCIAL CARS

PRODUCED BY UNE ORS
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**With those
slacks of flannel
strap-over sport shoes
and custom-made clubs**



**a smart "RUGGER"
by B. V. D.**

"RUGGERS" are new and versatile! They're sport shirts, leisure shirts, week-end shirts—for active sport or general knock-about wear. They are featured in "Tattersall Checks" and "Tartan Plaids"—in patterns as British as the Tower of London—in linen and in meshes as cool as the wide open spaces. They belong by the half-dozen in every sport and week-end wardrobe and cost only \$1.00 and up. The B. V. D. Co., Inc., New York. The B. V. D. Co., Ltd., Montreal.

LOOK FOR THIS FAMOUS GUARANTEE



of style and comfort
in union suits, shirts
and shorts, swim
suits. Ruggers, knit
underwear, pajamas
and robes by B. V. D.

© 1936, The B. V. D. Co., Inc.

Soapbox Messiahs

Continued from page 11

ago for supporting it as president of the Board of Trade. But "daylight saving" is nothing more or less than a refined adjustment of human activities to truth itself. We bring clock time into a more convenient relation with sun time, and real benefits result. But these can only be gained at certain periods of the year and within comparatively modest limits.

An hour or two of daylight can be gained for the workaday life of the people. An hour or two of artificial light and its fuel consumption may be saved to public economy. But it is no good administering a double dose; for then you would get as much out of touch with reality as you were before the first dose was taken. Inflation and deflation should be used to preserve a steady, even tenor. The idea that boundless riches can be liberated by currency manipulation is mischievous and vain.

We'll Get What We Deserve

I read the other day a very wise statement by Mr. Arthur Meighan, formerly Prime Minister of Canada. He said: "We frequently read in the Press: 'People are beginning to think for themselves.' My conclusion is quite the contrary. They are ceasing to think for themselves. A myriad of diversions and pre-occupations are stifling the processes of real thought. Those who represent the public have to be ahead of their public in these matters. We have to get away from the idea that if it is a general opinion, if it is going to carry a majority of votes, it must be right. If we do not get away from such habit of mind, then we will deserve the consequences, and those consequences will be such that there has been nothing in our past to which they can be compared."

These ideas of state-made wealth for all stir in Europe. They boil and bubble in the United States. A stranger visiting America for the first time experiences a curious stimulation, a quickening of the tempo of life. Personally I am acutely conscious of this stimulation. I can do more, I can think quicker, my mind becomes more fertile, after a few days in New York. I daresay it is so with others. Gradually one becomes accustomed to the increased pace of life. People returning to Europe frequently astonish their friends by telling them that in the United States they sustained an electric shock merely by touching a door handle! There is, of course, no real electric stimulation. The electric phenomena are merely the results of the dry climate. Nevertheless, the climate and the atmosphere affect people in a remarkable way. The native American certainly seems to live at a high pitch of intensity. The restless energy, the extraordinary speed and compression of business and drama, the feverish activities of the sporting and social worlds, are in a considerable measure the results of this climatic exhilaration. Naturally such conditions have their reaction. The hustle and excitement of today are paid for in the nervous prostration of tomorrow.

Psychologically, there is a similar swing of the pendulum. The dry, buoyant air produces a lively sense of well-being, a happy optimism such as leaps from the golden bubbles of champagne. But this may be followed by moods of blank disillusion and despondency. That is, perhaps, why the alternations of boom and slump are always so extreme in the United States. American business seems to us to tend either to be on the crest or in the trough of the wave, and Ameri-

can waves—like American buildings—are bigger than those elsewhere.

It is through one of these recurrent phases of disillusion and pessimism that the American people have been passing. And because the slump has been more prolonged, the numbers affected by the adverse conditions have been greater, and they have been stricken more severely than ever before; the reaction from former optimism has taken unusual and, as it seems to us, excessive forms. Remedial measures on a gigantic scale have been applied by the federal government. No doubt many of these measures were necessary. Which were necessary and which have succeeded is being fiercely argued now. But to British eyes it certainly seems that the disturbance caused by the remedies has been, upon the whole, an aggravation of the depression, and that with more conservative and moderate measures recovery would have been more rapid.

As long as the American people possess a reasonable measure of freedom and enterprise nothing can stop their recovery. Even fearful mistakes, enough to sink an ordinary community, can be made in the United States without permanent injury. So vast are the energies of the people and so varied their resources that as long as their limbs are free they can plow their way through almost anything.

Nor will I believe that they will allow their cherished liberties to be restricted. He would be an audacious man indeed who sought to bind or entangle the American Samson in the kind of trammels that have afflicted Russia, Germany and Italy. The forces that combed and cultivated the American continent are too primordial, too frequently refreshed by contact with nature and the soil, to be long held in subjugation by any artificial regulation. Therefore, I have never been among those who believed that a sure and splendid recovery of the economic well-being of the United States will be indefinitely prevented. The important task is to discern the retarding causes and if possible avoid them.

A Boost for Capitalism

One of the most obvious causes is the unwarranted dissatisfaction with the capitalist system which has reared the majestic structure of American and European civilization. By it and in it we have been led into a scientific world which, with all its faults and injustices, is far beyond the brightest dreams of our ancestors. We have seen the immense expansion of population go hand in hand with the diffusion of comfort and culture and of the elements of the good life for which there is no parallel in the past. And now, even in the moment of depression, cavil and complaint—in these years of heartbreaking disappointment—the man who is receiving unemployment benefit in England, or who has been drawing federal relief in the United States, is better off than the best-paid workman in the years before the industrial revolution. Confidence, courage, patience and the practice of the ordinary virtues in a state of freedom will unquestionably reopen the path from an amazing youth to a still more splendid maturity.

Therefore, we must first of all, on both sides of the Atlantic, in times like the present beware of experiments and of popular fallacies which will undermine our economic foundations. It would be folly indeed if, in an effort to escape from current trouble, we yielded ourselves to fantastic nostrums which

would hamper and postpone recovery, as well as upset much that has already been achieved. In Great Britain we have successfully repaired the worst evils of the economic blizzard without resorting in any serious degree to violent or extravagant methods. We have succeeded in keeping public thought free from wild, visionary aspirations. England in particular has made her return to prosperity upon orthodox and settled lines of business and finance. There is a very deep-seated and obstinate belief throughout Great Britain that there is no short cut to the millennium.

Our Chasers after Rainbows

Some strange figures have leaped upon the American scene, with doctrines and promises as novel as themselves. The assassination of Senator Huey Pierce Long does not appear to have stopped the "Share Our Wealth" agitation which he launched to forward his ambitions. The career of this demagogue-dictator, the rasp-tongued champion of the "forgotten men," shows how easily in modern America an unscrupulous politician with the gifts of oratory and organizing ability may attain dangerous and disastrous power.

It sounds so easy to promise "to every deserving family" a motorcar, a radio, five thousand dollars free of debt, and doubling Henri Quatre's symbol of prosperity, "two chickens in the pot." When to this are added jobs for all, shorter hours of work, old-age pensions of thirty dollars a month, it is easy to see how millions of people, struggling with keen and cruel difficulties, haunted by the memories of a recent prosperity, should be drawn into the eddies of such a gleaming whirlpool.

The money, we are assured, is to be taken from the millionaires. Their ranks have been thinned in recent years, but there are still some who possess substantial fortunes. "Share Our Wealth" enthusiasts demand that a considerable part—in many cases a major part—of all the remaining great private fortunes should be liquidated. This is a plan which has often been tried before and will no doubt often be tried again. If the procedure is merely to put on enormously high income and super taxes and distribute the benefits so collected, then, as I have said, the result of any taxation over fifty per cent will be found ludicrously disappointing. On the other hand, the distribution of capital assets on any large scale is impossible except by the state becoming the owner and also the manager of many kinds of capital assets. The proposal of a capital levy was much discussed in England a few years ago. The nation has accepted, and even the Socialist party itself, has, broadly speaking, submitted to the verdict of the Colwyn Committee on National Debt and Taxation. This committee reported to Parliament in 1927:

"If the levy were regarded from the first with intense fear and hostility [as would indubitably be the case if an attempt were made to operate the 'Share Our Wealth' proposals], it would immediately set in motion a whole train of ill consequences. We anticipate that the value of securities would quickly depreciate, that traders would reduce their stocks and their demands for credit, and that rapid deflation would ensue, which it would be exceedingly difficult to correct. This would involve serious friction and dislocation over industry as a whole, with very damaging effects on employment. The task of administering the

(Continued on page 46)



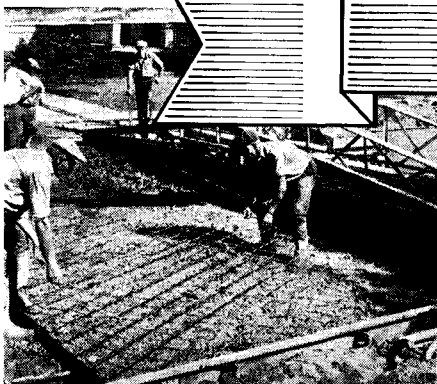
EVELYN CHANDLER, America's Champion Ice Skater

● HER name is in the lights but HIS is not — though he headlines the show. He is the refrigeration engineer and he stars with his ice. Yet, in his sphere of accomplishment, the field of entertainment is merely incidental. On the refrigeration engineer rests responsibility for the systems that preserve and protect perishables of the nation. He is a keen judge of his materials, chief of which is pipe. Refrigeration pipe must function without fail . . . it must last against the deteriorating effect of brine and ammonia. ● First came steel . . . then COP-R-LOY Pipe came to effectually meet these rigid requirements with its improved durability. And in fields aside from refrigeration, such as plumbing and heating, COP-R-LOY Pipe qualities reward those who specify it, and insist upon its use, with efficient service and savings in maintenance cost. This modern, time-tested pipe is sold by leading distributors. It's Wheeling Steel. ● Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, West Virginia.

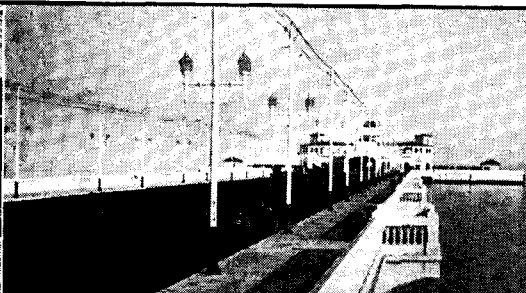
© 1936, Wheeling Steel Corporation

COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



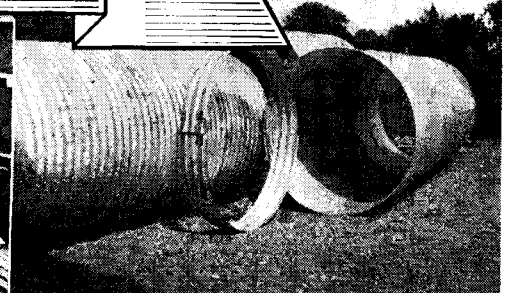
Expanded Metal and Welded Wire Fabric for road reinforcement. It's Wheeling Steel.



COP-R-LOY Pipe is used for lamp poles by leading makers. It's Wheeling Steel.

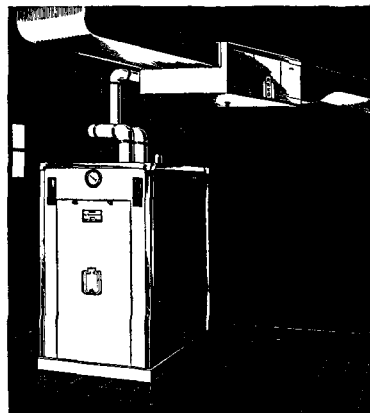


Cut Nails have been made by Wheeling since 1852. The Cut Nail makes tight floors. It's Wheeling Steel.



COP-R-LOY Galvanized Sheets are used for highway culverts by leading makers. It's Wheeling Steel.

AHEAD OF ITS TIME IN EFFICIENCY



JUST IN TIME FOR
YOUR NEW HOME

New AMERICAN RADIATOR CONDITIONING SYSTEMS

Provide humidification
Air circulation • Air cleansing
Positive controlled heat for every room
Ventilation • Sun-like radiant heat
Year 'round domestic hot water

All America is building or buying new homes. American Radiator Company meets this building boom with new comfort equipment that's way ahead of its time, providing conditioned home comfort you never dreamed possible.

New American Radiator Conditioning Systems incorporate in one complete unified system the vital elements to modern indoor living.

Picture your new home with the comfort of every room under your control—with scientific ventilation of fresh air, with dirt and dust taken out and the proper moisture put in, and then silently forced throughout the house by a Sirocco Blower. In winter there's an independent system for heating, providing the finest kind of heat: sun-like radiant heat throughout the house. Also, there are new radiators, in keeping with modern interiors...new controls, new valves, new vents which make you complete master of positive heat distribution...new materials such as copper for the piping system. And as an integral part of this system, year 'round domestic hot water provides hot water, winter or summer.

A new American Radiator Conditioning System uses coal, oil, coke or gas for fuel, and can be controlled automatically. And there's a system designed for every size home and budget. A special new book tells the whole story; mail coupon below.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
DIVISION OF AMERICAN RADIATOR & STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION
45 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.
• Send your free book, "This New Comfort."
☐ Building a new home.
☐ Modernizing an old home.
☐ Just interested.

Name _____

Address _____

City or Town _____ State _____

© A. R. Co. 1936 C6-20

LISTEN IN! American Radiator Fireside Recital...every Sunday 7:30 P.M. E.D.S.T. WEA-FNBC Network

Soapbox Messiahs

Continued from page 44

levy would be rendered extremely difficult and perhaps impossible.

"The disturbance created by the levy would far outweigh the good effects of reducing the debt. The general effects might be so detrimental to trade that the ordinary revenue would sharply decline and make any immediate reliefs from taxation out of the question. Finally, the long-range effects would be injurious. Saving and enterprise would alike suffer, and the return to trade prosperity would be endangered, and in any event seriously postponed.

"The credit of the country abroad would suffer a severe shock, and indeed it is difficult to define any limit to the widespread harm that might be done to our trade and commerce."

Thus the British Committee.

It must be remembered that in the case of the proposed British capital levy, the larger fortunes would have been far less severely demolished than under the American "Share Our Wealth" scheme. There was also a promise that reductions in income tax, instead of further increases, would be offset against the capital tax. Moreover, the proportion of the total wealth of individuals which consisted of sums lent to the government was, and still is, very much higher in Great Britain than in the United States; and it was calculated that "a considerable part of the levy would be paid directly in government stocks."

The Dangers of Capital Levies

Although to borrow from the public and then, under the guise of the capital levy, to compel them to restore the amount which the government had given them in return for their loan, is indistinguishable from confiscation, nevertheless, there is a great convenience in the mere cancellation of government bonds. It is a rough but a simple thing for the government to snatch its bond from the hand of the creditor and throw it into the fire. A much more complicated process follows when the government has to become the owner of vast plants, of lands, houses and shops. I am reminded of the case of the English shopkeeper who had an unsatisfactory interview with his bank manager in connection with his overdraft account. When the last word had been spoken by the bank manager, a long silence ensued. It was broken by the customer asking: "Do you know anything about the green-grocery business?"

"No, indeed I do not," replied the bank manager. "But why do you ask?"

"Because," said the client, "you will be in it tomorrow morning."

A capital levy on a scale large enough to fulfill the promises of the "Share Our Wealth" scheme would compel a government to accept payment in kind. The federal administration would become immediately responsible for the management of an enormous portion of the whole industry of the country. In the process all the good will, thrift and contrivance of every business would be destroyed. There could be no resale of these impounded properties because there could be no purchasers. The sharing of the wealth could only proceed if the government were able to manage all these multifarious and haphazard assorted businesses in a manner more profitable than can their existing owners. A prodigious increase in unemployment, combined with the complete disappointment of all the hopes that had been raised, would be the inevitable result.

I turn to a new figure which attracts much interest on this side of the water. It is difficult for foreigners to understand exactly what Father Coughlin wants—perhaps he does not know himself. But when he talks of giving "a living wage for all," and when he dilates on the iniquities of the financiers and the evils of the profit system, he seems to align himself with the Socialists and Communists.

The idea that profits are unclean, that a profit is an evil, that profit-making is repugnant to moral sense and should be branded as a crime is, of course, destructive of every form of prosperity. It removes from the whole of economic society every incentive to good house-keeping. It substitutes for the allurements of profit the terrors of the law. No one denies that a government, invested with autocratic powers, can carry on every kind of business. But almost all are carried on at a loss compared with private enterprise. In Russia, where ruthless power is used, the managers of state concerns are imprisoned or even put to death for not achieving success and making the business pay. Capitalism, with no severer penalty than bankruptcy, produces a far higher economy and gives greater satisfaction to all concerned, whether producers, consumers or the public generally.

In the unbalanced aftermath of the war, when the British railways were still under government control, I was one of those who thought they might be nationalized after full compensation had been paid to the shareholders. But we were all convinced against this by the actual experience of running the railways for four or five years under government control. It was remarkable. The railway workers were never more dissatisfied, the shareholders were severely mulcted in their dividends, and the traveling public was denied every convenience and civility. I have seen it stated that upon the railways of the United States not a single passenger lost his life in the last year for which figures are available. If this is true, it is obvious that the management of these vast undertakings in one vital respect has reached an almost superhuman standard of perfection.

Before we join with Father Coughlin in condemning the profit system, we should feel inclined to ask him what he would put in its place and whether the suggested alternative would give better results, not to any particular class or section but to the community as a whole. It is the mass of the people who should be considered. Are the Russians better fed, better clad, better housed than Americans or Englishmen? Are they any happier? Who can doubt the answer? The standard and conditions of life in Socialist Russia are such as no American or British workers would accept. Yet here is a system whose supreme aim is the elimination of private profit and which has used the most ruthless measures to enforce its doctrines.

Social Credit Under the Microscope

Father Coughlin, however, appears also to be favoring the "Social Credit" scheme. This scheme, sponsored in the United States by the New Economic Group of New York, won a strong electoral victory in the Canadian province of Alberta. Social Credit as outlined by Major Douglas has many supporters in Great Britain. Had the recent general election been delayed for another year it is very likely that a number of Social Credit candidates would have appeared.

Major Douglas aimed at equating the supply of money to the greatly increased production possible under modern conditions, by using "consumers' credits," and paying a "national dividend" to all whose incomes fall below a certain level. The effect claimed, roughly speaking, for his proposals would be to double during the first year the amount of active purchasing power in any country which adopted his scheme. Further "national dividends" would be issued in subsequent years.

One would be very glad to see a plan of this character tested to the full in a community like that of Alberta. In a year or so we shall see whether they will be able to mint the moonlight into silver and coin the sunshine into gold.

It is, however, most important that the probable exposure of the Douglas credit scheme should not be allowed to prejudice methods of stabilizing prices by currency manipulation within certain limits to which I have already referred. These should indeed command the thought of modern governments.

The Townsend Plan

Lastly, among these short cuts to national enrichment we hear tales of the Townsend Plan. We are told that Dr. Francis Townsend has twenty million supporters in the United States. The enthusiasts who support this scheme seem to be in no way dejected by the fact that its cost would amount to a quarter or even a half of the entire income of the United States.

Dr. Townsend seems to have no doubt about the money being available. He proposes to find it by means of a tax of two per cent upon all "financial and business transactions," which he believes would raise about twenty billion dollars annually. This would allow for payments of pensions to the many millions of business people who would be compulsorily retired from all their activities. It is said: "After all, what is two per cent? Even if the whole of this levy is passed on to the consumer, the amount will only be \$102 where he paid \$100 before. That is not too high a price for a really substantial improvement in the employment situation and the prospect of a handsome pension at sixty years of age."

This reasoning is, of course, quite absurd. If twenty billion dollars a year are to be raised, the people will have to find it. Merely concealing the fact by representing it as two per cent of every transaction will not alter the fact that the money has to be produced, nor that there is no increase in real wealth but merely a transference attendant with infinite friction and waste from one set of poor people to another. Even in the United States, with its vast resources, any attempt to put into practice such crazy theories will be productive of misery and impoverishment going far beyond the limits of the American continent.

I believe that prosperity will return. I believe that the greatest days of that system of private enterprise which has done so much for the world during the last century lie in the future and not in the past. But the gains of tomorrow can be won only by thought and effort. Work and good will are still the keys that unlock the doors of wealth. The specious promises of the prophets of an unearned plenty are a mirage which beckons and lures us, not to the millennial city, but into the deserts of disillusion and ruin. And perhaps we shall even lose our liberties on the way.

Invitations to You

...AND A NEW TOURING SERVICE THAT MAKES IT EASY TO ACCEPT THEM ALL!

Which of the 48 States have you never visited? This summer there's something new, something exciting to enjoy in them all.

This summer, too, you can see America at its best. A new and enlarged Texaco Touring Service . . . the most complete service of its kind ever developed . . . stands ready to help you plan your trips and route them, *without cost to you!*

This nation-wide organization with seven convenient bureaus throughout America will insure your freedom from road discomforts.

With the assistance of thousands of cooperating dealers in the 48 States, Texaco Touring Service provides you with maps . . . marks your best route . . . plans your trip to take advantage of up-to-the-minute information regarding road conditions.

En route, the service of Texaco dealers is available wherever you drive . . . at stations where you will receive the same thoughtful service, the same emergency-grade Fire-Chief gasoline you get at home.

Read below how this unique touring service works for you. Choose your trip. Then see your nearest Texaco dealer for quick travel help . . . or use the convenient coupon now.

HOW YOUR TOURING SERVICE REQUESTS ARE ATTENDED TO Seven fully staffed Texaco Touring Service branches give "one-day" service in completely routing and mapping your trip.		<i>You</i> RECEIVE by return mail, routings based on up-to-the-minute road information so that you travel by the easiest, most comfortable roads.		YOU AVOID BAD ROADS UNCERTAINTY DETOURS
--	---	---	--	--

TEXACO TOURING SERVICE

A free service by the makers of **FIRE-CHIEF** — used by more tourists than any other gasoline

TEXACO TOURING SERVICE

Address Branch Office nearest to you

1400 Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.
332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 929 So. B'dway, Los Angeles, Cal.
210 Fourteenth St. Denver, Colo. 200 S. Miami Ave., Miami, Fla.
720 San Jacinto, Houston, Tex. 135 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Please suggest a route from _____
to _____
via _____
I plan to start about _____
Name _____
Address _____

Star Without Limousine

Continued from page 16

Again this week!
1000 PAIRS
 McCALLUM'S
SILK STOCKINGS
FREE!
 Answer the question
WHAT DID
PEE-CHEE WHITE SAY?



Here's All You Have To Do—

1. Fill in the "last line" telling what Miss Pee-Chee says about PEE-CHEE White Cleaner. Write it on a separate piece of paper and attach this ad. Give your name, address and stocking size.
2. Send your entry, with the TOP of a Pee-Chee box or facsimile thereof, to "Pee-Chee White, Box 6206, Cleveland, Ohio."

It's fun and easy—There are so many things to say about this marvelous White Shoe Cleaner. Safely cleans ALL White Shoes right.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST CLOSES at midnight Wednesday June 24th. Awards will be made for the best "last lines," in the opinion of the judges, whose decisions will be final. Duplicate awards in case of ties. Entries become the property of Pee-Chee Cleaner Mfg. Co. Winners will promptly receive prizes by mail.

PEE-CHEE CLEANER MFG. COMPANY
 Cleveland, Ohio

PEE-CHEE
 CLEANS WHITE SHOES RIGHT

At Carroll there was a feeling that he was trying too much.

"I didn't need to tell them I couldn't do jazz bands and football and classes," says MacMurray. "They told me."

He left college that year and was next encountered in Chicago, where he slept on davenports in the parlors of not-too-related relatives while looking around for a job. He finally got an interview with Morrie Sherman, who had his own band and booked others in the Middle West. Sherman put a sheet of music on the stand and MacMurray played it.

"Maybe you're a better hot man," said Morrie doubtfully. "Do a chorus of Dinah."

Out of it came a job with Jack Higgins' Royal Purples, a Loyola University bunch. They played dates around Chicago and had one summer at Twin Lakes, Wisconsin. By this time MacMurray was doing some singing and things weren't too bad. That was in 1929 and people were still enjoying life.

MacMurray's mother was not well and decided to go out to California to stay with relatives. Fred went along and had his first experience in movies. He went out to Fox and got a job as extra in Girls Gone Wild, which was starring Sue Carol and Dixie Lee. He was one of a group of college boys who rushed in from the left, crying, "Hooray, the girls are here!"

A little later on in the picture, MacMurray, who had rented a dress suit and was thus in the ten-dollar-a-day class of extras, had a line in a house-party scene.

"Is that Sally?" cried Mr. MacMurray and then faded back into the mob.

When that career ended, he needed a job and got one with the pit band at Warner's Theater in Los Angeles. He was there when the California Collegians came along as a stage attraction. They were one man missing, but MacMurray didn't know that. When they got chummy back stage, he felt it was only the friendship of one musician for another.

Road Work

"Run over that thing for us, will you?" said one of the Collegians, sticking a sheet of music on a stand with the most casual air. It seemed a small favor and Fred couldn't understand why the others hung around and watched him as if he were about to eat the stand.

"How about joining up with us?" they asked when he had finished. It was only later he discovered that the Collegians were at a point where they had to get somebody who could read music or they'd play the old numbers till the nation went mad.

The Collegians were never strictly a musical act. They went banging through a few numbers and then started in with their didoes. They had a tightrope act in which they went careening around the stage on imaginary wires. This is the one MacMurray floored his old associates in the pit band with. It was funny enough, his getting out of the pit and on to the stage, but when he came bouncing forth bedecked in a woman's hat, a parasol, a tiny skirt and with his pants legs rolled up, the boys at Warner's just about had to be carried out.

"We couldn't play that bit in Cleveland," says MacMurray. "They said it was immoral."

The Collegians worked their way back East and eventually went into Three's a Crowd, which starred Libby Holman, Clifton Webb and Fred Allen. In addition to the band numbers, the boys stood around in other scenes. He had one line

in a number with Libby Holman when she was singing Something to Remember You By. He was a sailor, a whistle blows, he says, "I gotta go, baby," and hands her an anchor.

"I thought I was getting along all right," says Fred.

The show was a great hit in New York and started a road tour which was to carry them to the West Coast. It began dying in Pittsburgh, the provinces not being enamored of the flip Broadwayese and not knowing what many of the lines meant.

"We got as far as Des Moines," says MacMurray, "and jumped right back to Springfield, Massachusetts."

After that the Collegians doubled between vaudeville and various New York night clubs, being for a while at the Richman Club and later at Maxim's. From that they went into Roberta, which was a disaster during the tryout in Philadelphia, not much better at the opening in New York, but eventually became a major success.

The Roberta job had come at a good time because the Collegians had encountered a bad summer in which they had played a solitary fashion-show job at Magnolia, Massachusetts, and for the rest of the time lived on the cuff. They hung around the curb market in New York, that sidewalk area surrounding Tin Pan Alley, where the agents and orchestra leaders come to pick out their talent. MacMurray walked that stretch many a long day without success. Later, they played a few vaudeville dates, traveling by car and being obliged to drive all night on many occasions to be on time for the first show next day.

Roberta put them on easy street, and from that came Hollywood in the case of MacMurray. He was hired on the customary stock contract at a low salary, did a little studying under Phyllis Laughton, the Paramount coach, and then began to sit around and wonder. Hands Across the Table, with Carole Lombard, was the turning point; and from that he went into The Bride Comes Home, with Claudette Colbert; The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, with Sylvia Sydney; and Thirteen Hours by Air, with Joan Bennett.

The filming of the latter masterpiece almost did him in. The company was on location at the Alhambra Airport, doing scenes of a snowbound plane. Inside the hangar was the coldest setting conceivable. The corn flakes were flying, the wind machines were howling and it looked like Christmas in Eveleth, Minnesota. Outside it was 80 in the shade and the sun was beating down. While

waiting for the cameras to be set up, MacMurray played football and baseball with Alan Baxter, John Howard and the stagehands. The result was a severe case of pleurisy.

"How do I feel?" cried MacMurray, when they were winding yards of tape about his chest. "I feel like a damned fool. . . . Pleurisy in the hottest January in California history."

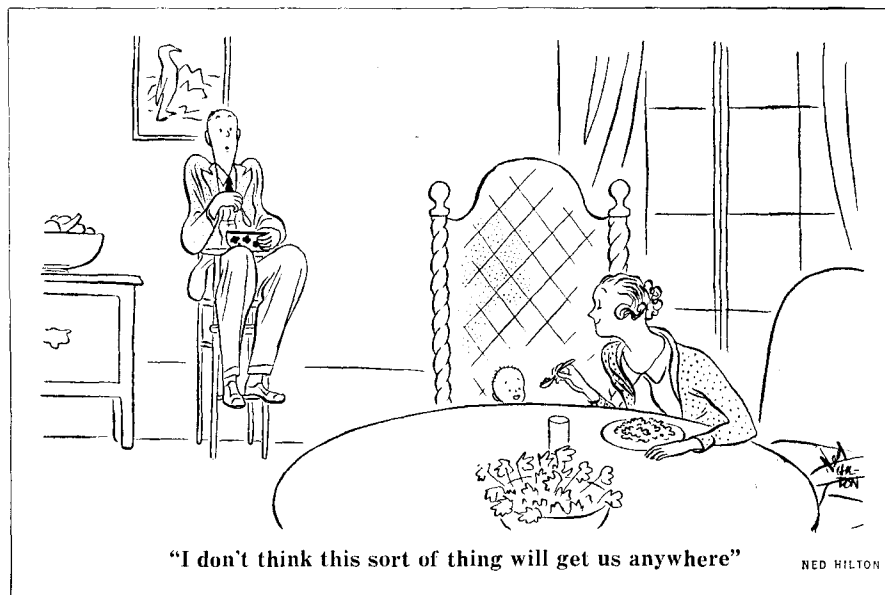
But he lived, the picture was finished and he became engaged in the very important mission of trying to squeeze more money out of Paramount. According to rumor, he was still working on the old stock contract given him as an unknown player, although he was now one of the big box-office names of the country. He lived in a sixty-dollar apartment with his mother, stayed away from night clubs because he couldn't afford them, and spent most of his evenings with Dean Jagers, who was also on the Paramount lot.

He Got His Raise

They fooled around with sleight-of-hand tricks, went to football games when they got a chance and even did a bit of walking over the Hollywood hills on a Sunday morning. The Paramount publicity department kept the latter fact pretty quiet, on the ground that a star out of a limousine was just an ordinary human being. But they were wasting their fears on the manliness of MacMurray, who had a hand as large as the big end of a broom and shoulders like a butcher.

The salary fight was serious because the only way an actor can tell a studio can't do without him is to walk out, and a star who is missing from the screen for as much as a year may return to find that he is Bronco Billy Anderson. MacMurray did do a walkout on a new picture with Carole Lombard, but peace was made before much damage was done. He got his raise.

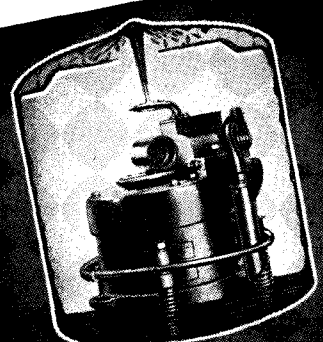
Even at the height of the excitement, he was unconcerned. The California Collegians were still cruising about the land under their own plan of operation and would have no objection to the insertion of a little music in the band. And there had been other crises in the MacMurray life; one when he played the baritone horn for the American Legion Band in Beaver Dam. The uniform didn't fit him and it was a hot day. As he walked, the pants legs started to creep menacingly up his frame as if intending to overcome the heat. MacMurray played right through it. After an experience like that, there isn't much that can frighten a man.



FAMOUS GE THRIFT UNIT

Saves you money every day!

56 years of manufacturing experience...9 years of use...prove Thrift Unit of G-E Refrigerator first in economy and dependability



Sealed-in-steel money-saving G-E Thrift Unit. The only refrigerator mechanism with forced-feed lubrication and oil cooling—assuring quieter operation, longer life and lower current consumption.

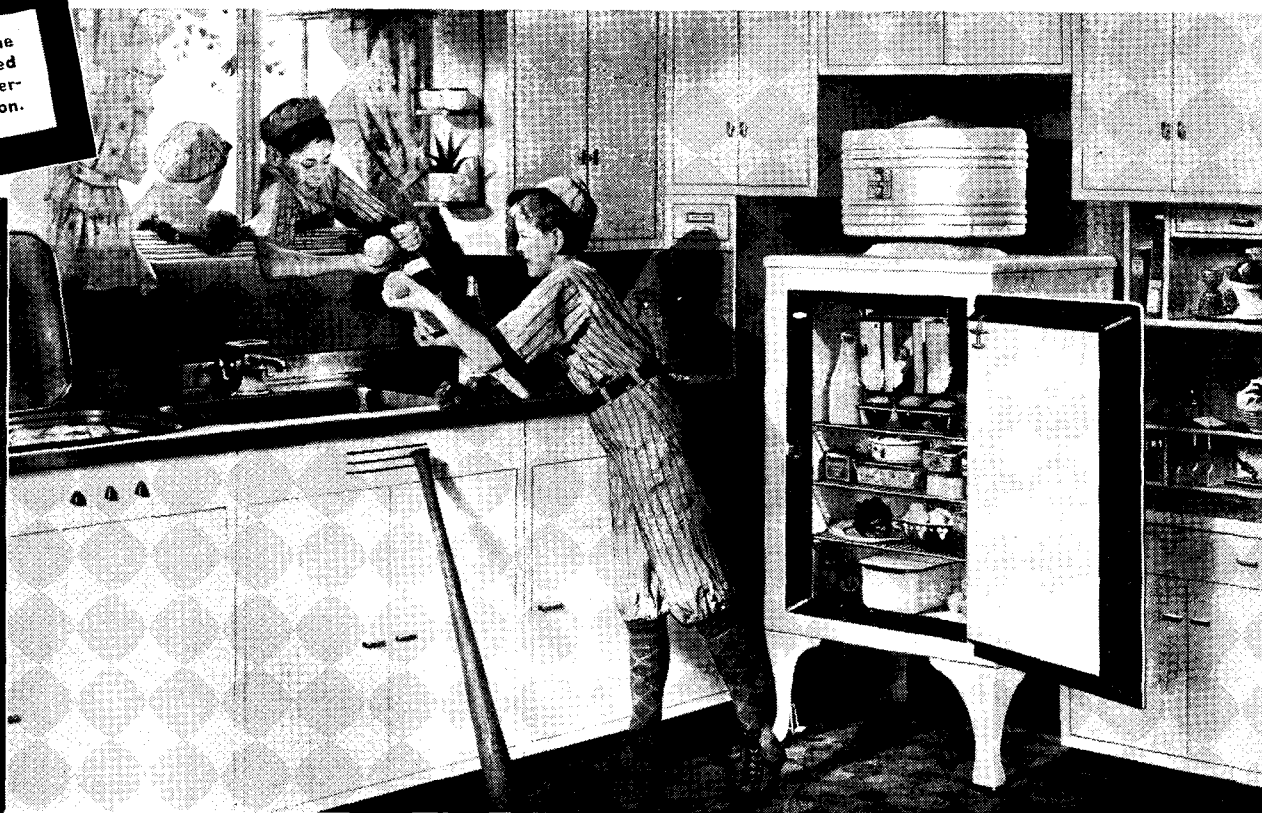
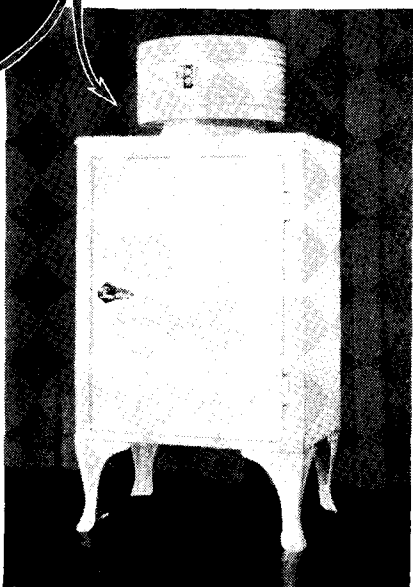


FAMOUS
SEALED-IN-STEEL
GENERAL ELECTRIC
THRIFT UNIT POWERS
BOTH MONITOR TOP
AND FLATOP
MODELS

FIVE YEARS PERFORMANCE
PROTECTION—ORIGINATED
BY GENERAL ELECTRIC

General Electric has made and sold more refrigerators with sealed-in-steel mechanisms than all other manufacturers combined.

G-E'S YOUR BEST
REFRIGERATION
BUY!



WITH a General Electric refrigerator you get the thriftiest refrigeration service money can buy. This has been conclusively proved in nearly 2,000,000 homes.

The famous sealed-in-steel G-E Thrift Unit—that requires no attention, not even oiling—was introduced nearly nine years ago. It revolutionized refrigeration costs. Others are now following G-E's lead and we believe *all* electric refrigerators will eventually be of the "sealed" type. Make sure the one you buy *today* has a sealed mechanism *proved by experience*.

No cold-making unit yet invented has a performance record that compares in economy and dependability with the record of the G-E Thrift Unit. Constantly improved—basically unchanged—today it produces double the cold with even less current. This is *the only refrigerator*

mechanism with forced-feed lubrication and oil cooling—features that give quieter operation, longer life and lower operating cost.

All-steel cabinets and sliding shelves were first introduced by General Electric. Today's models also have temperature control, automatic defrosting, inside lighting, foot-pedal door opener, quick-releasing ice trays and a host of other features.

See the new G-E refrigerators in three distinct styles: Monitor Top, Flatop and Liftop. All are powered with the money-saving G-E Thrift Unit. Prices are as low as \$79.50 f.o.b. For the address of the nearest General Electric dealer see "Refrigerator—Electric" in classified section of telephone book. General Electric Co., Section C6, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
APPLIANCES  **FOR BETTER LIVING**

R E S E A R C H K E E P S G E N E R A L E L E C T R I C Y E A R S A H E A D I



PLAYED OUT LAST NIGHT — UP TO PAR TODAY..

3 minutes of "chewing" did it

HERE'S THE SECRET

I discovered something really good when I switched from harsh "swallow-it-quick" cathartics to delicious FEEN-A-MINT. The two methods are as different as day and night. If you're the least bit bothered with constipation, chew FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes before you go to bed. 10 to 1 you'll feel like a million dollars next day. The *chewing*, they tell me, is what helps make the amazing difference.

FEEN-A-MINT is great for the kids too. They love its cool, minty, chewing-gum flavor. And, of course, FEEN-A-MINT is not habit-forming. You can get a big family-sized supply of FEEN-A-MINT at any drug store for 15 cents or a quarter. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Why not adopt this modern idea today?

*Longer if you wish



Hand-Picked

Long signifying discriminating choice, the phrase "hand-picked" is doubly applicable to pineapples grown and picked on DOLE plantations in Hawaii. Pineapple slips are planted, ripe pineapples are picked by skilled, discriminating hands. DOLE pineapples are never picked before they are completely ripe, are never allowed to over-ripen.

Fragrant, delicious juice is crushed from these selected pineapples, and swiftly vacuum-sealed by the exclusive DOLE process to retain fine flavor, tropic goodness. Unsweetened, refreshing, DOLE Pineapple Juice is preferred by discriminating Islanders and Mainlanders.

Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.—Sales Offices: San Francisco.

"I guess a smart guy wouldn't be a cop," O'Malley told him.

"That guy's got a nice office," he remarked as we were descending in the elevator. "You notice the view out of his window?"

I hadn't.

"I guess we'll see his wife."

Mrs. Stelling was a quite beautiful girl in her early twenties. She seemed surprised that her husband had been to the police and asked how he had described the man. She declared she couldn't add anything to the description. I thought she had been given a bad fright; she seemed nervous and worried. But I couldn't believe that her experience shed any light on the murder and I told O'Malley so after we had left her.

"Well, maybe not," he said. "I guess I worked enough today and it's time to quit. I'll let you know if anything turns up."

He phoned me the next day and picked me up. We drove to a police garage. They had a car there, but it wasn't a green sedan; it was a small gray car with a rumble seat, and fingerprint men and other headquarters men were going over it.

"Do you suspect this of being the murder car?" I asked.

"We think it might be."

There was no floor-mat in the rumble and there were small dark spots on the cushions. One of the men poured some liquid from a little vial onto the cushion and where the liquid touched the spots it turned to bluish-green.

"Blood, okay," he stated.

WE WENT to headquarters and O'Malley went into the inspector's room and I waited. After a while a couple of plain-clothes cops came in, and Stelling was with them, laughing and joking, and they went into the inspector's room. They had left the door a little open and I went and peeked in. Stelling was sitting facing several cops and he wasn't laughing any more.

Then one of the cops came behind him, carrying the dead girl's clothes, and threw them up over his head so that they fell into his lap; and he stared at them and then leaped away from them and shrieked and put his face into his hands. Then someone closed the door.

I waited a long while until O'Malley came out.

"What's this about Stelling?" I demanded.

"Why, he killed that kid."

"He did? Who was she?"

"She was his wife."

"But," I declared, "we met his wife."

"Yeah, one of 'em. This was another."

"I don't understand this case," I said.

"Well, Stelling married that dead dame when he was living in Detroit. She'd come there from somewhere else. He got tired of her and deserted her and come to New York and she didn't know where he was. He met that other dame in the Bronx and got married to her. Then somebody that had known him in Detroit happened to meet him here and told the kid in Detroit. She got his business address some way and she wrote him. She said she was coming here.

"He wrote and tried to keep her off, but he couldn't do it; she insisted she was coming and Stelling couldn't see no way out of it. Finally he come to the idea that his only way out was murder. The kid in Detroit put her trunk and what few things she had in storage, and she come here with no baggage but a suitcase. There wasn't nobody in Detroit likely to make inquiries about her. Stelling met her at the train with his

No Clues

Continued from page 17

car and they drove around till night, talking things over.

"I don't know if you noticed at that apartment building in the Bronx a row of little garages for the use of the tenants; Stelling used one of 'em. When it was late enough so that he knew there'd be nobody around he drove there with her. He killed her in the garage. He took everything off her that he thought might get her identified and put her into the rumble seat of his car. He knew about that warehouse and that nobody hardly ever went into it. So he took her down there and left her. Then he went back and buried her suitcase and the hammer he killed her with and her rings under the floor of the garage; and he went home to his other wife.

"He figured that when she got found nobody would ever learn who she was, and he pretty near got away with it."

"SO THAT was how it was!" I commented. "Apparently Stelling gave himself away to you, but I can't see just why he did it, or how."

"Why, it was a tough case. Most always you can't find out who killed somebody without you know who it is that got killed; this time we had to do it. I told you before what kind of guy I thought done this crime. He probably hadn't ever done no other murder, and he figured this one all out before he done it, to get rid of everything that afterward could point to him. He was the kind of guy that would even make a list of them things and cross 'em off. Well, a guy that does things that way is afterward always worrying for fear he might have left something out; he keeps thinking of some other thing he might have done and is afraid he ain't done enough.

"That ain't his danger; his danger is he'll do too much and point himself out, but he don't know that. Whoever killed that kid had had a month of worrying. I seen that if he just sat still and done nothing he was safe. So I figured to make him worry some more and maybe do something. I seen the newspaper boys that cover headquarters and asked them would they print whatever stories I give 'em on the case and ask no questions; they asked their editors and then said they would. So then I give out them stories. We figured the dead kid had been taken to that warehouse in a car; so I give out the story that we'd found

a witness that had seen the car. Of course we hadn't found no witness.

"I give out other stories. I give out that one about the print of a floor-mat on the dead kid's leg; you seen the kid, you know there wasn't no print there. But the killer wasn't sure there wasn't; he knew there might be. And I passed word around to all the station-houses that if somebody come in, no matter why, and talked about the murder, they was to find out who they were and let me know. Well, several people made mention of the murder and I checked 'em up and found they couldn't have had nothing to do with it. Then Stelling come in. He'd read them stories in the papers and he'd worried until he had to do something. He come in and complained about a guy following his wife; he'd fixed up a complaint that would make it seen natural for him to speak about the murder. I was sure of that after I'd seen him.

"He wasn't really interested in his story about some guy following his wife, but he was interested in how much us cops had found out about the murder; and out of his office window the guy could see that warehouse. Then I seen Mrs. Stelling in the Bronx. She didn't know her husband had been to the police. Of course no guy had followed her. She did know by how Stelling had been acting that something was wrong with him; she didn't know what. So she was in a spot when we asked her about some guy following her.

"When I seen she was afraid to talk for fear of getting her husband into trouble, I knew we had to get hold of Stelling's car. Some cops picked Stelling up at the same time they got the car. He'd taken the floor-mat out of the rumble, after the story come out in the papers, and cut the mat in little pieces and scattered 'em in waste-cans. He didn't see that having no floor-mat itself was evidence against him. And we found blood on the cushions. And when they threw the dead kid's clothes in his lap he broke and confessed."

"It seems rather miraculous," I reflected. "You had only the murdered girl, and you made the killer show himself to you among six million people and tell you who it was that he had killed."

"Why, we outthought the guy. You maybe think it's miraculous that us cops done that, with no more than what we got to do our thinking with."



"But I get so jostled on the sidewalks!"

B. SHERMUND

DON'T BE A CARRIER



GET RID OF ATHLETE'S FOOT

SO treacherous is Athlete's Foot, you may now be infected and not know it. There is no pain *at first*.

Soon, however, you will be conscious of itching skin between your toes. Skin that *looks* red and irritated.

This warns of trouble ahead. And please remember that wherever you tread barefoot, you spread disease—at the beach, at the golf club, even in your own spotless bathroom, and your family may be the next to suffer.

Don't be a carrier. For your own sake as well as others, get rid of this insidious infection with cooling, soothing, healing Absorbine Jr.

Trouble threatens

Of the ten million people who now have Athlete's Foot, countless are thoughtless carriers, and thousands suffer real distress because of their neglect.

Examine your toes tonight for red, itching skin, and at the slightest symptom douse on Absorbine Jr. Once the fungus digs into the skin, boring and eating through tender tissues, painful soreness is the penalty.

The skin turns white, dies in patches; gets moist and sticky, peels, cracks open with distressing rawness.

Absorbine Jr. kills the fungus soothes the soreness

Prompt application of Absorbine Jr. brings gratifying relief. Leading laboratories have proved that this famous remedy kills the *infectious fungus* when reached. It also cools and comforts, working to ease and heal the broken tissues.

If your case is far developed, it may be wise to consult a doctor in addition to the

use of Absorbine Jr. So stubborn is the fungus that re-infection may occur from your own socks, unless boiled for at least 20 minutes when washed.

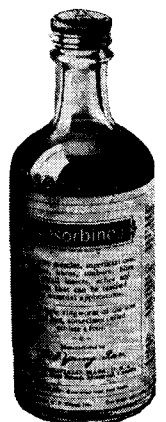
Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. It is economical to use because it takes so little to bring relief. Accept no cheap imitation. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective but actually dangerous to your condition. At all druggists, \$1.25 a bottle, or try it at our expense. Write for a generous sample to W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

"CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot—on shower and locker-room floors, on beach walks and in bath houses, on the edges of swimming pools, even on your own spotless bathroom floor. Don't be a carrier. Don't take chances. Get rid of Athlete's Foot with cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains
and Sunburn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





WHEN the weather blisters at home, it's cool in Maine! If there were nothing more down here, that alone would help your state-of-mind. But there's everything for every one in Maine!

Here are 2400 miles of rock-bound coast and safe, sandy bathing beaches . . . the restful balm of fragrant fir-balsam . . . sparkling lakes mirroring mighty mountains . . . wilderness and civilization near neighbors. You can ride, hike, camp, canoe, play golf and tennis in this vast and varied vacation State. Sail, swim, and fish in fresh and salt water. 25,000 miles of Maine roads let you motor in quick comfort. Fine hotels, inns, sporting-camps. Inexpensive, overnight stopping-places. Marvelous native foods. Mail the coupon now for more information.



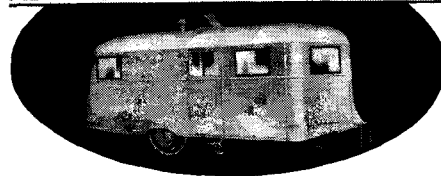
MAINE

MAINE DEVELOPMENT COMMISSION—Tourist Service
62 Longfellow Sq., Portland, Maine
Send the NEW, FREE 1936 Official
Vacation Pamphlet—showing Maine
fully photographed; describing every
possible Maine vacation.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Have the
time of your
life in
Maine!

ADVENTURE • COMFORT • ECONOMY



SILVER DOME

The Coach You've Been Looking For!

Plan now to spend the most glorious vacation of your life this summer—in a Silver Dome, the trailer coach that has everything you want! Completely equipped and built with the same care and precision as a modern motor car. See Silver Dome—the recognized leader—today! Find out why thousands are talking about the four new 1936 models. Silver Dome offers you separate bedrooms and rear dinette—also private bath and lavatory accommodations. The biggest coaches at the lowest prices in Silver Dome history. As low as \$465, equipped. Send 10c for 20-page illustrated catalog.

NEW LOW
PRICES
\$465
AND UP

Dealers: Send for attractive sales plan

SILVER DOME, INCORPORATED
6347 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Michigan

Midsummer Sanity

Continued from page 22

You are likely to be thinking more instead of less about your troubles.

This cannot be said to hold true of that "unprofitable sport" golf, as James IV of Scotland called it, which consists of "hitting the ball over a great extent of country." It exercises the same muscles as walking, with a few in addition, but here the game element enters in. Skill and rivalry express themselves in bets, and form endless topics of conversation. It knows almost no age limits; nonagenarian John D. Rockefeller can play his two or three holes; the young hopeful has his special clubs.

Golf, like walking, is an innocuous sport. It keeps you in the sun and fresh air, has a longer season than outdoor swimming or tennis, and is not so much affected by weather. But human beings may die on the golf course as they do at their desks or in bed. Usually such casualties result from arteriosclerosis, or hardening of the arteries. The victims have been making tremendous drives, racing after the ball uphill and down-dale until nature has given way under the strain. Had the player been armed with judgment as to his physical capabilities and disabilities, he would probably have prevented the fatality.

But nobody ever heard of an accident on the croquet court. Grandfather may compete here with grandson on equal terms. This may account in part for its reviving popularity, because so many sports depend upon the opponents' being well matched. Though it offers little exercise, the requisites of skill are so great that it has survived many periods in which it suffered under the opprobrium of being beneath the dignity of masculine vigor—a game for children and "ladies."

The Proof of the Sunshine Cure

The common virtue of all the above is that they keep the player in fresh air; if the sun is shining he will benefit far more. The ultraviolet ray is absolutely necessary for bodily well-being. It has long been used as a preventive of diseases. If a child has plenty of sunshine, he will not have rickets, although the milk he drinks may be deficient in Vitamin D. Moreover, he may be compelled to live in a sunless tenement, but if he drinks milk from a cow which has grazed in the sun, he will be immune. More amazing, neither he nor the cow need be exposed to sunshine provided the milk which he drinks has been irradiated with ultraviolet rays. This three-way test should prove the efficacy of sunshine.

Sun has recently been proved not only a preventive, but a definite cure. The misshapen, twisted legs of the unfortunate child suffering from rickets grow straight and strong when he is exposed to the sun, and by the Rollier treatment, tuberculosis of the bone also has been healed.

But even the sun, like a drug, must be taken in moderation; the initial dose must be small. Getting brown is not necessarily a badge of health, because tanning is really nature's effort to keep out too many of the ultraviolet rays. Even on an overcast day, some rays can get through and some people are as much affected thereby as in broad sunshine.

If an office worker exposes himself suddenly, and exerts himself strenuously in the full sun, he will run the danger of fever, severe headache, pain from burned skin and consequent loss of precious days from his vacation. Too much sun bathing may be dangerous; in Australia

it has even been found responsible for cases of skin cancer.

People do not feel temperately about the sun. Either they yearn for it and covet its benefits, or they fear its effects unduly. But if exercising in the sun is approached gradually, nature will make adequate provision; it is not even essential to wear a hat. I have always told my English friends that in the tropics healthy persons could go out in the noon-day sun with a tennis racket without incurring madness.

Whatever danger there may be is not inherent in time or place. Accidents are bound to occur in any strenuous game. Such mishaps as pulled muscles or "tennis arms"—that is, an inflammation of the tendon sheath which interferes with lubrication—are not usually serious.

If precautions are observed, tennis may be indulged in safely at any age. The older player has the vast advantage of experience. But he must employ strategy—chops, lobs, careful placements. If the point requires too much exertion, he should sacrifice it deliberately, and keep his opponent running from side to side and from forecourt to rear. If he cannot refrain from going after every point, he should choose doubles.

The safety valve by which any player may determine his degree of strain is unusual fatigue or loss of wind. Getting winded may be followed by heart palpitation or fluttering, sometimes accompanied by acute pain. I used to play with a friend who at fifty-five would go after every ball with the vigor of a young man of twenty. His forehead would pale and be covered with unhealthy, clammy sweat. I warned him repeatedly. His failure to admit that his stamina was not what it had been finally caused him to collapse on the court with acute dilatation of the heart. He was in the hospital for a year and a half, and a chronic invalid for the rest of his life.

Tennis, to my mind, is the sport which, above all others, gives the greatest mental relaxation. The incessant activity and concentration preclude all other thought. An entirely different part of the brain is employed, and this permits complete rest to that part used in other types of mental effort.

Why Not Try Badminton?

Badminton, the little sister of tennis, is now being played outdoors, although it can never reach the same stature, because the "birds," or small feathered semispheres, are too subject to the influence of breezes. The tennis expert is apt to approach the Badminton court unwarily for the first attempt, and find himself thoroughly trounced by an opponent from whom he could win at tennis with a forty-love handicap, because, though it is apparently so similar, in reality the technique is quite different.

Bicycles were downed by automobiles and can never come back into their own so long as the latter hold the road. Nevertheless, bicycling is one of the finest forms of exercise, being especially good for the heart. The major body muscles are in use, particularly on hills, against the wind, or on a bicycle built for two, when the young lady neglects to pedal. I regret that the vehicle has not found greater favor among adults in recent years.

Horses have never suffered this fate. Hunting was once the sport of kings, and riding today is still the king of sports. Nothing "can the wild and fearless joy exceed of a fearless leap on a

fiery steed." Riding gives the maximum of exercise with the minimum of effort. The rider perspires freely; he has a feeling of well-being because his liver is functioning properly, and peristalsis is promoted. He is tired but not too tired; the wind has whipped his cheeks; the blood is coursing merrily through his veins; he has a pleasant consciousness of superiority over those who must go afoot. No harm can befall him as long as he stays in the saddle. But this he must take care to do if he would avoid a broken collarbone or worse.

It is hard to avoid being stiff after having sat in nothing more lively than a chair for a long while. Stiffness is ordinarily due to an accumulation of the products of fatigue in the muscles. The Japanese have a preventive. They immerse themselves in baths as hot as they can comfortably stand. Then they add still hotter water, increasing the temperature gradually but steadily, and emerge looking as though skin-fitting red flannels had been donned. In order to enjoy this to the utmost, they provide themselves with books made of rubber so that, should they go to sleep, as often happens, the volumes will come to no harm if they slip into the water.

Look Out for Drafts

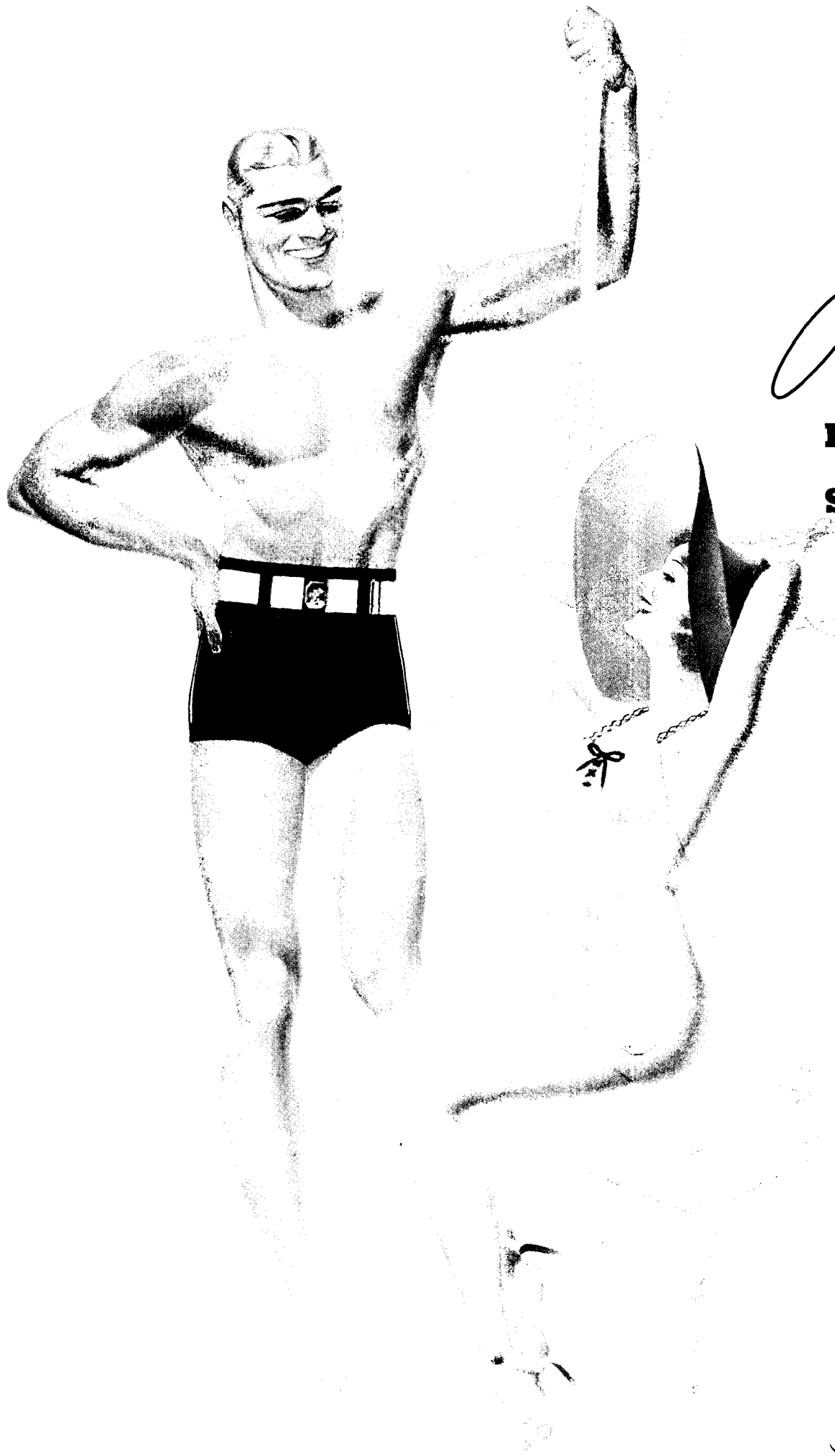
Chills may be indirect causes of stiffness. A draft on the neck is always to be avoided. To be out in the rain, even when soaked through, is probably not dangerous provided circulation can soon be restored either by rubbing or exercise. The common cold, too, is often directly associated with chill, which theoretically drives away the blood from the surface and allows any invading organism to gain a foothold unobstructed. The best way to reduce the resulting congestion is to produce warmth from within by stirring up the circulation of the blood. When you first feel that chilly sensation, which is so often the prelude to a cold, you may restore warmth to the body by rising on your toes, throwing back your shoulders and expanding your chest, while breathing as deeply and quickly as possible at least ten times. A cup of hot tea or a long, hot drink with a bit of whisky in it are often useful.

But after a cold has once set in, exercise is definitely bad. The best treatment, bar none, is rest in bed. Colds are responsible for more lost time than any other afflictions, major or minor, and many days of illness, as well as the more serious aftereffects, such as pneumonia, would be avoided if this simple rule were always followed.

Your true sportsman is not a heavy drinker of alcohol. But the sporadic sportsman on vacation is apt to over-indulge. It has been fairly well shown that the average human body can take care of four ounces of alcohol a day, and this may serve well as a fuel. But too often the advantages are lost because of the resultant incoordination. A small amount of alcohol, though a poison to the nerves, probably does no harm to most people. Everyone has certain glands the function of which is to destroy poisons. But the individual is all-important. One can utilize alcohol efficiently, whereas another cannot. In all cases, exercise tends to consume it more quickly.

Exertion also helps to burn up other toxins, some generated in the body. When the American says he is dyspeptic or bilious, or the Britisher complains of being liverish, both are suffering from indigestion, which will be benefited by

(Continued on page 55)



Jantzen
**AMERICA'S
FINEST FITTING
SWIMMING SUIT**

On the beach or in the water your entire appearance depends on one brief garment. Be sure that garment fits you perfectly! Your mind—and your body—are at ease in a Jantzen—so smooth, so comfortable, so perfect is the fit.

It is not by chance that Jantzen is America's finest fitting swimming suit. Marvelous elasticity is achieved thru an exclusive knitting process—Jantzen-stitch. That is why a Jantzen always fits perfectly and permanently. That is why a Jantzen gently but firmly holds the body in the natural position of youth. To every woman this means a truly surprising degree of figure-control, to men a trim athletic smartness.

See the 1936 Jantzens today. Very fashionable, very beautiful, are the new Kava-Knit fabrics. Certainly they are quite the loveliest of the year in richness of texture and design.

- ☆ ☆ ☆ *Illustrated* ☆ ☆ ☆
MEN'S STREAMLINE TRUNKS 3.95
Other Jantzen Trunks 2.95 to 4.95
THE BRÄ-LACE 6.95
Other Jantzens for Women . . 4.50 to 8.95



JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Dept. 226, Portland, Oregon.
Send me style folder in color featuring new 1936 models.
WOMEN'S ☐ MEN'S ☐

Name _____
Address _____

Not too dear for those you hold dearest

READY to stand sentinel over your loved ones, when they drive, is Goodyear's new combination of Double Eagle Airwheels* and Life-Guard* tubes. Against blowouts, here is safe surety made *doubly* sure. Against *any* tire hazard, here is the finest safety equipment now purchasable in the world. The incomparable protection it affords on the fast maneuverable new cars has been proved by weeks of "third degree" tests at 96 miles an hour on blistering-hot Bonneville Salt Flats. You ought to have these twin Goodyear guardians on *your* car, even if they do cost more. They are not too dear for those you hold dearest because their mission is not to save money, but to save life.

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR
TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

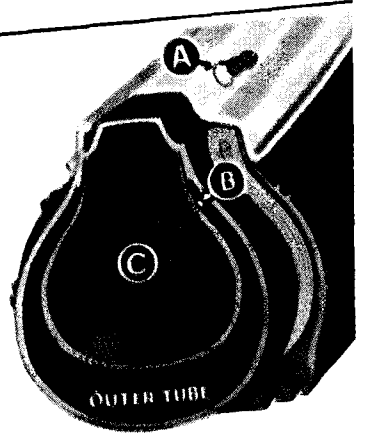
EIGHT STANDOUT FEATURES

which lift the new Double Eagle Airwheel* above any tire Goodyear ever built

- 1 Finest, safest, handsomest, longest-mileage tire that we have ever built.
- 2 Best-proved non-skid tread pattern in the world, made more efficient.
- 3 Tougher rubber, slotted 15% deeper to give many more miles of the Goodyear Margin of Safety for quickest stopping.
- 4 Built throughout of special new heat-fighting compound that frees high-speed travel from tread-throwing risk.
- 5 Extra rubber "float" for every ply, new "rubber-rivet" breaker-strip anchorage, stronger bead.
- 6 Supertwist cord in every ply to guard against blowouts or bruises.
- 7 Flexible, easy-rolling casing without the tread stiffness common to heavy tires.
- 8 Built to strictest specifications in industry, in materials, workmanship, balance and inspection.

GOOD YEAR LIFE GUARD TUBE

- A** Look for the yellow valve stem and blue cap.
- B** LifeGuards* take a little longer to inflate because air passes gradually from "inner tire" to outer tube through this VENT HOLE.
- C** On this two-ply "INNER TIRE," you ride to a stop with car under control, even though casing and outer tube blow wide open.



*Trade-mark Registered

GOOD YEAR

Midsummer Sanity

Continued from page 52

muscular activity. The lazy colon will also perform its duties more competently, with resultant health and improved disposition.

Exercise to reduce fat usually arouses such an appetite that it fails of its purpose.

Human beings would be well advised to take a lesson from the animals and rest after meals. With the notion of working off their food, many people rise from the table and immediately race around. No greater mistake could be made. Nature keeps a certain amount of blood in the digestive tract, but digestion requires a much greater supply. Those who disregard rest after eating encourage all sorts of diseases. A German experiment, which has become a classic, was once performed on two dogs. After a full meal, one was allowed to remain in his kennel; the other was taken hunting. At the end of four hours both were killed. The former had completely digested his meal; the latter had not even started. His dinner remained a leaden lump in his stomach.

How to Avoid Cramps

Similarly, it is a bad idea to take a hot bath after eating, because this opens up the blood courses, thus drawing blood away from the digestive organs. Going swimming too soon after a meal produces the same result. If the heart must send blood in increased quantities both to the stomach and muscles, too great a strain is put upon it, and cramps may result. Fearful mothers used to warn their young, "Don't go swimming there! Willy got a cramp and was drowned." Now we know that a cramp is a heart attack.

Swimming is the universal summer

sport, a recreation to both sexes, usually available even to the city dweller, rich and poor, young and old. It affords more exercise in a given time than any other sport, and may be indulged in to the extent of physical ability. The lone swimmer may obtain as much satisfaction as the member of a boisterous splashing group.

Cold water in itself is not harmful if the act of swimming sets up a warming reaction. Too long immersion, on the other hand, may drive the blood away from the skin. People get blue in swimming, but they may equally well turn blue on the beach, although more slowly. It has often been noted that women are not as likely as men to be chilled by swimming. The reason lies in the different distribution of fat. Adipose tissue not merely gives her a more graceful form and more pleasing contours, but incidentally protects her from chill.

But swimming also has its lesser perils. The insidious ringworm, which produces the condition known as athlete's foot, is apt to attack from any pool. This tinea is extraordinarily tenacious of life. It gets into cracks where the wood is moist and old, grows prolifically, and lives for years. It burrows into the deeper layers of the skin, and may remain quiescent perhaps for a quarter of a century until the right conditions of heat and moisture bring it out.

The ringworm family is an exceedingly interesting one. Extensive histological studies have been made which determined that the skin, even on two sides of the arm, may be entirely different, and subject to entirely different diseases. Research at the Calcutta Institute has proved that the cure for ringworm of the face will not affect ringworm of the body. The exact rem-

edy for each must be found. Sodium hypochlorite solution provides perfect disinfection for athlete's foot, and every swimming pool should be provided with this means of prevention.

The practice of nose and ear specialists has been increased immeasurably by swimming. Man is not an aquatic animal. He has to take care. Diving, for example, is not especially harmful. But the timid soul who, hugging safety, jumps in feet first, is courting disaster. The water rushes up through his nose, forces its way into his sinuses and through the Eustachian tubes. The infection which exists in almost all water welcomes an opportunity thus to attack the middle ear. It is always a safe precaution, if the head is to be immersed, to wear ear plugs—clean cotton, perhaps coated with an antiseptic ointment, such as carbolate vaseline.

Double Duty for the Heart

Swimming gives a double exercise. The muscles of the arms, legs and trunk are violently agitated. But the chest is also compressed by the water and the effort to expand it in breathing is correspondingly greater than normal. Not only is blood required for the limbs, but also for this expansion. A double load is thereby placed on the heart. Many people get heart lesions because they want to swim as fast as anybody else. To accommodate effort to ability requires a degree of self-control not always to be found. Swimming, however, is not bad for cardiacs, provided they do not overdo. It has definite therapeutic value where the nerves of the legs are attacked, as in infantile paralysis. The patient may not have strength sufficient to exercise his legs in air, but suspended in water he can move them freely. President Roosevelt's legs were paralyzed before he went to Warm Springs.

The one affliction which affects the young rather than the old through strenuous activity is hernia. Sailing, for example, is not regarded as a particularly violent sport. But it depends on how it is done. Are you a passenger, or do you actually haul on the ropes? Raising a mainsail causes a terrific pressure on the abdominal contents. With the body taut, the arms straining upward, the abdomen has practically no protection, and hernia often results. Operative cure is usually simple, and recently cures have been effected without the aid of a surgeon, by injecting certain irritating substances.

Although no one would scorn the effort involved in wading up a rushing trout stream and casting for the wily monarch of the pool, or perhaps pulling in a fighting tarpon from the Gulf of Mexico, of all sports fishing may do less for you in the way of muscular exercise than any other, if you go in your motor car to a clubhouse, step into a launch, have your hook baited, and the fish delicately removed. The same benefits of sun and air could be obtained from an easy chair on the lawn. Fishing from piers and bridges exemplifies almost complete quiescence. Mind and body are completely at rest, in a veritable antithesis of exercise.

From all these summer sports you will choose those which your sex or age prefers. Soberly sedate, or exuberantly violent, you should select them according to your physical condition, always remembering that if nature is given time she will adjust herself to changed conditions with really remarkable facility—but she will not be hurried.

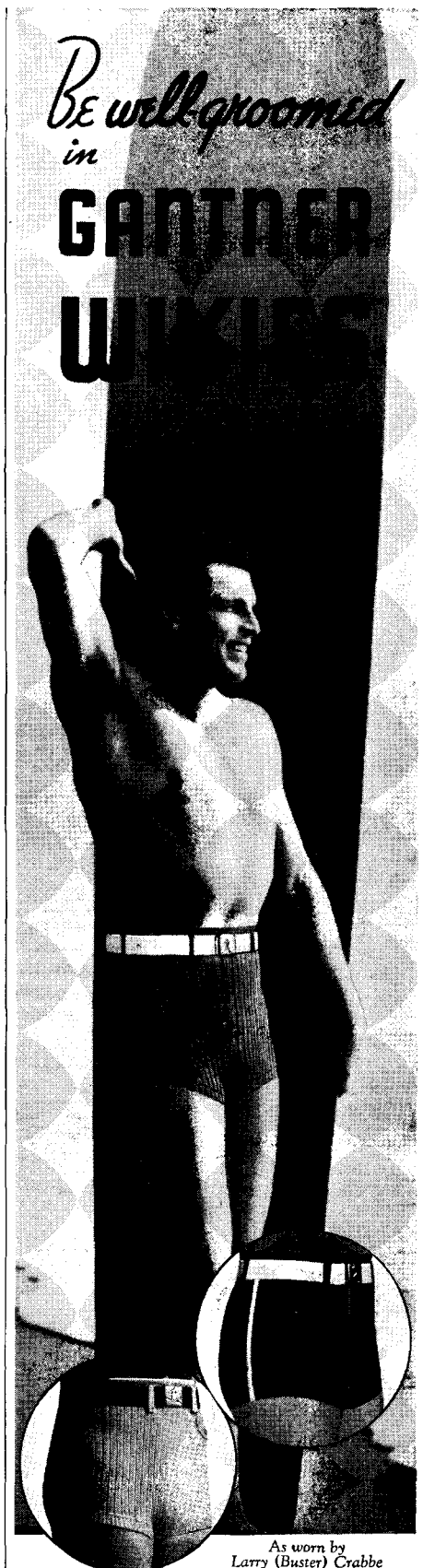
Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"We forgot to tell you, Philbert, the Fat Lady has joined our act!"



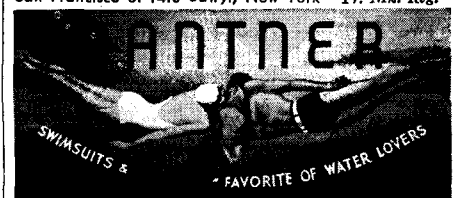
As worn by
Larry (Buster) Crabbe

Genuine WIKIES... and none other... have all these desirable features! Free-breathing Lastex belt! Perma-snug patented waist... won't roll down! Self-adjusting Supporter! Quicker-drying yarn. Smart new weaves! No other swim suits are Knit-to-Fit like Gantner WIKIES! At better dealers everywhere, or write, giving snug waist measure, weight, style and choice of colors. Top... Pencil Welt WIKIES,* 12 shades! \$3.95. Right... Military WIKIES, 15 smart colors! \$3.95. Left... DeLuxe WIKIES "Washboard Rib"! \$5.00. Boys' WIKIES, plain or fancy knit, \$2.95.

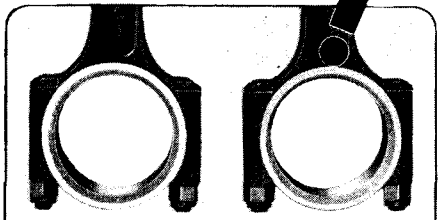
SNAP-ON & ZIP-ON SUITS, consisting of WIKIES with smart wool top... \$5.95. DeLuxe Suits... \$7.00

(Women, send for style book. Canadians, write us.)

GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. H * Garment Pat., San Francisco or 1410 Bdw., New York Tr. M. Reg.



This strange FACT!



LEFT— Average motor bearing, for ideal lubrication, has oil clearance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ thousandths of an inch.

RIGHT— Worn to 4 TIMES normal clearance—only 6 thousandths of an inch difference—pumps 25 TIMES normal oil volume!

proves that **WORN BEARINGS** cause **OIL PUMPING**



NO WONDER then that *partial* overhaul, such as new rings, does not restore power, pep, performance. It is unreasonable to expect it—when the trouble starts at worn connecting rod and main bearings! For example, an average bearing worn 2 times normal clearance actually pumps 5 TIMES more oil. Worn 4 times normal, it pumps 25 TIMES more oil. Just a few thousandths of an inch difference between fine, snappy, economical performance and a slow, sluggish oil bog! New rings can't handle such excessive oil pumping, because they are soon caked and plugged with carbon, and useless for oil control.

WHEN YOUR CAR USES TOO MUCH OIL, BE SURE TO CHECK THE BEARINGS!

When the motor is opened for new rings, pistons or cylinder reborring, which all do their part, tell your service man to check the main and connecting rod bearings. If worn, replace with Federal-Mogul bearings. They are engineered for the job of oil control. And you get a COMPLETE job done, where every part can perform at its best and most economically.

For 38 years Federal-Mogul has been a leading producer of precision-made bearings and bushings for the automotive industry.

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

REPLACE
WITH



Federal-Mogul
FEDERAL

carrying about three times the steam the Tigers expected, struck and felled Germany Schaefer, the man at the bat, almost breaking up practice completely.

But down in Austin, a Mr. Wilbur Allen was bombarding the Tigers by wire, "Send him back. He's mine!"

So back to Texas the big hurler plodded. They'd gotten things going again down there and this time he was temporarily indentured to San Antonio. But after three more weeks, Tesreau got his unconditional release and immediately signed with Shreveport to finish the 1909 season.

The next spring he pitched against the Giants in an exhibition game. McGraw had a great team just then moving close to the National League championship for a three-year tenure. Tesreau stood the New Yorkers on their heads. As it chanced, he lost the ball game through no fault of his own, but it was an airtight battle with the major leaguers bearing down, and they couldn't even get a piece of the ball the burly Shreveporter was serving.

McGraw walked straight to the front office when the contest was finished.

"What's the price on that pitcher?" he asked Gene McCann of the Shreveport club.

"It's so and so," said McCann, "but he's not for delivery until the end of the season. I think he means the pennant for us, but you can have him after we prove it one way or the other."

"Okay," said McGraw, "where're the papers?"

McCann was right. Tesreau meant the pennant.

Then Charley Changed to Jeff

Tesreau reported to McGraw and the Giants in 1911, and this was about the time he acquired the nickname of "Jeff." The Tesreau of this time, although still barely twenty-one, was six feet, $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches tall and weighed 210 in hard condition. In bulk, physical measurements and even facial characteristics, he resembled James J. Jeffries, retired undefeated heavyweight boxing champion. So Charles Munroe Tesreau became "Jeff" Tesreau.

McGraw had no real spot for him in 1911. With such matchless hurlers as the immortal Mathewson, Marquard, Wiltse, Ames and Crandall, the Little Napoleon had about as much room for another pitcher as he had for another neck. But he was acquiring Tesreau with an eye to the future and he promptly farmed the young man to Toronto. McGraw did win the pennant in 1911 just as he'd figured and, checking on Tesreau at the end of the season, he decided he was just about ready at least to ornament the 1912 bench.

That was Jeff Tesreau's chore the first half of the 1912 season. In baseball, they call it "an extra and finishing pitcher," meaning a fellow to hurl in a pinch if somebody's sick or gets hurt and to wind up ball games that are hopelessly lost or unquestionably won.

The Giants were pennant-bound again in 1912 and to make it all the harder for a young pitcher to break into the box score as a regular, this was the year Rube Marquard set the baseball world on fire with his famous string of consecutive victories that had reached the unprecedented number of nineteen by the first week in July.

On July 6 of that year, with the entire baseball universe watching, Marquard took the hill against the Chicago Cubs in the determined effort to blaze out his twentieth straight victory. The great

Pitch Man

Continued from page 26

Marquard went along for an inning or two, then it became obvious that the strain had cracked him and, in fact, the whole Giants' team. The great Rube's arm had lost its cunning. The Cubs were cracking the apple as if he were a rookie. The game had gone only six innings when it was plain Marquard was licked.

McGraw waved the sad star to the showers, cast an eye over his "finishing pitchers" down in the bull pen and gave the burly young Tesreau the nod. The Cubs of that era, a belligerent crew, were full of wild glee right then because they had just broken the most sensational winning streak in the history of baseball. They greeted the burly young Giant with howls of derision. Young Tesreau coolly rolled a quid of eating tobacco around on his tongue and proceeded to spitball those Cubs into perfect desuetude. They didn't get a single run from him in those final three innings. Those hot bats were cooled.

Next day he did exactly the same thing in a game Ames was losing. Those two finishing feats leap-frogged his name to the top of the file. From that date, he rated as "a regular starting pitcher" alongside Mathewson and Marquard. From there until the pennant was safely sewed in New York colors, he pitched practically every other day.

Jeff's record from mid-July until the pennant was in was seventeen wins and seven losses. This was pretty good pitching, so young Jeff was accorded the high honor of hurling the opening World's Series game for his team against the Boston Red Sox. Jeff held the Bostonians hitless for seven tense innings. Retiring in the eighth to make way for a pinch hitter, he left a game that seemed neatly won by the score of 3 to 2. But the fates ruled otherwise. Crandall, who went in to finish, was nicked for two runs and the final score was 4 to 3 in favor of the enemy. Tesreau pitched three games of that eight-game series, Mathewson and Marquard hurling the others. The Red Sox emerged the World's Champions.

The next season, 1913, the Giants won the National League pennant again. Mathewson, Marquard and Tesreau, working in regular turn, hurled them into the championship. Jeff's record for the season was twenty-three won, thirteen lost. The McGrawmen, however, were so crippled with injuries that they could scarcely place a full team on the field. Chief Meyers was out. Wiltse, a pitcher, had to play first because Merkle was hurt. Snodgrass, likewise, was on the hospital list. The series was a walk-away for the Philadelphia Athletics. Without any batting and defensive strength, the Giants were easy victims.

A Good Year for the Ozark Bear

The season of 1914 was the best year Jeff Tesreau had in major-league ball. They called him "The Bear of the Ozarks" by this time. This was the year the "Miracle Team" of the Boston Braves, led by "Miracle Man" George Stallings, came from nowhere toward the end of the season to make one of the most sensational finishes in the history of baseball, to nose the Giants out in the race for the pennant and to smash through the World's Series to victory. In that season, however, and despite the Boston finish, Tesreau won twenty-six games and lost twelve. Two of these were one-hit games, and he had a no-hitter against Pittsburgh that year with two men out in the ninth inning. In 1915, the Giants blew up completely, finishing in last place.

In 1916, although they came back to establish the sensational record of nineteen games won in one stretch and twenty-six in another, they finished in fourth place. Jeff was the principal hurler, supported by Ferdie Schupp, Rube Benton and Pol Parrott, and in the twenty-six straight run he won seven battles, the most turned in by any one pitcher.

By 1917, the Giants were back on top of the heap, Tesreau, Benton, Schupp and Sallee pitching them into the pennant. Chicago was the World's Series opponent, and since Chicago was composed almost entirely of left-handed batters, McGraw faced them entirely with left-handed pitching. Jeff, a right-hander, didn't throw a ball in this series. Chicago won in four games to two.

Then came 1918 and the war. Players were being drafted as the bugles began to blow. Salaries were being cut and expenses curtailed. Nobody was interested in baseball anyway. The major leagues suspended on June 15 and nobody knew if or when they'd even attempt to reorganize. Tesreau was married and the father of a small son by now. He had other dependents and obligations. Trying to figure what to do, he went to work in the shipyards of the Bethlehem Steel Company in common with a group of other athletes. There he was, working away with blowtorch and hacksaw, when the Armistice was signed.

Baseball Gets on Its Feet

Major league baseball reorganized in the spring of 1919, but it did so timorously. Trying to feel its way back from the war, uncertain of its reception in the new scheme of things, it sliced salaries to the bone and cut its season to four and one-half months.

The Giants offered Tesreau a job, but he'd been doing a lot of thinking. He was only twenty-nine, but that's beginning to get reasonably aged as ballplayers go.

Tesreau and some others had been playing baseball down there at Bethlehem under the supervision of a recreational executive named Tom Keady. It was Keady who came out to big Jeff one day and said, "Going back into baseball?"

"I don't know," said Jeff, "I'm trying to puzzle it out. There's not much future in it at the rates of pay they're offering."

"Did you ever think about college coaching?" asked Keady.

"No," said Jeff, "I never had any occasion to think about it. Why?"

"Because," said Keady, "I got a letter yesterday from my own college, Dartmouth, asking if I could recommend a good baseball coach. It's away up in New Hampshire. There's a lot of snow there in the wintertime. It's a hard place to coach because you have to do a lot of it indoors, the snow hangs on so long. But it pays a pretty good salary. It's a nice place to live. They don't put a premium on winning. They get a nice class of boys, and if it's money that's worrying you, why wouldn't a job such as this, coupled with semipro ball in the summer, make a better proposition than that big-league business? Certainly it offers more permanency."

Jeff first saw Hanover on March first of that year, 1919. Seventeen years later he's still there. The Dartmouth authorities liked big, quiet and unpretentious Jeff so well, he was so popular with the students and he taught such good base-

(Continued on page 58)

PULLMAN

Travel Costs

REDUCED

EFFECTIVE JUNE 1st, 1936

Surcharge Eliminated Throughout the Nation

YOU NOW SAVE $\frac{1}{5}$ TO $\frac{1}{2}$ TRAVELING VIA PULLMAN

1 *Surcharge eliminated.* The railroad surcharge, hitherto comprising ONE-THIRD the cost of the Pullman ticket, has been discontinued throughout the nation, giving Pullman travelers on eastern roads the same benefit from this one-third reduction enjoyed in the West and South since 1933.

2 *New single occupancy room rates.* The Pullman Company has substantially reduced its rate on compartments and drawing rooms when occupied by one person.

3 *Lower extra railroad ticket charges for single occupancy of rooms.* Many railroads have substantially reduced the number of railroad fares required with the purchase of Pullman compartments and drawing rooms when occupied by one person.

4 *Lower basic railroad rates.* With reductions in the basic eastern railroad rates June 1st, rail fare savings are now extended nationwide, and this means a corresponding saving in travel by Pullman.

The result of these railroad and Pullman fare adjustments is a reduction in the cost of travel by Pullman of from 20 to 50 per cent, depending upon the accommodation selected and where the journey is made. Compared with fares charged prior to the general passenger rate reductions, every mile of travel by Pullman—east, west, south or north—costs substantially less today.

EXAMPLES OF NEW LOW PULLMAN TRAVEL COSTS

Between New York City and Chicago *

Pullman Fare Plus Rail Fare On Non-Extra-Fare Trains, One Way

	OLD†	NEW	SAVINGS		OLD†	NEW	SAVINGS		
One in Upper Berth . . .	\$39.90	\$32.05	\$ 7.85	19 $\frac{2}{3}$ %	One in Compartment . . .	\$74.55	\$42.00	\$32.55	43 $\frac{2}{3}$ %
One in Lower Berth . . .	41.70	33.25	8.45	20 $\frac{1}{4}$ %	Two in Compartment . . .	90.90	71.50	19.40	21 $\frac{1}{3}$ %
One in Section . . .	45.30	35.65	9.65	21 $\frac{1}{4}$ %	One in Drawing Room . . .	96.90	49.10	47.80	49 $\frac{1}{4}$ %
One in Bedroom . . .	48.90	38.05	10.85	22 %	Two in Drawing Room . . .	96.90	75.50	21.40	22 %
Two in Bedroom . . .	83.40	66.50	16.90	20 $\frac{1}{4}$ %					

*Similar savings between other points.

†Includes previous rail fare, surcharge, and Pullman charge.

* Similar savings between other points. † Includes previous rail fare, surcharge, and Pullman charge.

PULLMAN TRAVEL IS SAFEST

In 1935, Pullman cars carried more than fifteen million passengers over seven billion passenger miles without one single passenger or employee fatality—a safety record unmatched by any other form of transportation over the years.



AIR-CONDITIONED COMFORT

Most of the Pullman cars now operated are air-conditioned. Cool, quiet and comfortable, with the air cleaned, dehumidified, constantly freshened and kept at a uniform temperature. It's really more comfortable than staying at home!

For your next trip ask your ticket agent for information on the new low cost of travel via Pullman or write The Pullman Company, Dept. MC, Chicago.

PULLMAN IS THE SAFE WAY TO GO AND THE SURE WAY TO GET THERE

A Host's Reputation

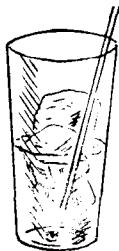
goes



down



quicker



than the drink

MOST guests will grit their teeth and bolt a raw Tom Collins. But their opinion of the host goes down quicker than the drink.

When drinks are mixed with Fleischmann's Gin—you'll see grins instead of grimaces.

Fleischmann's Gin is smoother. It brings out the delicious flavors of the other ingredients—never overpowers them.

Fleischmann's Gin is distilled especially for the American taste. It is always uniform. *Every step is controlled by Fleischmann—from the purchase of grain to finished bottle.*

Remember, guests will always say they enjoyed your drinks, just to be polite. When you use Fleischmann's Gin you can be sure their compliments are sincere.

Make friends with

Fleischmann's Distilled Dry Gin

American! for American Taste and Drinking Customs

Distilled from American Grain—90 Proof. The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, N. Y.

Also—Fleischmann's Sloe Gin—of traditional Fleischmann quality and uniformity. Quarts, fifths, pints. 65 Proof.

Pitch Man

Continued from page 56

ball despite the handicaps of weather under which he had to operate that they made him an "Assistant Professor of Physical Education" with full faculty rating in less than a year.

Jeff combined his coaching with semipro pitching until 1926. At first he organized and ran a team around New York, summers, known as Jeff's Bears. He made good money with it, too. Keady was right in his guess that the coaching salary plus the semipro take would more than equal any major-league offers. In fact, it multiplied that figure at least five or six times. Jeff's final pitching was done around New England with some of the town teams. He hasn't done any now in perhaps ten years.

But he hasn't had to. Using the money he made from this extra-curricular activity, he opened first a filling station, across the well-traveled road from the home he bought up in Hanover, and he parlayed the profits from this into a partnership in the town's leading garage and automobile agency.

Mr. Tesreau could even let the coaching go now and do very well as a run-of-the-mill businessman, but he has no intention of letting the coaching go, nor has the coaching any intention of letting him go. He gets a great kick out of that Dartmouth team of his and he's done exceedingly well with it, all things considered.

Dartmouth is a member of the seven-club league representing the so-called "Ivy Colleges" of the eastern theater. The other members are Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania, Columbia and Cornell. Dartmouth, of course, plays other teams, too, about three of them a week, but this league officially formed in 1930 is its official opposition. Until then the Green was in a four-club league with Penn, Columbia and Cornell. In the old four-club league, Dartmouth tied for first place four times, three times with Penn, once with Columbia.

Since 1930 and the formation of the seven-club loop, Tesreau's Green Indians won the championship in the year of formation, 1930, have never finished worse than fourth and won the uncluttered championship in 1935. In only one year of the eighteen under Tesreau's tutelage have the Dartmouth diamond-eers lost more games than they won. And Dartmouth isn't, strictly speaking, "a baseball playing college." It has seldom been blessed with a wealth of material, although that doesn't happen to hold at the moment, the present material being probably the best the college has ever known.

They Play for Fun

Tesreau hasn't any record of big-league stars to match that of, say, Holy Cross and some other institutions. Few of the Dartmouth lads have shown any great enthusiasm over professional contracts, being more interested, apparently, in using the game for fun and relaxation while in college and then forgetting it for more permanent things.

His outstanding professional contribution is probably Red Rolfe, regular third baseman of the New York Yankees. Rolfe was Jeff's Dartmouth captain four seasons ago. Foster Edwards, a pitcher with the Braves for two or three seasons, was one of Jeff's pitchers, but he never achieved real stardom. Jeff says the best player he ever had at Dartmouth was Bill Breckenridge, a pitcher.

Jeff says of all the kids he's handled in college, this one really had all of what it takes. Most of 'em haven't, he says, and won't have while they're collegians.

The fault, he says, is partly with the high schools, partly with the players.

"Most high schools," says the former Giant star, "have good football coaches, but anybody, usually some member of the faculty, fills in as baseball coach."

"Then there are usually too few good players to make even one good team. That makes it hard to get the right sort of practice. Baseball's a game of skill. It requires lots of practice and lots of teaching. Did you ever notice, baseball players hit their peaks at around twenty-two or twenty-three years of age? That's long after the average college age, and they've usually had plenty of sand-lot, semi-pro and minor-league experience and instruction."

"But it's fun here," continued Jeff, "and we play pretty good ball. We have a regulation diamond with a dirt floor in one wing of the gym where we work from the first week in March until the ground is clear outside. There seems to be plenty of interest. About one hundred candidates come out for the freshman team. The varsity squad varies from fifty to seventy-five."

A Year-Round Hanoverite

They could really call old Jeff "The Bear of the Ozarks" these days. Shading into fifty, he's added weight until he must be around 250 pounds. He's a big, genial man, well known and well liked by the entire community. He's a year-round resident of Hanover, his wife keeping house for him in the cottage on the hill and Charles Munroe Tesreau, Junior, a three-sport athlete, who had just finished his sophomore year in college.

They persuaded Jeff a few years ago to run for a minor public office. He didn't even come close. The reason was because his legal name, Charles Munroe Tesreau, had to go on the ballot, and the farmers of the township knew him only as "Jeff." Enough of them wrote "Jeff Tesreau" on their ballots to have elected him, but the election committee threw all such ballots out. The politicians didn't want him in there anyhow. The office had something to do with prohibition and the politicians knew Jeff would enforce it.

It's all pretty far removed from dear old Irontown and the militia, but Jeff says he hasn't any regrets, except—well, maybe, he said, just one.

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Well, it would have been nice," he said, "if I could have come along about ten years later after they really got to paying some money in baseball."

He was looking at the moment at his major league "Lifetime Pitching Record" as carried in the statistical sheets. Here it is:

Charles Munroe "Jeff" Tesreau—New York Giants. Games Won 119—Lost 72—Percentage .623.

Tesreau Won	Tesreau Lost
12 Boston	14
20 Brooklyn	11
18 Chicago	14
14 Cincinnati	7
23 Pittsburgh	7
13 St. Louis	8
19 Philadelphia	11
119	72

Boston was the only team he couldn't knock down oftener than it knocked him down. That fact cost the Giants the pennant in 1914. Professor Tesreau says he never could explain it, but Boston was always what the colored folks call his "big dog," meaning his jinx.

Too Easy to Live

Continued from page 10

artesian well by the roadside—and life's problems are solved. There are no financial headaches, because the laborer is always over his head in debt to the Chinese store—and it's the Chinaman's pain-in-the-neck. He does the worrying.

The Filipino isn't a good storekeeper. He demands a quick and generous profit, and so he loses to the patient Chinaman, who will be content with one fifth of a cent on a can of sardines or two cents on a sack of rice.

So what hampers American trade expansion in the islands is lack of buying power. The Filipino is becoming restless, looking at the pictures of radio sets, electric refrigerators, shiny cars and kollege kut klotches in magazines; and his wife is muttering because she can't have finger waves, half a dozen frocks and tinted fingernails like the girls in the magazine pictures. And the repatriated Filipinos, kindly shipped home free by Uncle Sam, aren't satisfied to go back to native standards. Each of them becomes a small focus of infection for the spread of American ideas and American standards.

While the Filipino would like to buy a good many American products, and can't on his present income, the Japanese get what trade there is by flooding the islands with cheap imitations of American goods. America creates the desire; Japan cashes in. Just what America can do about it, no one knows. The only solution seems to be a general upping of the wage level, and that probably will come in time, accompanied by the usual strikes and "labor trouble."

Meanwhile, the Japanese stores flourish along the Escolta, Manila's No. 1 shopping street, and on Rizal Avenue, the second best street—and their counterparts in Iloilo, Cebu, Zamboanga and a dozen other thriving towns. The Indians are there, too; and the Chinese—and the Filipinos make a brave fight for a share of the trade.

It is only in the cities that there is any real unemployment—or rather food-and-shelter problem. In the provinces, nobody starves or lacks a place to sleep or a gaudy silk camisa—a sort of shirt worn outside the pants—for the breeze to flutter. Outside the fact that the nipa, the bamboo and the banana grow everywhere, there is the Filipino family system of organization, much like that of the Japanese. If your third cousin, once removed, is broke, he merely moves in on you and stays as long as he likes and no questions asked. And vice versa.

Anyone's Is Everyone's

Because life on the land is so easy, there has been hardly any tradition of property rights built up. What is, is common property. On some estates, and plantations, the workmen all live in barrios—small villages—and buy what they need, though they might raise it much more cheaply.

"I found they were spending too much of the wages at the store," one sugar man from Occidental Negros told me. "So I suggested I give each of them an allotment and seeds and tools, so they could grow their own vegetables. But it was no go. I asked why. One of them explained that the man whose vegetables came along first would simply have them taken by the rest of the growers—not because they were thieves, but because anyone's food was everyone's food. The man who had, gave; the man who had not, took—and that was all there was to it."

Maybe we can teach the Filipino something about machinery, but on agri-

culture he has us. His soil is no richer than ours was, his sun is hotter, his rains far more torrential. He started cultivating his lands long before Columbus made his classic error, but he has no erosion problem. He learned long ago to trench and dike his rice lands and so prevent the water starting gullies on his hillsides, as it would if he gave it half a chance. We have destroyed millions of our fertile acres through sheer ignorance and the don't-give-a-darn spirit, but the little brown brother still has all the lands he started with, still producing as much as ever they did and sometimes more.

Sugar Did It

Let's take a quick look at the Philippines. There are more than 7,000 islands—7,083 was the last count, but new ones get discovered every so often. Lying north and south, roughly, are half a dozen large islands, about the size of an eastern state. From these, two strings of islands stretch out southwestward toward Borneo, and the oblong between the fingers, the central and southern Philippines and Borneo is the Sulu Sea. If you have been to Panama, you have been as far south as the southernmost Philippine Island—Mindanao, famous as the home of the tailless monkeys of the song about Zamboanga. The northernmost island is about as far south as Mexico City.

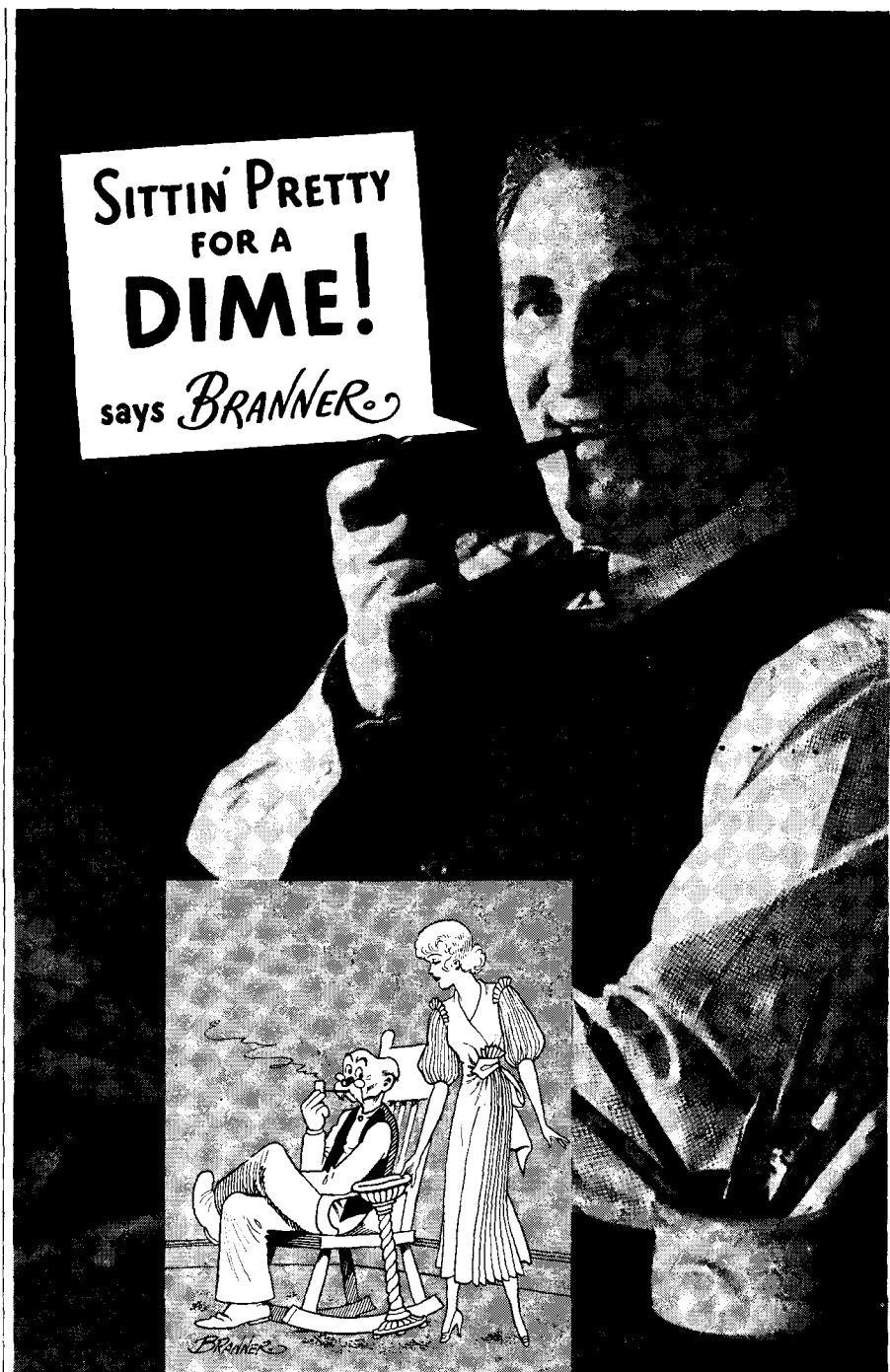
If you picked up the islands and laid them down with their eastern coast along the Atlantic seaboard, they would stretch from the northernmost tip of Maine down to Charleston, South Carolina, and the westernmost island would be lapped by the River Rouge, in Detroit. Altogether, the islands have about as much land as the New England states, but twice as much coastline as the whole United States. You can't get more than sixty miles away from salt water anywhere. That makes transportation of what the islands produce a fairly cheap proposition, with no long overland hauls.

Winter climate in Manila and the northern islands is something like southern California in summertime. From this, it grades up until in midsummer in Mindanao about the toughest work the white man feels up to is lying in a rattan chair and languidly clapping his hands for another Singapore gin sling cooled by the world's least-durable ice. Even in the north, the summer climate gets the Filipinos themselves down once in a while. When the heat waves roll down, the whites ride up to Baguio, six hours away from Manila in the hills, paying a peso or two extra for a seat in an air-cooled car which offers "Baguio climate" the minute you get aboard.

Some idea of the huge profits the islands are capable of producing is linked up with the story of a boom sugar town called Bacolod. Bacolod is on the Island of Negros, about the center of the group, and it looks out across Guimaras Strait to the Island of Panay. It was founded as a mission in early days, and fifteen years ago it was literally a nine-o'clock town. Everyone was in bed when curfew rang from the old Recollect Mission bells. The roads were of mud and the few planters drove to town in oxcarts, a mile an hour, fording the rivers as they came to them. There was hardly a building, except the church, more pretentious than a nipa shack.

Today, Bacolod has 40,000 people, with a brand-new main street, a \$250,000 capitol, streets of modern homes, schools and colleges, clubs and banks

(Continued on page 60)

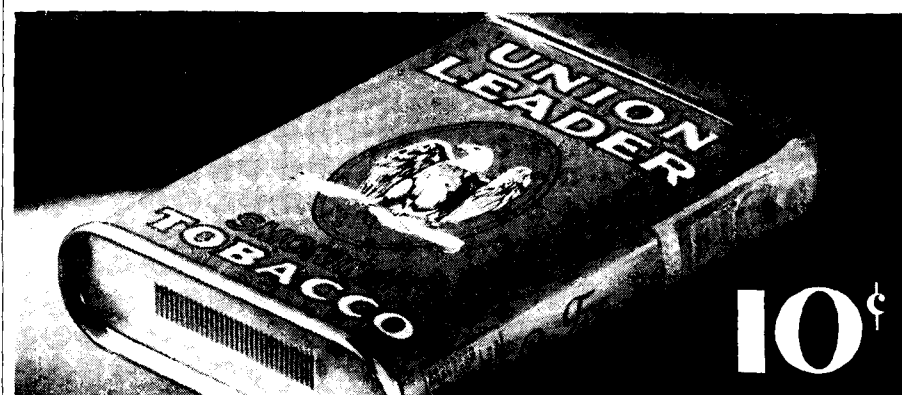


MARTIN BRANNER, Union Leader smoker, and famous creator of "WINNIE WINKLE"

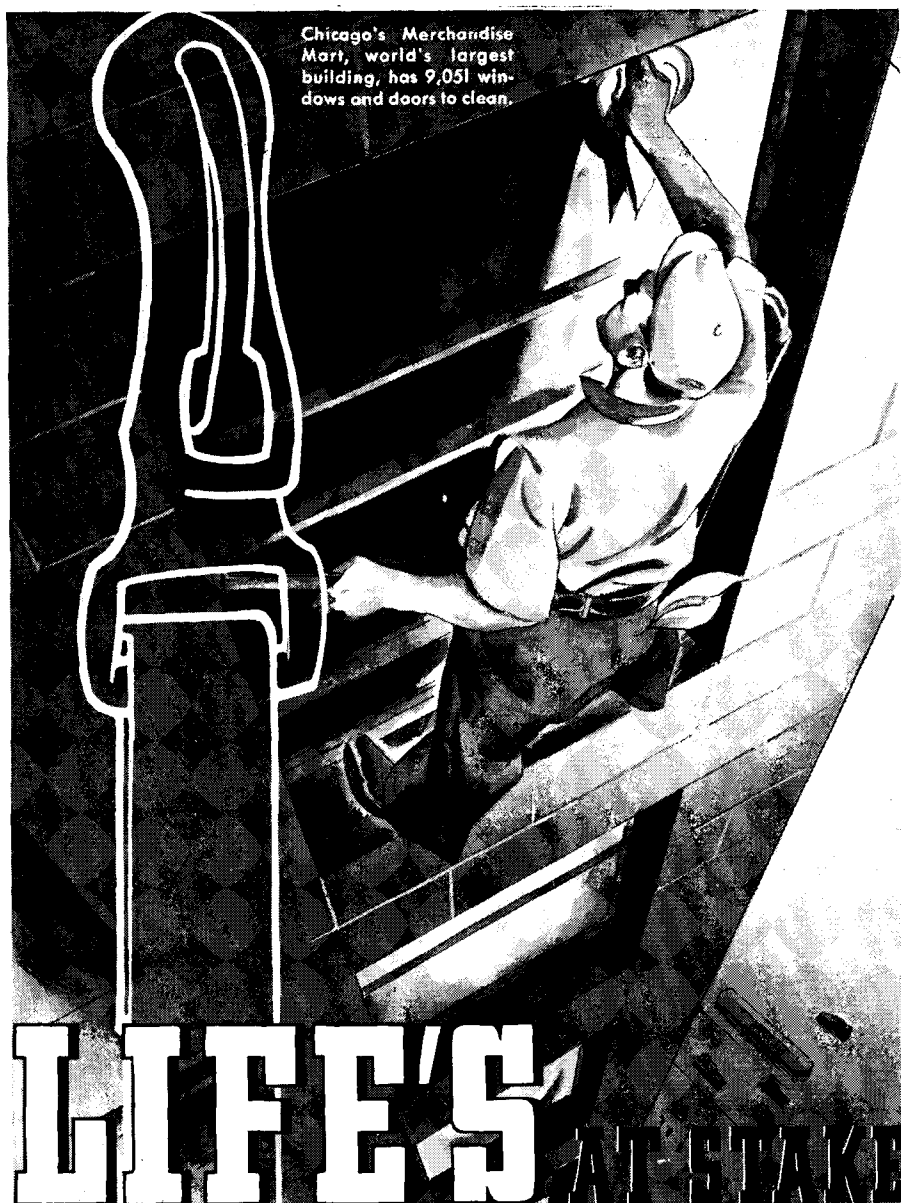
You're right, Mr. Branner, Union Leader's got everything it takes to make any smoker feel he's sittin' pretty. Here's a tobacco fit for a king, yet priced for every man. The most mellow old Kentucky Burley that ever packed a pipe. For downright smoking satisfaction, match it against any expensive brand you know. But we warn you, Mister, the odds are all in favor of Union Leader at a dime a tin. (Swell for cigarettes, too! Try it when you roll your own!)

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

UNION LEADER



THE GREAT AMERICAN SMOKE



You can trust NEW PENNZOIL to protect your motor...like the window washer trusts his safety belt, far above the street

● Put new Pennzoil in your crankcase and you can safely forget it for miles and miles of hard going. Its extra-tough film gives you adequate protection against extremes of heat, friction and pressure... and it *lasts longer*.

New Pennzoil saves you money in three important ways.

Smoother operation gives you more miles per gallon of gas. Pennzoil's exceptional film stands up longer...giving more miles between oil changes...less "adding

a quart"...actually saving up to 50% on oil costs. And there's no sludge to gum up valves and piston rings, wasting power and causing big repair bills.

Millions of car owners, leading air lines, new streamline trains and prize-winning race drivers...all know that only Pennzoil can do a Pennzoil lubrication job. It's *safest* for your car.

Go to your independent Pennzoil dealer for a *complete* lubrication service.

Member Penn. Grade Crude Oil Assn. Permit No. 2

United Air Lines uses Pennzoil in the world's largest fleet of high speed transport planes.

BONDED PENNZOIL DEALER
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication

MORE MILES OF SAFE LUBRICATION

(Continued from page 59)

and business blocks and strings of shiny new cars.

Sugar did it.

The same Bacolod sugar, incidentally, helped the Philippine National Bank to net 37 per cent profit in 1935, which might interest some American bankers in the corn belt. Around Manila, the American businessmen smile at the 37 per cent on the statement. Actually, they say, it was a great deal more.

The bank got into sugar to the tune of about \$21,000,000, financing the planters for mills and equipment, taking their estates as collateral. It was all very uneconomic, according to the best banking circles, because the planters knew little about sugar and paid nine prices for everything. For years, they have paid good stout interest rates and some of them lost their plants to the bank. But the province kept turning out sugar in abundance and everybody made money. Today, the planters owe the bank only \$3,500,000 and they'll clear that up, probably, this year.

The Philippine government never helped the sugar men, and its bank grew rich on them. Across the strait, at Iloilo, the government built a fine port, but Bacolod gets along without one, lightering its sugar out to ships in the roadstead. Just how many millions profit Bacolod sugar has made in fifteen years, no one knows. But plenty.

The islands have not been developed because there has been little necessity to do so. Filipino boys don't "go out west" to grow up with another part of their country. They are tied to the land, by inclination and tradition. That is their strength—and their weakness. The land does not encourage initiative. Almost every Filipino, city fellow or country dweller, owns a hectare or two—a hunk of earth that, if all else fails, will support him in the modest way to which he is accustomed.

You get some sort of economic idea into your head when you remember that a few hundred miles to the northward live 70,000,000 people, unable to feed themselves although every possible inch of their soil is worked to the limit. Japan is about twice the area of the Philippines—and the islands use but fifteen acres out of every hundred to feed themselves and export huge surpluses to the world. They could easily support fifty million more people—which is about the number Japan finds it hard to support from the produce of her own soil. . . .

We Have Made Restitution

We can be both ashamed and proud of what we have done in the Philippines. After the Spanish war, and after we had paid \$25,000,000 for what we had won, the impression got abroad in the United States that the Filipinos had been waiting several centuries for us to arrive and put them on their economic feet. Politicians cried that "the islands came to us unsought." Grave writers pictured the islanders as having welcoming committees at all the ports, to greet arriving Americans bringing pocketfuls of money and sure-fire recipes for prosperity.

This idea turned out to be slightly haywire around the turn of the century when the Filipino welcome was found to be a trifle less than enthusiastic. In the Army and Navy Club at Manila you can see the old records. They show it cost us \$376,000,000, three years' time and the services of 71,528 American soldiers to wear out the boisterous Filipino welcome and get settled.

The conquest is not a bright chapter in our history, with its massacres and concentration camps and unbridled cruelty, but maybe we have atoned for it since. At least, no present-day Filipino seems to bear any grudge, not even old

Aguinaldo, pensioned and still resolutely refusing to speak English, living away his life in a pleasant home out Cavite way.

For what we did early in the century, we have made restitution by saving thousands of lives, teaching millions to read and write, showing them some of the workings of western democracy and raising their comfort level. We have built roads and schools and dug wells and stamped out disease and made a good start on the development of the country. If the Filipino carries on, he will certainly have more reason to thank Americans than to curse them.

Just what we have done in the islands may be judged by comparison with what the British have done in India, the civilization of which they undertook a century before we rolled up our sleeves and spat on our hands in the Philippines. We have taught sixty per cent of the islanders to read and write and to have ideas and take hold of opportunities for making their territory pay them dividends. Finally, we have patted them on the back, told them to run themselves—meanwhile assuring them that Uncle is right close by for ten years and not to worry too much.

Enemies of American Commerce

The British haven't got fifteen per cent of their Indian subjects into schools yet, and don't seem anxious to, either. Their economic condition is certainly lower than that of the Filipino.

In proportion to population, twice as many Filipino children go to school as do British youngsters in England; ten times as many as in Italy, which views herself placidly as the cultural center of Europe. More than a quarter of the Filipino budget goes for education.

A good deal of the education is technical, and the University of the Philippines and various colleges are turning out good men and women in many skilled lines. Girls, against all tradition, are actually learning scientific farming, to the horror of the graybeards, who still insist on a duenna for any girl who so much as sets foot on a public street.

The hope of the islands lies in these youngsters. No matter from whence they came, they have tasted city life and luxuries and have seen Americans and Filipinos living on the American level. They'll never be satisfied to go back to the nipa shack and bananas and tramp slowly behind the carabao through the fields under the hot sunshine.

But whether America can cash in on the flowering of desire for comfort and better living is another question. You can't sell twenty-dollar American bicycles when the Japanese will sell one you can't tell from it, to look at, for a third of the price. You can't make a Filipino girl pay twenty pesos for an American frock—which would sell at \$3.98 in an American bargain basement—when the Japanese stores along the Avenida Rizal will sell her an exact copy for half the price.

The Filipino is a price-buyer. He will pay twenty centavos for a pair of straw sandals that will last two weeks rather than ten pesos for a pair of American shoes that will last two or three years. And educating him up into the status of a quality-market buyer is quite a job.

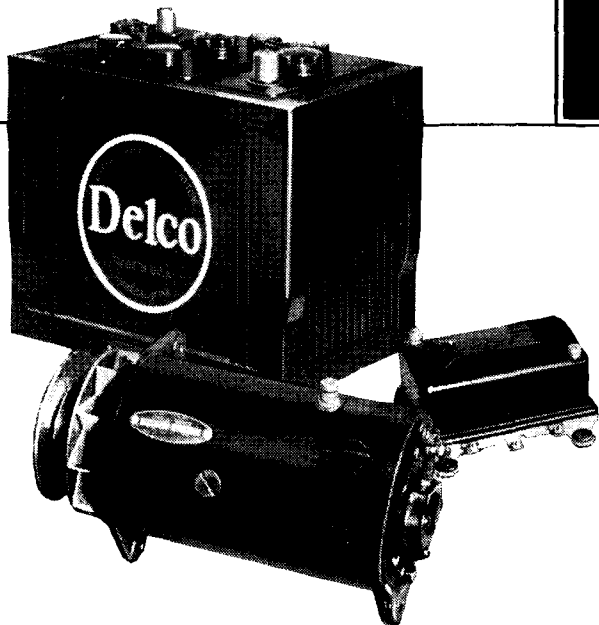
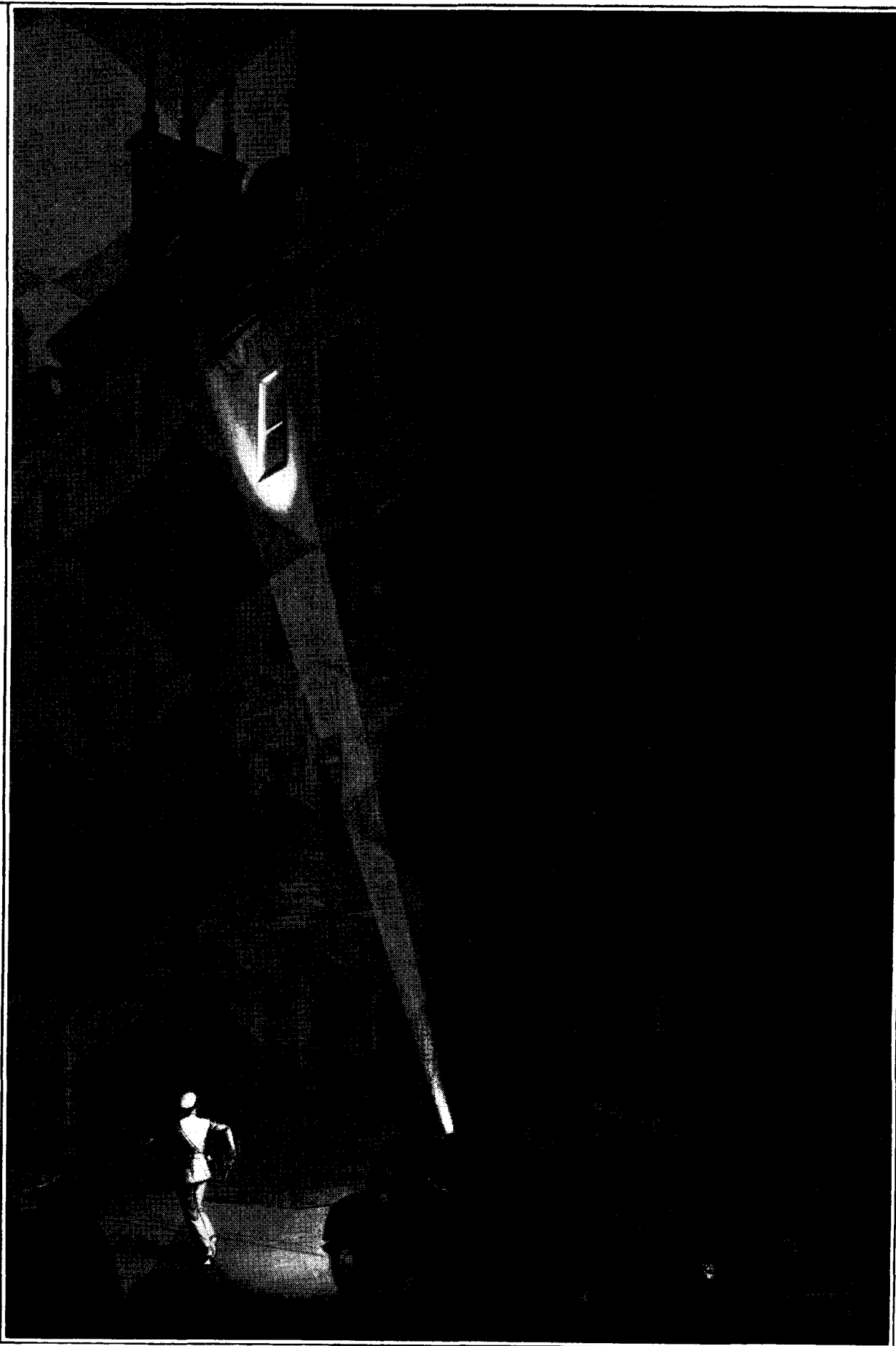
Besides, out in the provinces, there will always be the nipa, and the bamboo and the banana. Bamboo for the framework of your shack; nipa for walls and roof; bananas for food. A little rice, a little fish—and the sunshine to ferment your palm juice, if you wish to forget.

Nipa, bamboo and bananas may be the enemy of the Filipino. But they are the enemies of American commerce, too.

LIGHT for the LAW!

"Calling all cars—calling all cars"
... the radio drones on and on, as
"the law" speeds to the scene of
trouble. Delco-Remy has been a
leader in the field of extra-capacity
generator equipment demanded by
the short-wave radio, searchlights,
and other accessories of the modern
police cruiser. From its experience
in police installations has come
other generator equipment of
extra capacity for passenger cars
and commercial vehicles, so that
you, too, may have the dependable
operation of your own car's radio,
spotlights, heater, cigar lighter, and
other motoring conveniences. When
you think of anything electrical
on your car, think of Delco-Remy.

*Extra-capacity generators with forced-draft
ventilation, current and voltage regulators,
and powerful, rugged Delco batteries are
available for vehicles where extra current is
needed. Delco-Remy has available the proper
generator and battery to provide dependable
starting, lighting, and ignition for your needs.*



Delco-Remy

MANUFACTURERS OF DELCO-
REMY STARTING, LIGHTING, AND
IGNITION • KLAXON HORNS
• DELCO BATTERIES • AUTO-
MATIC CARBURETOR CONTROLS.



DELCO-REMY PRODUCTS AND
GENUINE PARTS ARE AVAILABLE
AT CONVENIENT UNITED MOTORS
SERVICE STATIONS EVERYWHERE
...WHEREVER YOU SEE THIS SIGN.

here right now. Let's go into the house and sit down."

They went into the house and sat down. "Would you like a drink?" she asked solicitously.

"Oh, dear, no! They say if you drink at a time like this it only makes it worse."

"I'm so darned sorry, Mr. Ditson—and ashamed."

"Don't be, Miss Hollister. And look—I don't want you to think I care anything about that boat. Why, it doesn't mean that to me." He made a finger-snapping motion and produced a sound at the third try. He said, "Look—I'll tell you the whole story."

"I work for a broadcasting company. I can't afford the boat any longer, and I have no time for it. So, like a fool I had raffle tickets printed, and I've sold several hundred dollars' worth. I've got to go through with the raffle—if it costs me everything I've taken in and more besides to get the boat in first-class shape."

"Why, you poor dear—I mean, what a shame, Mr. Ditson!"

He looked at her, and once more she was life's ideal. He said, "The main thing is—if this hadn't happened, I might never have met you!"

He said it so excitedly that she had to quell an instinct to look for a servant. She saw that his blush was due to embarrassment, and she nodded for him to go on.

"I saw you once, in a restaurant. Then I saw pictures of you in the paper, and somehow you looked so nice and friendly and everything—I cut them out!" He waved toward the Sound. "I even had a couple of pictures of you in the boat—but they must have been washed overboard, in the storm."

"Why, of all strange things," she murmured.

"I s'pose you think I'm just silly."

She didn't think so—at least, any longer. She asked him how about staying for lunch, and for dinner, too, if he could make it.

He telephoned his office—and he stayed. Mr. Boggs' crew located the sunken Season, and marked it with a buoy, and went on home. Jane and Newbold talked. That is, Newbold did.

He told her about life among the broadcasters. He stated, with loud conviction, that the trouble with radio was too much stupid boosting of advertised products. The boosters' voices, he said, were the kind you never heard anywhere except on the radio, and listeners didn't believe them anyway. Listeners, he said, cringed with repugnance because radio advertisers hammered things at them with positiveness, or with amused tolerance, or with pleading as annoying as that of a panhandler, or with so much detail you couldn't see the product for the wrapping—and one way was worse than the other.

NEWBOLD talked all through lunch and the afternoon. A truck came with new things for the house, and Newbold lent a hand, unpacking and arranging, and kept on talking. He stopped talking when Mr. Hollister arrived, a man of formidable build, a red face and a merry eye. Mr. Hollister was pleasant, he was friendly.

He let out a yelp when he heard Newbold's boat had sunk, apologized for laughing, and said, "Too much tragedy gets to be comedy. Anyway, you have the satisfaction of knowing the worst has happened to your boat."

"That's what you think," thought Newbold, and said, "Yes, sir."

They went in to dinner. Mr. Hollister took over all conversation. He was a fast man with an opinion and, as such, frowned on interruption. Newbold was content to listen.

After dinner, they had coffee in the library, and Mr. Hollister gave Newbold

a great goblet with a small slosh of old brandy in it, and they sat back like a couple of gorged guys in a club window. The brandy burned our hero's throat and made him cough. Presently he noticed some oars hung over the fireplace. Each oar was cut in halves and he ventured to ask about them.

Mr. Hollister's eyes kindled. "Those sweeps? They went through some tough races, my last two years in college."

"You didn't break them in races, did you, sir?"

"No. When I got out of college I was so poor I had to live in a hall room the size of a trunk. I had to saw those twelve-foot oars in two to get them in."

NEWBOLD'S heart pounded, and not from the brandy. Then Mr. Hollister had had his downs, as well as his ups—and maybe he would not be so quick to throw an indigent suitor out on his ear as Newbold had feared. He stole a glance at Jane. She blushed and sent back a very friendly smile.

A lightning thought struck him. Gosh! This might be the chance of a lifetime—and he hadn't taken advantage of it. Mr. Hollister was a big shot, at something or other, and maybe he was ripe for picking as a radio sponsor—and if Newbold brought it off, he'd have no worry about a job.

"What do you think of radio, sir?" he blurted.

"I hate it!" said Mr. Hollister explosively, categorically. He put down his glass. "Now, you take a good phonograph—you can always hear fine music."

He went to an enormous instrument, fiddled with it. "Here's Parsifal—the entire opera. The phonograph is loaded, and I don't have to touch it until the end of the first act."

The music started. Mr. Hollister relaxed and closed his eyes. Jane got up quickly. She motioned to Newbold. They stole out of the library.

"Won't he get sore because we left?"

"Not at all. He may stay there, dead to the world, until midnight. He loves opera."

Newbold looked at his watch. "Gosh—I had no right to stay so long—but you folks were so wonderful to me—"

"You'll be down tomorrow to watch them raise your boat?"

Newbold had no business to do it. He should have been job-hunting—but he came down the next day—and it was too stormy for Mr. Boggs' men to work—so Newbold stayed in the house with Jane. He had left the Hollisters' number at the office, and later in the afternoon, there was a call for him.

He came back to Jane, red-faced, confused.

"Something go wrong at the office, Newbold?"

"No, no. It's that confounded raffle. A comedian named Buskirk—maybe you've heard him—he bought a couple of my tickets—and to hear him howl, you'd think I was a crook."

"What a dreadful man!"

"No, he's all right, but I wish he'd let up calling me Kreuger, and Ponzi, and Dillinger, and threatening to hold an indignation meeting because the raffle hasn't come off yet, and now he's heard I've been fired—"

He stopped, stricken, and then he told her about it. He referred to the Fosburgh incident as a "stupid practical joke while a soloist was on the air."

Jane instantly was solicitous. "Now, Newbold, don't you worry. I'll speak to Father about you. He'll be able—"

"Oh, don't do that! He hates radio! It'll make things worse!"

She came close to him. "But don't you see how badly I feel? It was my fault, directly or indirectly, that your boat sank—"

Now Newbold did something instinctive. (Continued on page 64)

To a man
with his
coat
open



Dear Sir: Summer brings your belt out in public. Take advantage! . . . choose your belt to point up your style, at business and play. Every suit and pair of slacks in your wardrobe this summer can look newer, smarter, righter, with a new Hickok Sports Belt. There's a range of new Hickok colors and designs to hit it off perfectly with your clothes—and your individuality. There's the feel of fine leather, too, that keeps all its style.

A fashion hint for this minute is to look at the new Hickok sports effects, in brown-on-white or black-on-white, for instance. You might easily get the key for any summer clothes you're buying from these fashion-right new Hickok Sports Belts.

HICKOK
STYLE LEADERSHIP

A belt of the whitest leather. Elk-tanned! Center perforations. Stripes and edges black or brown, as you prefer . . . \$1

INTIMATE INTERVIEWS WITH POLICYHOLDERS

"My Daddy looks ahead"



Carol Schoenfeld,
2 months old,
of Seattle,
Washington

THAT'S what little Carol Schoenfeld might say if she could talk . . . because her father, L. Kenneth Schoenfeld, vice-president of the Standard Furniture Company, Seattle, now has seven different policies in The Mutual Benefit.

Mr. Schoenfeld's first policy was taken out 16 years ago when he was in his teens—bought by his father to start the boy on a life insurance program. And how this program has grown! It now includes a life income for his wife—education for his son—protection for the new baby—with the possibility of using the estate to provide retirement income for himself.

Mr. Schoenfeld says:

"I can recommend The Mutual Benefit without reservation to every young father. It's a great insurance company. I believe in it all the way there and back again. And there couldn't be any better agents anywhere than the Mutual

Benefit representatives who have served our family."

Young fathers—every young man, in fact—can take a leaf out of Mr. Schoenfeld's book. Life insurance is the shortest and safest road to an estate. It gives a feeling of independence, promotes confidence, speeds up a successful career.

A GOOD AGENT PLUS A GOOD PLAN

A Mutual Benefit agent brought his sound training and experience to bear on Mr. Schoenfeld's needs. Mapped everything out. Now Mr. Schoenfeld knows that, whatever happens, his wife's future is secure, his children's education provided for. And he himself can look forward to a substantial income should he wish to retire.

Furthermore, he is assured of the outstanding liberality that has characterized The Mutual Benefit's treatment of its policyholders for 91 years.

Keep an open door for the Mutual Benefit agent!

The MUTUAL BENEFIT LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Newark, New Jersey

MODERN LIFE INSURANCE SINCE 1845

Paid-up Education. Have the education fund ready when your children need it. Write—now—for free booklet, "DOORS TO TOMORROW."

Name _____

Address _____



(Continued from page 63)

tively, naturally, that he had rehearsed a thousand times. He took her in his arms and he kissed her—and, what's more, she responded as satisfactorily as she always had—in those phantom rehearsals.

And then Mr. Hollister came in and didn't seem surprised to find Newbold there, or that Newbold and his daughter were flushed and flustered.

After dinner, when Newbold excused himself from a symphony in the library and took his leave, Jane threw a coat over her shoulders and came out to the car with him. "Wasn't Father horrid at dinner?"

"He was right, Jane. Oh, Jane, you're wonderful in that dress. You're always wonderful."

"Newbold—you are nice. You'll be down tomorrow, of course?"

"I'd love to come—but Boggs doesn't need me and, honest, I've got to hunt for a job. I'll come if I can—but anyway, I'll telephone."

He telephoned. She reported that a diver had been down, they had raised the boat, patched it, pumped it out and towed it away. He reported that he had some good leads, that he had spoken to people at advertising agencies and at other broadcasting stations, and was to see some of them again. He couldn't come out, but he hinted at the next evening. She said she had to go to a big party—couldn't get out of it.

And so Saturday and his last pay day came leaping at him; and so did a bill from Boggs.

He went the rounds of offices and studios, saying goodbye. He had one pleasant surprise. Jack Fosburgh bought all the raffle tickets he had left!

He spent Sunday writing letters for jobs, and all the next week looking for one. Every day he telephoned to Jane, and he tried to keep the gloom out of his tones, for there was no job on the horizon—or even the smoke of one.

On the Friday after he got through with B. B. S., he telephoned her that Boggs had done beautiful work on the boat; it was like new again, and the raffle would be held Saturday morning. Jane said, "Right after the raffle, please come out here. Spend the week end with us. Can't you? Will you? To please me?"—and he didn't have the strength of character to say, "No!"

THE raffle was held in the largest studio. One by one the ticket stubs were checked off on Newbold's list and put into a big carton. The cover was put on, and five or six guys took turns in shaking it mightily while the men yelled and the girls squealed. Then a hole was made in the cover, the elevator starter bared his arm, thrust in his hand, groped, and pulled out the winning ticket. Cheers, groans, sighs—and jeers from Jack Fosburgh, who had bought so many tickets and not one a winner.

As soon as he could, Newbold got away. He sat in his car like a man made of lead. He was glad the raffle was over, but his cupboard at the bank was almost bare, and he had no job, no prospects, and he was in love!

He found the Hollister place alive with week-end guests, a big yacht was anchored out front, and two swell commuters were tied to the pier.

He was scared when Jane introduced him to people—young, important-looking men, and a lot of expensive girls who said, "Mr. Ditson," and raced away.

Jane had arranged this introductory tour so skillfully that it ended with just themselves in the library. She closed the door and stood against it and looked at him. Again she was in slacks and jersey, and Newbold couldn't help it—he kissed her. And then he groaned.

"Oh, darn it, Jane. Why did I come out here? I'll leave—"

"You'll do nothing of the sort. Here—sit down. I'm so excited, Newbold—but first tell me—did you have the raffle, and who won?"

"One of the page boys—and one of our stenographers, an awfully pretty little thing—they bought a ticket together—and now they own the boat together."

"Why, that's the most romantic thing I ever heard of, except our—" She stopped and blushed furiously.

Newbold blushed. "By the way. Something funny. Jack Fosburgh came at me last week and bought all the tickets there were left. Today, a sax player in his band started a wise crack and Jack shut him up." He looked at her sharply. "The sax player said something about how wonderful my girl is. I haven't any girl, and he couldn't have meant you—why, Jane!"

"Don't scold, Newbold—please. That party I went to—I called them up and said if they hadn't already hired their dance music, to get Fosburgh's orchestra—and they did, and I met Mr. Fosburgh and—"

"And gave him the money for the tickets?"

"Well, he was to distribute them amongst his men and save one for me—and I might have won, mightn't I?"

"Jane! I don't like that! I'm going to pay you back when I can!"

SHE put a soft hand to his lips. "Hush. Now you be ready for Father when he comes home. You speak right up for yourself."

"I don't know what you mean."

"You'll learn. Father's no fool. He saw you kissing me that day—and Father's a great hand to check up on people. He got in touch with Bronstein Broadcasting, and he found out why you resigned. He won't tell me what they said—but he laughed and laughed."

Newbold groaned. "Oh, Lord. What next?"

"Father likes you. He says you are a wonderful salesman."

"I've hardly said three words to him."

"Well, I told him your ideas about radio, and he got interested. He said, 'People have been coming at me for months to use radio advertising. They made me weary and disgusted with their arguments. Now, young Ditson, he's a real salesman. He just said, 'What do you think of radio?' and dropped it at that—and he made me do the thinking, and I've been thinking ever since. And now he's made me see how we can have good programs, with fine music, and not too much advertising.'"

"No," said Newbold. "No, no, Jane. You're making that up."

"Believe it or not, Newbold, he's going into radio advertising, and he has a job for you!"

She poked around on a shelf and came back with a fine studio photograph of herself, and on it she had written, "Success and Flowers to Dear Old Newbold Ditson. Sincerely, Jane Hollister."

He got terribly red. "Then—you saw those—in the boat? Well, darn it, I don't care. I love you, Jane. I've loved you an awful long time."

"Well, then," she said, and got out another photograph of herself, and on this one in her handwriting was, "To Newbold, with love and kisses, Jane."

"Jane!" he cried. And then they were in each other's arms.

She said, "There's Father's car! Now you be ready for him!"

"Jane—what does your father manufacture? What is his product? I don't even know."

"You just keep on being a good salesman—and keep quiet—and he'll soon tell you. Success and flowers, dearest."

"I like the other inscription better," said Newbold Ditson.

Amazing News About Water Piping

**Your Plumber
can install Anaconda
Copper Tubes for
*about the price of
pipe that rusts***

NO LONGER can any homeowner say: "Rust-proof piping is too expensive for me." For Anaconda Copper Tubes and Fittings *cost* (installed) *little, if any, more* than piping that rusts. Here is the reason: This newest type of durable, non-rust piping does *not* require threading and may, therefore, be made with thinner walls. Lighter in weight than standard-size pipe, it naturally costs less per foot.

Not a cent for rust-expense

Anaconda Copper Tubes provide all the traditional durability of copper. They end all trouble and expense due to rusted pipe. They give you longer, more reliable, more economical service. Anaconda Solder-type Fittings, too, are a modern development. They are *precision-made* to insure the close tolerances necessary for strong, tight joints.

For Plumbing and Heating

Save money! Avoid rust! Prevent annoyance . . . by specifying Anaconda Copper Tubes and Fittings for water, heating and waste lines! Consult your plumbing contractor! His expert workmen know how to

install copper tubes and solder-type fittings in the way that will give you the best value.

Anaconda Brass Pipe

Where the ultimate in quality plumbing is desired, Anaconda standard-weight Brass Pipe has long been the outstanding preference of the building industry.

In selecting non-rust piping . . . whether brass or copper . . . make certain the name "ANACONDA" is stamped in every length. This permanent identification is the mark of the world's largest and most experienced manufacturers of copper and brass. It is *your* assurance of the utmost quality.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY

General Offices: Waterbury, Connecticut
Offices and Agencies in Principal Cities

In Canada: ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LTD.
New Toronto, Ont.



OTHER DURABLE ANACONDA PRODUCTS

EVERDUR METAL for Hot Water Tanks . . . a copper alloy with the strength of steel . . . assures clean hot water indefinitely, and ends all tank expense due to rust.

ANACONDA *Economy* COPPER ROOFING "lasts a lifetime" . . . beautifies the home, is storm-safe, fire-proof, and sells at a new low price.

For valleys, gutters, rain-pipes and flashings, no metal serves longer, more dependably, or for less money than ANACONDA SHEET COPPER.

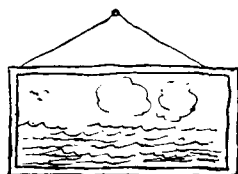
Wide, thin sheets of ANACONDA "ELECTRO-SHEET" COPPER, combined with alternate layers of asphalt, make a more durable type of built-up roof. Also used to damp-proof walls and foundations.

SCREENS OF ANACONDA BRONZE WIRE are strong, rustless and last indefinitely.



"Copper, Brass and Bronze in the Home" is a small, readable booklet containing 12 suggestions for building and remodeling that will bring important upkeep savings. Your copy will be sent promptly on request.

Anaconda Copper & Brass



Should you wish to win a fight
On a hot and sleepless night,
Do not swat and cuss and shoo,
Knock 'em out with Bug-a-boo.



• DON'T LET BUZZING FLIES rob you of sleep. A few strokes of the Bug-a-boo Spray Gun and they're dead. Not a survivor! You can spray Bug-a-boo freely anywhere. You've never used anything like it before. It has a pleasant fragrance—no chemical smell. It doesn't spot or stain walls or hangings. It harms nothing but bugs. Get some Bug-a-boo today.



BUG-A-BOO
KILLS FLIES, MOSQUITOES, ROACHES, ANTS, MOTHS

SOLD BY MOBIL OIL
DEALERS AND
LEADING STORES

YOURS TO ENJOY



What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow?

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining.

Dr. Eliot, America's greatest educator, and for forty years President of Harvard University, chose for his Harvard Classics, the texts that are the backbone of college training. Enlightenment, stimulation, a release from reality, explore new worlds of interest and experience new realms of enjoyment are in store for those who own

**DR. ELIOT'S
FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS**
Send for Free Booklet

P. F. Collier & Son Corp.

250 Park Avenue New York City
By mail, free, send me the booklet that tells all about the most famous library in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, (The Harvard Classics), and containing Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time. HS-649

Name ☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss
Address

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Be more successful. Earn \$3,000 to \$10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 640-L, Chicago



MIX WITH
PILGRIM RUM
100 proof

FELTON & SON, INC. BOSTON, MASS.

Now!
THE LOWEST PRICED
JOHNSON
IN
JOHNSON HISTORY

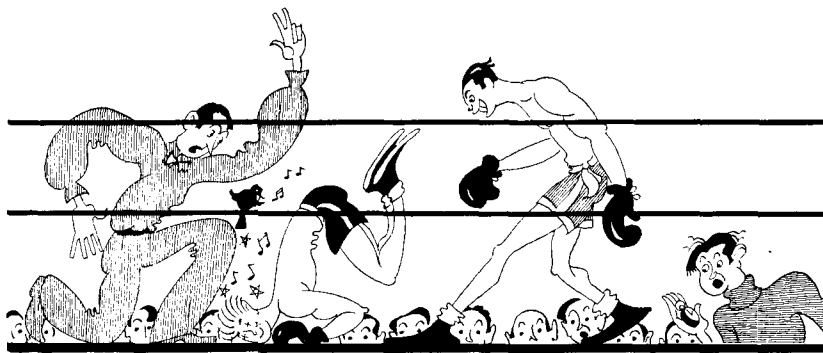
HERE'S one outboard motor that combines quality with low price—a DEPENDABLE Johnson Sea-Horse. Ideal for fishermen, campers, cottagers, tourists. Weighs 24½ lbs. 15 quality features, many not in any other outboard. Highest certified h. p. rating in its class.

WRITE for details on this and 8 other 1936 Sea-Horse Models. Most Johnson dealer names are in Classified Phone Directory under "Outboard Motors."

MODEL 100
\$59.50
F. O. B. FACTORY

JOHNSON MOTOR COMPANY
250 Pershing Road, Waukegan, Ill.
Canadian Johnson Motor Co., Ltd.,
Peterboro, Canada

JOHNSON Sea-horse
OUTBOARD MOTORS



Keep Up with the World By Freling Foster

The shortest prize fight in the history of professional pugilism took place in Montreal in 1928 when Al Foreman of England knocked out Ruby Levine of Russia in eleven and a half seconds which included the count.—By Henry S. Pennypacker, Paris, France.

Of the numerous prize-distributing ideas now used by 9,000 movie theaters in this country, "Bank Night" surpasses all others in popularity and profit. Although copyrighted only nineteen months ago, it is employed today by nearly 4,500 film houses with weekly prizes ranging from \$25 to \$1,000, earns a net royalty of about \$60,000 a week for its three originators and even causes local clubs to meet on nonconflicting dates.

High on a mountaintop on the island of Flores in the Flores Sea is a curious set of twin lakes. Although separated from each other by only a thin wall of rock, one is colored turquoise-blue while the other is ruby-red. Stranger still is the fact that the water in both lakes has the general appearance and the complete opacity of paint.

No sound that arises from a body of water is more uncanny than that produced by the *Doradidae*, a six-foot species of catfish which inhabits the rivers of South America. His powerful air bladder throbs with such force that its vibration sounds like the rhythmical beating of a bass drum under water. The natives, appropriately, call this fish the "Boom Boom." —By James Aswell, Nashville, Tennessee.

The feminine custom of preserving a "Tear Handkerchief" still prevails in some parts of central Europe. The bride weeps into the handkerchief at her wedding and then preserves it for her casket in the belief that she will take to her grave the tears of joy which she shed on the happiest day of her life.

An ingenious device—a cattle-handling machine—is in use today on a large ranch in Texas. As the cattle pass through it in single file, each is mechanically dehorned, doctored and branded in less than a minute by the operator who sits on a raised platform, working a series of levers.—By David Evans, Chicago, Illinois.

The belief that most snakes are capable of killing man is without foundation. In fact only 200 of the 2,000 known species are deadly. Of the others, only 400 are mildly venomous while the remaining 1,400 are entirely harmless.—By F. Masnik, Saint Denis, Reunion Island.

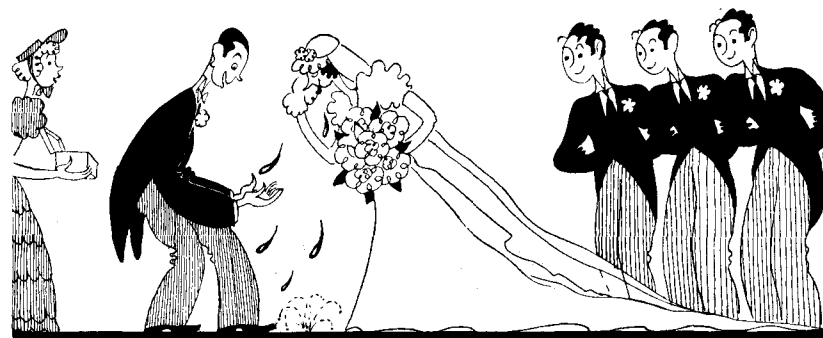
The most unusual bank in the United States is located in the Capitol Building in Washington and operated exclusively for the members of the House of Representatives. It has no charter and no name, not even on its checks, and it is not subject to examination by any board of bank examiners, despite the fact that its deposits exceed \$12,000,000.—By Egan M. Decuir, Clinton, Louisiana.

Plants that live on other plants in a parasitic or saprophytic manner never possess any green coloring matter in their stems, leaves or flowers. Among these "tramps" of the plant world which refuse to dig into the soil for their food—and develop chlorophyll—are the pale red pine-sap, the brown beechdrops and the white Indian pipe.

Recently in Damascus, Syria, the police displeased the guild of thieves and robbers, which, in retaliation, called a strike in the hope that the subsequent inactivity of the police force would result in numerous dismissals. For many weeks the burglars and bandits of the city refused to steal a single thing.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers.



Pleasant Party

Continued from page 15

we boys so on the radio—straight from Washington, D. C."

"Yersee!"

A sad, rueful smile twisted Miss Atkinson's pretty mouth.

"I happen to know an officer—several officers very well. Peace! How can men who devote their lives to preparation for war be anything but bloodthirsty? They'd like nothing better than to send you enlisted men into a battle!"

Seaman Linn coughed again.

"Ain't you thinking of *generals*, Miss? They stay ten miles behind the trenches. But you take admirals—they have an entirely different slant on it. Admirals has to go wherever the ships go, see? Right down the line with we enlisted men!"

And to this Fireman Dunnevan added:

"Yersee! Admirals don't like war no better'n us! You take marines now—some of them guys prob'ly likes war—but not us U. S. sailors!"

Disregarding this turn of the argument with an idealist's ruthless concentration, Miss Atkinson began to talk. Sailors of the World for Peace, she said, would end all wars. The enlisted men in every navy were being organized. If statesmen started a war and officers ordered enlisted men to fight they would simply refuse. Sailors of the World for Peace did not believe in mutiny or sabotage. That was violence and abhorrent to any right-thinking individual. No, all members of the Movement pledged themselves against violence. They would simply refuse to load the guns. . . .

"Yersee, but you don't know Chief Mulcahy, ma'am. When Chief Mulcahy says 'Load'—"

"Pipe down, Tim!"

Seaman Linn's bright blue eyes were bland and unctuous.

"Tim don't mean that, Miss," quoth he. "Tim has just as high ideals of peace, so on and so forth, and loving your brother—as any of us. I think you got a good slant on this peace business! It may take a little time to work out, but it's a good slant!"

Miss Atkinson drew a happy breath.

"I knew you'd see it! Tell me, Mr. Linn, did you ever do any organization work?"

Seaman Linn nodded vigorously.

"I'm a whiz at that, Miss. Ain't I, Tim?"

"Yersee . . . only we land in the brig every time—"

"Why, Tim, don't you remember the big dance we promoted up at San Pedro and got eleven hundred to turn out?"

"Yersee, but—"

"You're my man!" declared Miss Atkinson, rising in her enthusiasm. "You're a real leader even though you are small in stature—"

"Benny can lick most middleweight guys—"

"Pipe down, Tim!"

CARRIED away with an idea, Miss Atkinson appeared not to have heard Mr. Dunnevan's remark. Mr. Linn was her man. The Movement wanted to organize a big peace rally of enlisted men. Some of the girls didn't think many enlisted men would turn out for a peace rally, but—

Seaman Linn, his Adam's apple rising from the depths, stopped her:

"I'll tell you how you can fix that, Miss! You give attendance prizes, see? You number each ticket and maybe have twenty free prizes in the draw, see? Sailors will go for anything that's free—"

"An inspiration, Mr. Linn!"

Honest tears of relief moistened Miss

Atkinson's eyes. Mr. Linn was a god-send. Sailors of the World for Peace had at last made a contact which would send the movement straight into the heart of the Fleet. A peace rally! Oh, yes. Let Captain Ronald Roscoe laugh at her now! Let him set his stubborn, cruel nature against her now! Let him call her an impossible idealist now! A peace rally with attendance prizes—

"Mr. Linn?"

"Yes'm?"

"Would five thousand dollars in attendance prizes awaken real interest?"

"F-five thou—"

"Pipe down, Tim! Yeah. . . . I think that'd be okay, Miss. We mightn't get the whole U. S. Navy there on account of the battleships is up to Pedro. . . . Yeah. . . . I think that'd be okay. . . ."

"Could you find time to be our manager?"

"But Benny—"

"Yeah. I'm awful busy, so on and so forth . . . but . . . yeah . . . y'see, I figure we could give a new coupé for grand prize and a couple of motorsickles for second and third prizes. . . ."

"You're my man!"

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN and Seaman Linn dined in state at the U. S. Grant Hotel that evening. But Fireman Dunnevan had qualms:

"But Benny—it's another promotion. And we're still in the jam the last one got us into!"

"You go to work on your steak. We gotta start peddling tickets!"

"Peddling 'em? Miss Atkinson said we was to give 'em away—"

"No brains, Tim. You know sailors better'n that. If we was to tell them guys they could get chances on five thousand bucks' worth of prizes for *nothing* they'd say we was screwy and throw their tickets in the Bay!"

Fireman Dunnevan reflectively smeared his steak with half a bottle of catsup.

"Somebody's screwy though, Benny. And it seems to me like it's Miss Atkinson. She can't stop no wars."

"Did I say she could?"

"No, but you kinda encouraged her, Benny."

Seaman Linn ordered the waiter to bring more pie and more coffee. Then, he shook his head, sadly, sweetly, reproachfully:

"I sure am ashamed of you, Tim. A swell high-class dame comes along that's got the best interests of the U. S. Navy at heart and wants to keep peace, so on and so forth, and instead of encouraging her *you* go an' alla time throw cold water!"

Fireman Dunnevan's conscience smote him so hard he pushed his plate away.

"She don't know them Japs, Benny. Them Japs is thoroughly warlike people. And besides—"

"Hold on, Tim! You can't tell a high-class lady like Miss Atkinson how you might hafta use force if some foreign country gets too tough. She don't know what force means!"

"Aw . . . she does so!"

"I bet you Miss Atkinson ain't never been in a scrap in her hull life! I bet nobody ever socked her even oncet or even pulled her hair!"

This was a revelation to Fireman Dunnevan.

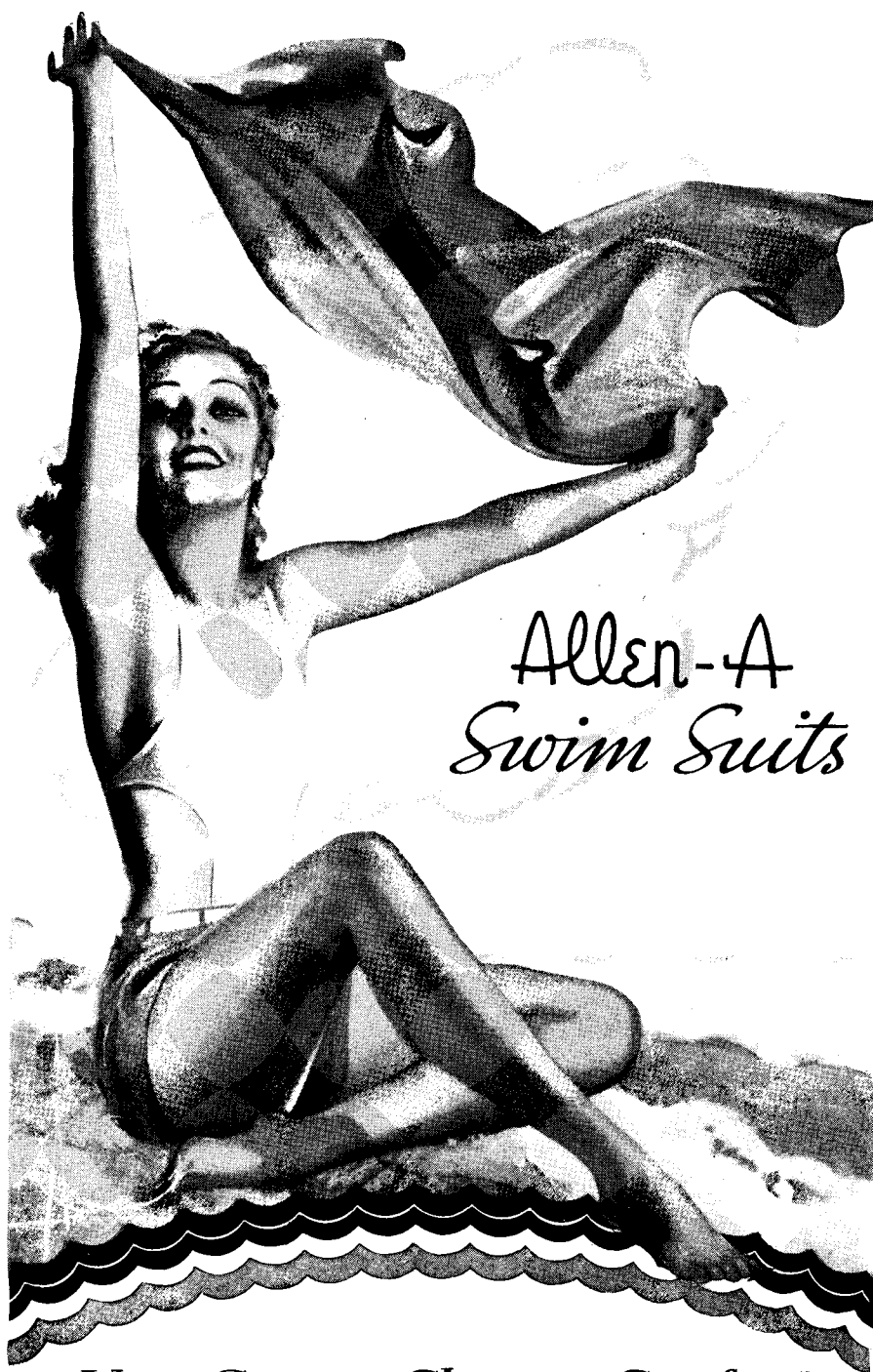
"Not even oncet, Benny? Millicent and Georgine—"

"Them dames! This gal is *sassiety*, Tim. And besides, she's half Erish—"

"Yersee? Which side?"

"Her mother's side."

(Continued on page 68)



New Grace... Charm... Comfort!

This pinnacle of styling has brought with it the pinnacle of comfort. Special spring-needle knitting renders the fabrics of finer flexibility. Expert swimmers have water-tested the suits for fit, comfort and wear.

Both men and women will acclaim these newest Allen-A swim garments as the year's outstanding models for surf, pool and beach.

WOMEN'S

Styles: Maillot, one-piece skirtless, two-piece suits, one-piece with skirts; plain or fancy patterns and stitches.

\$2.00 to \$6.50

MEN'S

Plain-ribbed one-piece suits, trunks with scanty shirts that snap on. All are designed on the most practical lines.

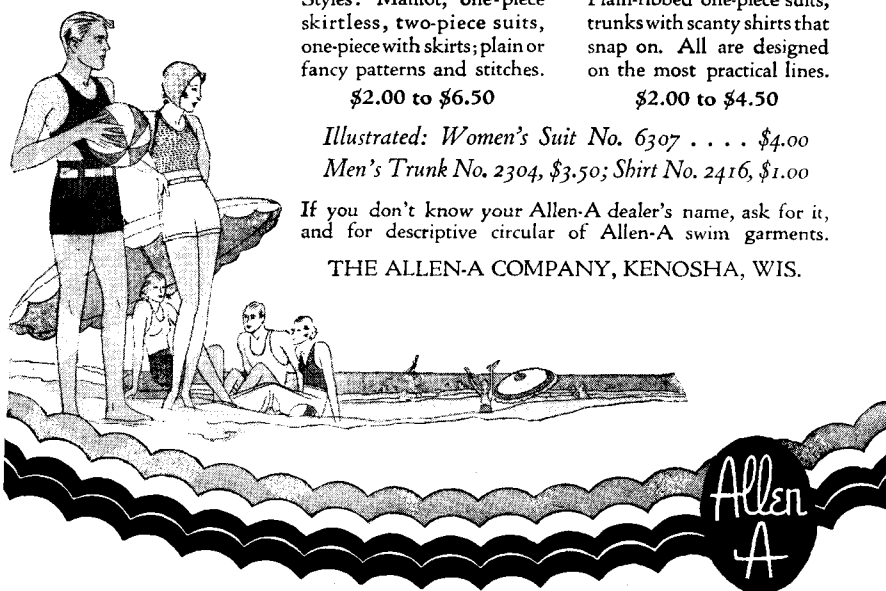
\$2.00 to \$4.50

Illustrated: Women's Suit No. 6307 . . . \$4.00

Men's Trunk No. 2304, \$3.50; Shirt No. 2416, \$1.00

If you don't know your Allen-A dealer's name, ask for it, and for descriptive circular of Allen-A swim garments.

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.



"NO MORE FLEAS"



● "Here are two sure ways to rid me of fleas." "Powerful SKIP-FLEA POWDER kills fleas with certainty. Doesn't just *stun* them. They *stay dead*! Double-quantity, sifter-top tin costs only 25¢! Also kills ticks and lice."

"Famous SKIP-FLEA SOAP gives rich, creamy lather. Makes my skin supple, keeps my coat beautiful, soothes tender skin, destroys dog odor, KILLS EVERY FLEA! 25¢ for big cake."

Your dog deserves the best. Sergeant's Products have been Standard since 1879. Made of the finest ingredients. Every product Guaranteed. Sold by dealers everywhere. Our veterinarian will answer questions about your dog's health. Please write fully.

Free Dog Book. Write for your FREE COPY of Sergeant's famous book on the care of dogs. It may save your dog's life.

POLK MILLER PRODUCTS CORPORATION
1406 W. BROAD STREET, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Sergeant's

SKIP-FLEA SOAP AND POWDER
ASK FOR FREE DOG BOOK

YES
You will try
Bell-ans for Indigestion

BELL-ANS
FOR INDIGESTION



STOP ME, MISTER
—if you've heard this

● Don't blame your razor for a "sensitive" skin. Use DRESKIN—Campana's different kind of anti-alkali AFTER-SHAVE LOTION—to neutralize the irritating alkali left in your pores by soap and water. DRESKIN has four outstanding virtues—(1) De-alkalizes your skin; (2) Helps prevent the "carry-over" of razor nicks, with its "live" antiseptic value; (3) Gives your skin a "quick pick-up" that's especially welcome on "sticky" days; (4) No "flowered" scent. Send for Free Trial Bottle today.

Campana

Dreskin

by the makers of Italian Balm

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE Write your name and address, plainly, on margin of this page and send this ad plus 3 cent stamp—to Campana—236 Lincoln Highway, Batavia, Illinois. FREE Travel Size bottle of Dreskin will be mailed postpaid. In Canada—address Campana, C-6 Caledonia Rd., Toronto.

(Continued from page 67)

"Well, now! I knowed she had the colleen look about her. Like Kay Francis. Yerse!"

Seaman Linn dropped his voice to a tone of grave pronouncement:

"I happen to know that Miss Atkinson is so wrapped up in this peace stuff that she cries half the time. She's afraid Ireland will get into a war and the enemy . . . uh . . . them Japs will bomb Dublin Castle an' blow up the Lake of Kilkenny—"

"Agh! They won't neither. They das-sent!"

"That's why she's working so hard for peace, see, Tim? And that's why I and you hafta kinda ease her along—"

Fireman Dunnevan heaved to his feet.

"The poor colleen! A lot of destroyer guys are over to the Dream Palace. I'll sell them an' you tackle the cruisers—"

"Atta boy, Tim! And listen—our asting price is four bits a ticket an' we don't sell none for less'n twenty-fi' cents. Get it?"

"Yerse!"

THE great rally of the Sailors of the World for Peace Movement was about to get underway. Thirteen hundred and eleven sailors, marines and aviation mechanics had assembled in an extravagantly decorated dance pavilion at Coronado. They had met—the flower and chivalry of the Scouting Force—in the cause of peace; but each man clutched a numbered ticket and each man looked frequently through an open doorway to an anteroom. There the attendance prizes had been shrewdly marshaled by General Manager Benjamin Linn.

Mr. Linn sat now upon the speakers' platform. He wore his best dress blues; his hair had been neatly plastered down with water and his face shone with the knowledge of work well done. This evening promised to net Linn & Dunnevan, Inc., \$434.17.

Fireman Dunnevan, on Mr. Linn's right hand, faced the audience with less aplomb. His square jaw was shaven to a polished blue steel; his fingernails were almost clean; but Fireman Dunnevan had a troubled conscience. What would the Skipper and Rhino Roscoe think about all this? Officially, the Navy had been strangely silent; but—

Neither aplomb nor a troubled conscience could be said to characterize Miss Virginia Atkinson, who sat in the post of honor among two chaplains and several clergymen. Proud possession is the phrase for Miss Atkinson. This was her meeting. She had bought and paid for it. Let Captain Ronald Roscoe laugh at her now! Let him dare contend that the enlisted men believed in force—that war was a necessary evil—ever—

"Very well, Mr. Linn! The meeting will please come to order! Mr. Linn . . . whom you all know—"

Seaman Linn gulped and struggled weakly to his feet.

"Uh . . . you guys . . . you fellows know, I presume, what you are assembled for. This is in favor of peace—and—uh—peace is okay—uh—"

Cheers. Laughter. Mr. Linn hastened on:

"Uh . . . I will now introduce to you Miss Atkinson—" (Cheers. Applause. Great enthusiasm.) "—and—uh—you lugs better give her respectable attention—and uh . . . I will now take my seat—"

Tremendous applause.

Miss Atkinson took the floor. The meeting settled quickly to order. Miss Atkinson was pretty; and she was in earnest—

"Enlisted men of the United States Navy—we are met here tonight in the cause of peace. Now, what do I mean by that word 'peace'? Is it an ugly, armed-to-the-teeth compromise or—"

There was an interruption.

"Just a moment, you!"

From a side entrance strode a large, redheaded woman in a black dress. She was followed by a delegation of men and women bearing banners with strange devices: "YOU CAN'T FOOL US, MISS ATKINSON!" . . . "DOWN WITH CAPITALIST PEACE!" . . . and "LONGSHOREMEN'S LOCAL DISARMAMENT COMMITTEE." . . .

Miss Atkinson stared, as the redheaded woman advanced to the platform.

"You are out of order," she said, calmly, "I have the floor—"

Red Katie Klaus, the most militant pacifist on the Pacific Coast, snorted.

"You had the floor, you mean!" she said.

Her followers laughed.

Miss Atkinson picked up her Junior League gavel and rapped smartly for order.

"You will be given an opportunity—"

"You're darn' tooting I will!" snapped Katie Klaus, climbing to the platform. Ignoring Miss Atkinson she turned on the astonished audience.

"Why wouldn't you sailors attend our peace meetings?" yelled Katie. "Why are you letting this capitalist, bourgeois. Fascist blue stocking fool you with fake pacifism? I'll tell you—"

"Order, order!" said Miss Atkinson, rapping firmly with her gavel.

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan exchanged meaning glances. There was a sudden, ominous shuffle in the audience.

"Gimme that gavel, you!" said Red Katie.

"I'm very sorry—"

Red Katie turned and grabbed the gavel. Miss Atkinson tightened her grip and hung on. Abruptly, ruthlessly, Katie Klaus wrenched the gavel away. The handle rasped Miss Atkinson's fingers; it felt as if two of her fingers had been torn away with the gavel. Miss Atkinson gasped from the shock and pain of it—

"Now, go sit down, you!"

A police whistle sounded.

For the first time in her life, Miss Atkinson was face to face with force—"force to the utmost." Red Katie was big and she was tough and she was angry.

"You give me that gavel—"

"Sit down, you!"

Seaman Linn got to his feet. Fireman Dunnevan stood up. Miss Atkinson reached for the gavel as Katie tried to shove her. . . .

Smack! Miss Atkinson fell back against the table, gavel in hand. Her face stung and her head felt like the inside of a gong just struck. . . .

"You . . . you hit me? Why, you. . . ."

Another police whistle sounded.

SEAMAN LINN'S voice rang above the muttering storm:

"All right, sailors! Throw 'em out!"

"You hit me, did you?"

Miss Atkinson raised her arm and brought the gavel down on Red Katie's head. The rest was nightmare . . . pandemonium . . . Red Katie screaming, "They're beating up my boys. Stop them, you!" Miss Atkinson was hit again . . . she looked into a hate-inflamed face. . . . She heard her own voice saying hoarsely: "I'll scratch your eyes out . . . I'll k-kill you . . . let me at her . . . let me at her. . . ."

Seaman Linn dove expertly between Red Katie and Miss Atkinson, just as Red Katie seized a chair. He clipped Red Katie deftly on the button and Red Katie subsided.

"Let me at her—" sobbed Miss Atkinson.

"Here, Tim . . . you take Miss Atkinson outa here."

"You take her, Benny. I wanta stay—"

Fireman Dunnevan knocked a longshoreman pacifist off the platform and leaped down to finish the work.

Stop Itching Skin

It's wonderful the way soothing, cooling Zemo brings relief to itching, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its rare ingredients. To relieve the itching of Rashes and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema and Pimples, always use clean, soothing Zemo. All druggists', 35c, 60c and \$1.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

REWARD!

For a little of your spare time as special Subscription Representative. Whether you want extra money for a vacation or something else, here's a happy solution to your problem. WRITE TODAY.

Chief of Subscription Staff
THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PAINFUL FEET



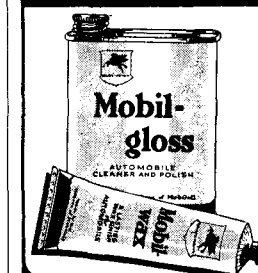
QUICK, SURE RELIEF! If your feet ache, are sore, feverish, chafed or swollen, Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm will relieve your discomfort and leave your feet delightfully eased and refreshed.

Soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and inflamed joints; dispels foot odor, quiets painful corns, calluses and bunions. Get a jar today at your drug, dept. or shoe store, 35¢. For free booklet on Foot Care, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., 437 W. Schiller St., Chicago.

Dr. Scholl's FOOT BALM

INVENTORS Write today for my valuable 72-page booklet "How to Get Your Patent," and "Record of Invention" form—both free. Search and patentability report, \$5.00. L. F. Randolph, 722 Victor Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MAKES CARS LOOK NEW



A FEW minutes with Mobil-gloss makes your car shine. Another few minutes, and Mobilwax protects that shine. Keep your car always looking at its best this easy way.

Mobil-Products

MADE BY THE
MAKERS OF MOBIL OIL



"Shore Patrol! Shore Patrol!"

Seaman Linn turned reluctantly to Miss Atkinson and said: "Don't bother to kick Katie, Miss. C'mon, you gotta get outa here—"

Shame overwhelmed Miss Atkinson. She burst into tears. Seaman Linn quickly led her through the din of battle—just as flying squads of Shore Patrols charged the melee—and out a back door to Miss Atkinson's limousine.

"Put some fresh-ground hamburger on that eye, Miss," he said, "I got to go back and help Tim. S'long!"

Miss Atkinson, ignoring her Filipino chauffeur's questions, sank down on the running board and wept bitterly.

CAPTAIN RONALD ROSCOE, routed out of a bridge game with brother officers by word of the riot, was astounded to see a woman in a mink coat, her hair loosened and her right eye blackened, being helped into a handsome car. He paused—

"Virginia? You? Why, what in the world—"

"Ronald! Oh, Ronald!"

To Miss Atkinson the sight of Captain Roscoe, solid, dependable and official, was very welcome. She turned and impulsively threw her arms around his neck.

"I'm so sorry, Ronald . . . so sorry for everything—"

"There . . . there . . . it's all over now. . . ."

"I'm so ashamed—"

"Who hit you? Who dared—"

"A terrible woman—but I hit her, too—with my gavel—"

"Don't cry, Virginia. I'm going to look after you—"

Later, riding home with Captain Roscoe diplomatically silent and looking extremely handsome, Miss Atkinson spoke her heart:

"I was wrong, Ronald. About force—it's in the world—it will take years to educate men to control force. . . . I took too short a view—"

Captain Roscoe squeezed her hand.

"I was too harsh. I was a young fool—"

Miss Atkinson shuddered.

"That woman—if Mr. Linn and Mr. Dunnevan hadn't rescued me—she—she was going to hit me with a chair—"

"Linn and Dunnevan?"

"They were wonderful! They went into action like—like veterans—but all our sailors fought well—"

Captain Roscoe winced.

"Linn and Dunnevan, eh? Linn and Dunnevan—"

Miss Atkinson snuggled closer.

"You must do something for those

boys, Ronald. I—I think they saved my life—"

A hard man, Captain Roscoe, but a fair man.

"They saved mine, too," he said, taking Miss Atkinson in his arms.

Fireman Dunnevan gazed around at the familiar gray walls of the storeroom which the U. S. S. Trimble used as a brig.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"It was your fault this time, Benny."

"Yeah."

"This is a nice place compared to Portsmouth, Benny." Then, swallowing hard, "Don't look so low, Benny. You look orful."

"I ain't asting you to look at me."

Fireman Dunnevan sighed.

"It was a good riot. You hafta admit that."

"Yeah. Ten years' worth."

"Oh, gee, Benny . . . not that long?"

"Maybe fifteen . . . at hard labor."

Faithful to the end, Fireman Dunnevan shook his head, stubbornly.

"Miss Atkinson is part Erish colleen. If she hadn't got socked by Katie I bet she would do somepin for us. I bet she sends us cigarettes at Portsmouth."

Seaman Linn scowled.

"They get sailors in trouble—then they don't know you. All dames is alike."

THERE was a jaunty rapping on the door. The face of Yeoman Webster, the Skipper's writer, appeared in the peek window.

"Hi, you guys!"

"Hand me that slop bucket, Tim."

Yeoman Webster backed off.

"I was just going to tell you that you guys are both to be released and promoted one grade and have your pay restored in full!"

"Liar."

Fireman Dunnevan shuffled forward.

"Who said so, Webster?"

"Captain Rhino Roscoe said so, that's who! I just this minute saw the written order he sent the Skipper! I saw it with my own eyes. I was simply nonplused—"

"Rhino Roscoe? Now I know you're lying—"

"No, you dope. That Miss Atkinson you guys got mixed up with is Roscoe's old girl! They're gonna get married. I saw it in the Herald this morning!"

Seaman Linn quickly closed the peep window. He could not allow a yeoman to see a U. S. sailor emotional.

"Don't never forget this, Tim," he said in slow, reverent tones, "God loves U. S. sailors."

WHAT EVERY COCKTAIL DRINKER DOESN'T KNOW



SOME people assume that freshly made cocktails are more desirable than those supplied in bottles. The error still persists despite a discovery made by G. F. Heublein of Hartford nearly fifty years ago . . . What he found out was this: The **BOUQUET** of a cocktail actually is **ENHANCED** by standing in sealed containers. * *

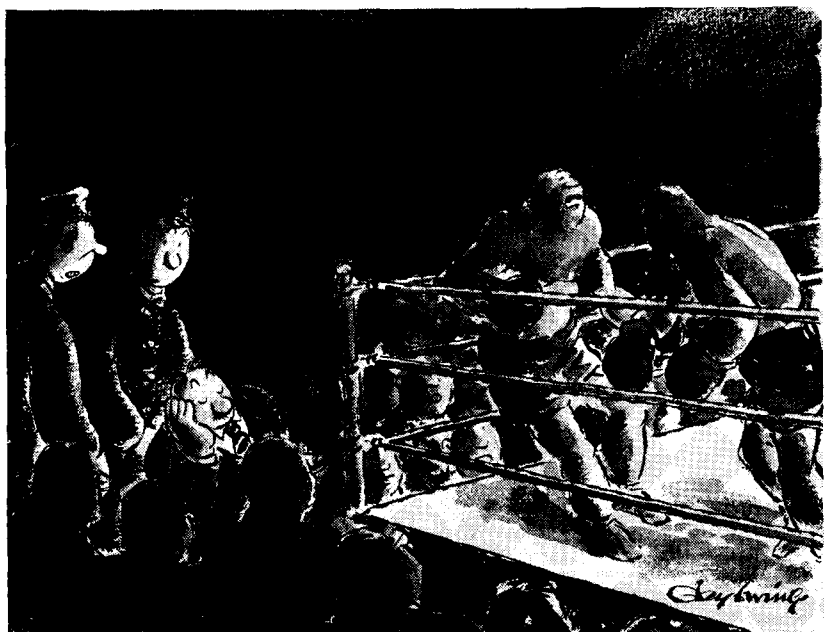
Club Cocktails originated as over-the-bar specialties at the celebrated Heublein Hotel in Hartford. They were served as a prelude to such famous Heublein dishes as Boston Schrod and Chicken à la Maryland. When the cocktails were bottled for home consumption people remarked on the full bloom flavor, a heightened yet subtle flavor, distinctly more arresting in character. This noticeable superiority was, of course, to be partly credited to the choice selection of ingredients — and still further to the skill of their mixing. Then, as now, these same ingredients were better than the liquors served in many homes.

More Club Cocktails are bought and enjoyed today than before prohibition. They are always uniform. They are convenient. They are economical because there is no waste.

{ Ask for Club Cocktails in your preferred variety — at all state operated and other liquor stores — Martini (60 proof), Dry Martini (71 proof), Brut Martini (70 proof), Bronx (60 proof), Manhattan (65 proof), Side Car (60 proof), Old Fashioned (80 proof), and Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof). }

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD, CONN.

Heublein's
The Club Cocktails
8 kinds prepared and bottled by
HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD



"Aw, let 'im sleep. He came in on a pass anyway"

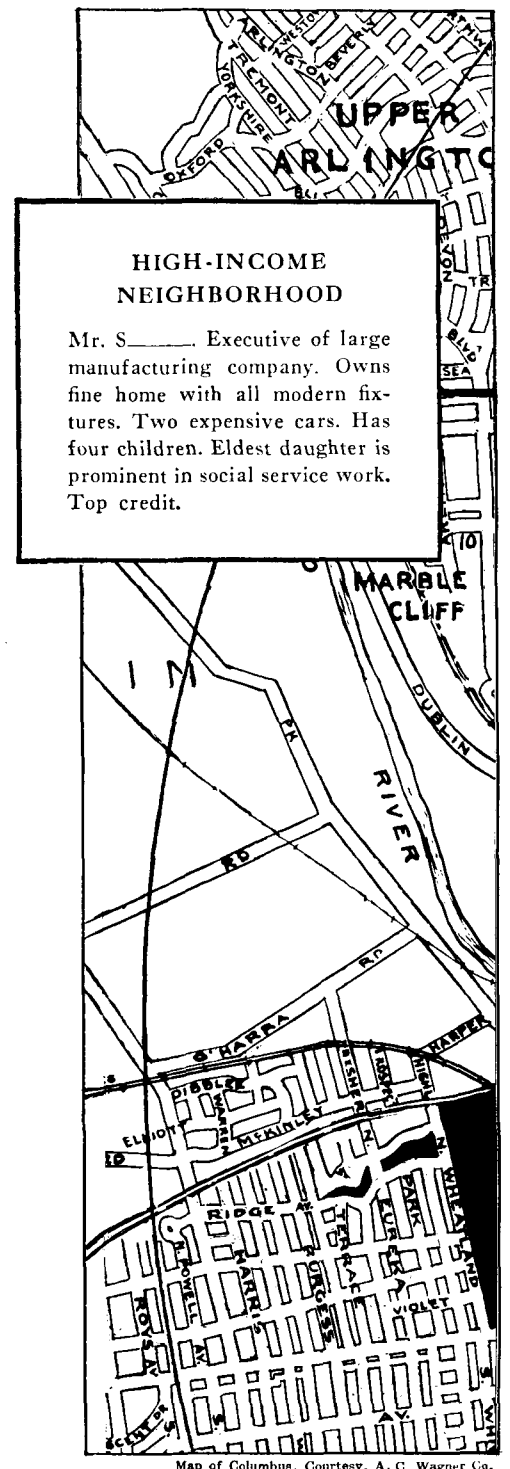
JAY IRVING

—Columbus discovers the Diamond Market...



“These readers could,
without trouble, secure credit
from any concern...
no matter how strict
their policy!”

(SIGNED) COLUMBUS, OHIO,
RETAIL MERCHANTS CREDIT BUREAU



THAT'S just one letter from one credit bureau that checked The American Magazine subscribers, name by name, against its credit files. There are reports now on file from credit bureaus in 18 other cities, and more coming in every day. Philadelphia, Albany, Rochester, Cincinnati... they all say substantially the same thing. Every credit bureau consulted writes that The American Magazine readers are tops as prospects and customers—A-Number 1 credit risks.

What more could a manufacturer ask of a market?

What market could he buy that would make more of a hit with his retailers?

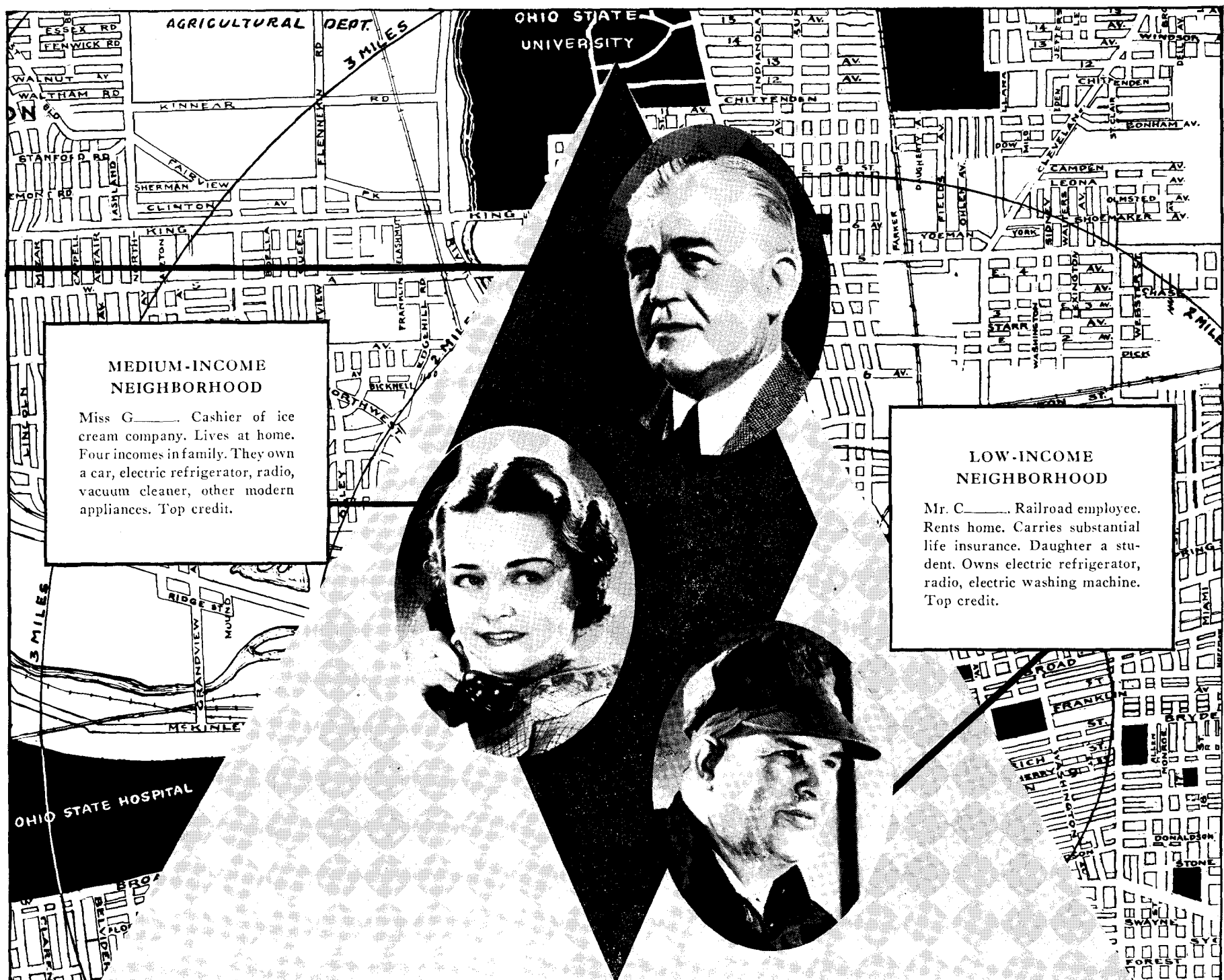
And yet these gilt-edged buyers do not come from any one high-hat neighborhood. Far from it. You'll find The American Magazine readers in stiff collars and in blue denim shirts, in evening gowns and in house aprons, in palatial residences and in rented flats, on both sides of the railroad tracks. You'll find The American Magazine readers in every income class in every community throughout the entire United States.

Largest 25c General Magazine in the World

Average Circulation More Than 2,100,000

THE American

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION



Copyright, 1936, The American Magazine, New York, N.Y.

But whoever they are and wherever they are, these readers who make up The American Magazine Diamond Market have one common characteristic—financial responsibility. They are recognized as “good pay” in their own home towns. They meet all obligations on the date due.

The American Magazine Diamond Market buys what it wants. But even more important to advertisers—to manufacturers and retailers—The American Magazine Diamond Market *pays for what it buys*.

Magazine

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, THE COUNTRY HOME

The Diamond Market—Profitable for Advertisers and Retailers

The American Magazine audience forms a DIAMOND, extending from top to bottom of the national income triangle. It's wide in the middle—the medium-income section—where national sales are greatest. It tapers at the top, where there are fewer people, and tapers at the bottom, where there is a decreasing market for the sale of most nationally advertised products. But far more important than the *shape* of The American Magazine's Diamond Market is its *character*. It's profitable from top to bottom. *It Buys Regularly and it Pays Regularly for what it Buys.*

30 Minutes with Davy Jones... And Back to

Life Again

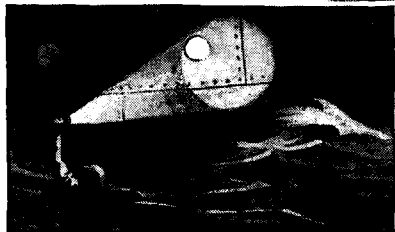
Swept Overboard

in Midnight

Monsoon, Frank

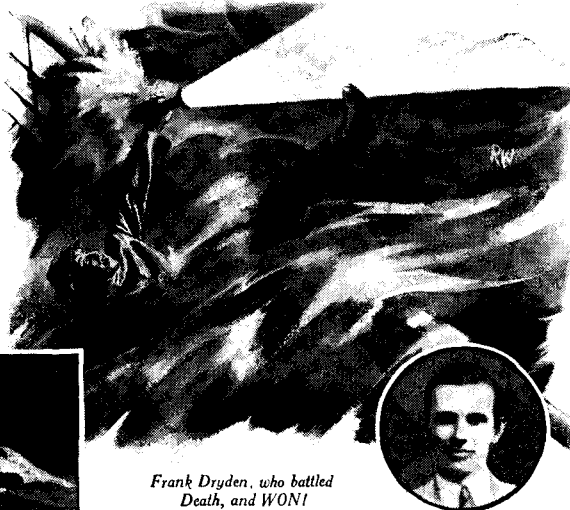
Dryden Cheats

the Sea



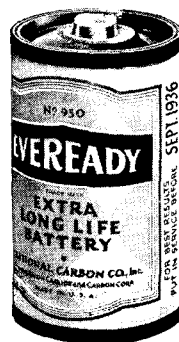
"It's almost midnight," writes Frank Dryden. "A terrific wave comes over and sweeps me with it over the side. I freeze to the flashlight I'm holding, but I'm dressed for heavy weather. Oil-skins and sea-boots are pulling me under. To get out of them I have to hold the light under water. If it goes out, so will I. But I have to take that chance... Then the whistle blows... They can see my light!"

"For 30 minutes I fight to stay afloat... Every minute I expect my light to go out... a shark to devour me. Then the ship manoeuvres alongside. It's too rough to launch a boat... they throw me a line... somehow I get it around me. Once on deck



Frank Dryden, who battled Death, and WON!

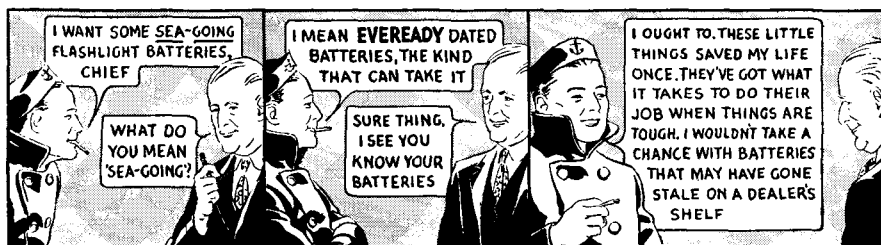
I check out, and my shipmates tell me they have to pry that flashlight out of my fingers... And by the way, it was still burning. After months of daily shipboard use, those Eveready batteries had the



strength to see me through. Because they were fresh when the mate bought them, I am able to give you my story today."

EVEREADY BATTERIES ARE FRESH BATTERIES

Once More the DATE-LINE is a LIFE-LINE



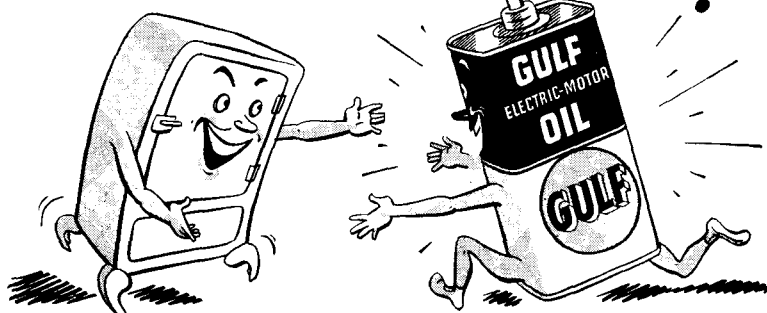
YOU may earn plenty of extra dollars as a special subscription representative for Collier's and the other popular Crowell magazines.



A penny post-card to this address brings full particulars without obligation:

Chief of Subscription Staff
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue
New York City

MADE FOR EACH OTHER!



ELECTRIC refrigerator motors can't be properly lubricated with ordinary household oil. It's too thin, too light-bodied.

Use the ONE oil made specially

for refrigerator and washing machine motors—Gulf Electric-Motor Oil. Never gums nor sticks. And it promotes longer life. At your dealer's, 25c for big can.

GULF ELECTRIC-MOTOR OIL
The one oil made specially for electric refrigerators

Backwash

Continued from page 25

boat: "You're late, six! We're losing the run—get into it, gang, jam those legs down! Come on with that swing, three! Snap those blades out, starboard, you're weak. Fight it up... one... two... three..."

John Harlan in the stroke seat had been the particular object of his raking fire. They said later that Bill Pelley had kept Harlan fighting mad for four miles, had driven him to win through sheer resentment. "What's the matter, stroke? Are you going to quit the rest of us now? Are you going to fold, Blowhard? Come on, get it up, Harlan, where's your guts? You're yellow, Blowhard! Yellow! Yellow..."

THAT June, after the race was over, Pelley had gone to work for Harlan and Company.

That had made things a little different. Harlan, stripped to a pair of rowing trunks, was just another hulking oarsman whom he could chivvy and goad from his coxswain's seat; but Harlan in a formal business suit, a gold watch chain slung across his broad chest, his knuckles resting on the top of an immense mahogany desk, was something else again. The cocky arrogance began to go out of Bill Pelley's voice. He spoke to Harlan now with respect, and even a little awe. He began to say "Yes, J. J." or even "Yes, Mr. Harlan" when there were people around. He saw less and less of John Harlan. Now and then they would meet in the corridor of the Harlan Building and chat pleasantly about rowing days at Poughkeepsie, and occasionally Harlan would ask him to lunch at the Club; but he felt uncomfortable now in Harlan's company, like a poor relation, and he was glad when the invitations finally ceased.

Harlan himself wondered sometimes about the change. "Funny thing about Bill Pelley," he would sigh, and shake his head. "Used to have all the drive in the world, too. Used to be a regular spark plug, back in college." He crossed Pelley's name reluctantly off a list, and handed the memorandum back to his secretary. "No use considering him for that Chicago spot, I'm afraid. Too wishy-washy. He couldn't get anything out of the men."

Still Pelley had hung on, year after year, his initiative gradually fading as he trod his accustomed groove a little deeper each day. He was safe enough here with Harlan and Company, he knew. John Harlan would keep him on somehow, out of loyalty, if he only filled inkwells around the office. He was secure. Once in a while, to be sure, he would be tempted to quit his protected routine and take a flyer on his own. There was that offer the other day from Standard Produce, for example. It would be a tossup, of course. If he put it over, it would mean big things. It was a case of make or break, he knew.

YOUNG BILL was still staring fixedly at the water, his arms around his legs, his cool knees resting against his temples. He heard his father's soft step beside him, but he did not look up. Old Bill hesitated uncertainly beside his son, hitching awkwardly at his oversized rowing trunks and gazing down uneasily at the kid's tough naked back, the sharp shoulder blades and sagging shoulders and disconsolate bowed head. They understood each other, all right. They did not need to say much to each other, as a rule. What they said sometimes had nothing to do with what they were thinking. "Suppose you'll be tak-

ing out the frosh pretty soon for their afternoon paddle," said old Bill at last.

Young Bill swiveled his head up and down between his knees without replying.

"We'll get our shell down and out of your way," old Bill attempted briskly, "as soon as Mr. Harlan—"

"Is he going to make you carry the shell down for him, too?" his son murmured into his knees.

Old Pelley flinched. "That's hardly fair, son," he began evasively. "John Harlan and I are great friends. Naturally any little favors—"

"Let it go, Pop," young Bill said dully.

There was no use putting on an act in front of the kid. There was no use ignoring him or pretending he had not heard him. He could read too much in the kid's blue eyes. He read something in the kid's eyes now that he didn't like to admit, even to himself. "A good steady income is worth a lot these days," he admitted. He paused as the other members of the graduate crew strolled back up the ramp toward the boathouse. "And then of course I might be sent out to our Chicago branch any day," he continued hopefully. "I've heard it rumored around the office several times that he's been thinking of me—if I just wait around a little longer—"

"You're passing up that Standard Produce offer?" asked young Bill suddenly.

HIS father caught his breath. "Where did you hear about that?"

"Mom wrote me in a letter."

"Oh." Old Bill licked his lips. "Why, son," he laughed with forced carelessness, "I haven't even given that thing a second thought. Too risky. It would mean taking over a whole section and trying to organize a new bunch of men—"

"You could do it, Pop. You could handle them."

"Too much of a risk, son," old Bill repeated dully. "I can't afford to take the chance. I've got to think of you and Mom. I've got to keep you in college—"

Young Bill's grip on his legs tightened. "That makes me feel swell, Pop."

"After all, son," old Bill began, and checked himself abruptly as Harlan strolled past him toward the boathouse, talking affably with the reporters. "After all, I think I'm capable of handling my own affairs," he began again more cautiously. "I know what I'm doing—"

"I know what you're doing, all right, Pop," young Bill murmured bitterly. "You've been doing it for twenty years. Can't you see you'll never win a boat race rowing in the other fellow's puddles? You can't get any run on the boat that way. You've been slugging along in Harlan's backwash—"

Old Bill Pelley interrupted in a low voice: "Maybe you'll understand when you get to be my age—"

"Pelley!" Harlan's impatient voice boomed from the door of the boathouse. "Hop on it! Let's get this shell out!"

Old Bill Pelley whirled automatically. The sun was hot on the water, and the white haze over the Hudson was like the low ceiling of a room that held the air motionless and steamy. It was hard to breathe out there on the river. The slim graduate shell had halted in the slick water inshore, a quarter mile above the Henley boathouse, and the weary crew sagged over their oar handles, their unaccustomed muscles quivering, their legs leaning against the

gunwales at careless angles, their bellies pumping as they gasped for air. Old Bill Pelley gazed at their flushed faces, lobster-red in the heat, and leaned forward concernedly toward the perspiring stroke: "Think we better turn around now, J. J.? I can hear the freshmen coming back around the point."

John Harlan ducked his beaded forehead into the half-length sleeve of his striped jersey, and licked sweat from his lips as he grunted assent.

"Take it up, port," Pelley ordered at once. The four port men reached out in relief and began to paddle with short choppy jabs, turning the bow of the shell toward midstream. "Let her run . . . back her down, starboard." The starboard men reversed the oars obediently in the locks, and leaned against them gingerly as they backed water. "Pull it around, port."

THE long cedar skeleton turned slowly in a big circle. Now he could see the freshman crew swinging around Krum Elbow and heading toward them like an enormous water bug, the eight spraddling oars flicking like legs on either side of the bow man's heaving body. Young Bill Pelley's commands came increasingly clear over the water. "Come on, gang. Lift 'er up a couple. Only a half to go!" Old Bill glanced over his shoulder at the approaching shell, gaining on them at every stroke.

"If we raised it just a little, J. J.," he suggested timidly, "we could beat those kids back to the float."

He could hear young Bill's voice growing louder with each stroke: "In, out, in, out. Come on with that lift, gang! Turn around on it!" At the two-hundred-yard mark, the bow of the freshman shell slid abreast of him, a few yards to port. His own old crew were showing signs of distress, their oars folded in at the catch and dragged out weakly at the finish; he could feel the heartbreaking check at the end of each recovery as the heavy men pounded down clumsily on their slides. Harlan's face was purple, and his eyes glazed as he fought for air. He shook his head.

"Ease it down, cox," he gasped to Pelley. "Too damned hot."

Young Bill's snarling voice behind him was almost in his ear now. "Let's go, gang. Drive on it and get past the old bucks. We're not going to trail them in to the float."

Old Pelley's head snapped erect as though he had been hit between the shoulders, and his hands tightened unconsciously on the wooden handles of the tiller ropes. The bow of the freshman shell began to slide past him.

"Can't get any run on the boat rowing in their puddles," he heard young Bill add bluntly. "We don't take anybody's backwash."

HIS breath expelled in an abrupt gasp. He began to rattle the wooden tiller handles savagely against the gunwales of the shell. "The hell we'll ease it down," he shouted at Harlan. Harlan stared at him blankly. "Up with it, men! We're going to hit that float first!"

Their bald heads jolted in astonishment at the sudden command, their flabby leg muscles tightened and jammed the seats back convulsively, their hands snapped away at the finish in startled unison. Eight blades flashed out of the water as one, wavered uncertainly as they reached for a new hold, grabbed the water again with a new, vicious strength. The men stared in bewilderment at the coxswain's twisted little face. His mouth was hard, his lips drawn back from his teeth. He hammered the tiller ropes in time with the increasing beat and rode forward with the erratic bounds of the shell.

"Get into it, gang. Snap those blades out; starboard, you're weak." His high

nagging voice rose in a scream, his megaphone bobbed, he chattered insanely and rapped the gunwales in mounting fury: "You're late, six. Fight it up . . . there . . . and there . . . and there . . ."

Harlan's eyes were widening in slow amazement. The shell jumped, settled, folded its oars about its stern and jumped awkwardly again like a lumbering animal stung unexpectedly in the tail by a hornet. The freshman boat had been forced to nose out into the strong head-tide for room to pass, and now it seemed to be stepping back a few feet at each stroke. Out of the corner of his eye, old Bill saw their bow retreat behind him again and disappear. His gaze was fixed on Harlan's heaving chest and loose, shaking arms.

"What's the matter, stroke? Are you going to quit on us?" His nagging voice lashed him like a whip. "Come on, get it up, Harlan. They can't raise it if you don't. Where's your guts, Blowhard?"

Harlan's face went white, his mouth twisted into a grimace, his quaking legs drove down in a desperate effort. He wagged his head weakly from side to side.

"Come on, Blowhard," old Bill goaded him relentlessly.

The blade of Harlan's sweep anchored resentfully in the water, the shell lifted and bounded forward, the float rode toward them out of the haze. He heard young Bill's voice behind him in grudging surrender: "Let 'er run, gang. Hold it all . . ." and he dropped the tiller ropes. The graduate shell slid alongside the float.

OLD BILL stood alone at the foot of the ramp, in dazed silence, as the graduates straggled wearily toward the boathouse with their oars. His eyes were dull, and he watched without seeing as the managers grabbed the outriggers of the approaching freshman shell and steadied it beside the float, and the young oarsmen stepped out onto the planking. He had done it, all right, he told himself. He had done it now. He had fixed his wagon, no doubt about that. He had called Harlan "Blowhard," called him a nickname no one had dared breathe aloud since college. He knew what Harlan would do, of course. He didn't blame him, at that. It was his own fault. If he hadn't lost his head . . . if the kid hadn't just said what he did . . .

He looked at young Bill. The kid was still sitting in the stern of the shell. The kid was staring at him spellbound. He read something in the kid's eyes that he had never seen in them before. He saw a look of pride in the kid's blue eyes that made his own eyes blink and grow a little dim. They looked at each other steadily in silence.

He felt Harlan's heavy hand clamp down on his shoulder. "Great going, Bill. Takes me back twenty years. You know, when we get back to the city," he heard Harlan saying, "I've got a little something I want to talk over with you. I got an idea today about your maybe being the man to take over that Chicago—"

"Sorry, John." He was still looking steadily into Bill's blue eyes. "I don't think I'll be trailing along with you any more," he said to Harlan over his shoulder. "I'm taking a little sprint on my own with Standard Produce. It'll be make or break," he murmured, looking at young Bill, "but I figure you can't win boat races rowing in backwash. . . ."

Young Bill and old Bill could speak to each other sometimes with their eyes. What they said sometimes had nothing to do with what they were thinking. "What are you moping there for?" he shouted gruffly at young Bill. "Give your orders to your crew and get that boat up. You've got a lot to learn yet about handling men. . . ."



● Co-OPERATION between leading American industries and this 45-year-old educational institution is not a new thing. But the experience of the past few hectic years has emphasized the importance of trained men and the importance of keeping trained men modern.

The result is that I. C. S. training is rapidly being incorporated as an integral unit in planned personnel efficiency by a widening number of industries. At the present time, 2450 of these are proving their faith in I. C. S. service not only by helping employees meet the reasonable costs, but by promoting those men who demonstrate their increased value because of added and modernized training. I. C. S. training is the answer to the national shortage of trained men. A man acquires the benefits of I. C. S. training only through hard work, against a practical background of his own experience. Ambitious individuals as well as business heads are invited to mail this coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

BOX 4127-B, SCRANTON, PENNA.

★ Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of your booklet, "Who Wins and Why," ★ and full particulars about the subject before which I have marked X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| ☐ Architect | ☐ Welding, Electric and Gas | ☐ Mechanical Engineering |
| ☐ Architectural Draftsman | ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints | ☐ Mechanical Draftsman |
| ☐ Building Estimating | ☐ Sheet Metal Worker | ☐ Diesel Engines |
| ☐ Contractor and Builder | ☐ Machinist | ☐ Toolmaker |
| ☐ Structural Engineer | ☐ Patternmaker | ☐ Boilermaker |
| ☐ Structural Draftsman | ☐ Heat Treatment of Metals | ☐ Automobile Mechanic |
| ☐ Electrical Engineer | ☐ Bridge Engineer | ☐ Plumbing |
| ☐ Electric Lighting | ☐ Bridge and Building Foreman | ☐ Heating |
| ☐ Telegraph Engineer | ☐ Highway Engineer | ☐ Air Conditioning |
| ☐ Telephone Work | ☐ Civil Engineer | ☐ Steam Engineer |
| ☐ Refrigeration | ☐ Surveying and Mapping | ☐ Steam Electric Engineer |
| | | ☐ Marine Engineer |

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| ☐ Business Management | ☐ C. P. Accountant | ☐ First Year College |
| ☐ Office Management | ☐ Bookkeeping | ☐ Business Correspondence |
| ☐ Industrial Management | ☐ Secretarial Work | ☐ Stenography and Typing |
| ☐ Traffic Management | ☐ Salesmanship | ☐ Civil Service |
| ☐ Accountancy | ☐ Service Station Salesmanship | ☐ Mail Carrier |
| ☐ Cost Accountant | ☐ Advertising | ☐ Railway Mail Clerk |
| | | ☐ Grade School Subjects |

- | |
|---|
| ☐ How to Invent and Patent |
| ☐ R. R. Locomotives |
| ☐ R. R. Section Foreman |
| ☐ Air Brakes |
| ☐ Signalmen |
| ☐ Chemistry |
| ☐ Pharmacy |
| ☐ Coal Mining |
| ☐ Cotton Manufacturing |
| ☐ Woolen Manufacturing |
| ☐ Poultry Farming |
| ☐ Agriculture |
| ☐ Navigation |

Name..... Age..... Address.....

City..... State..... Present Position.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

CERTIFIED USED CARS

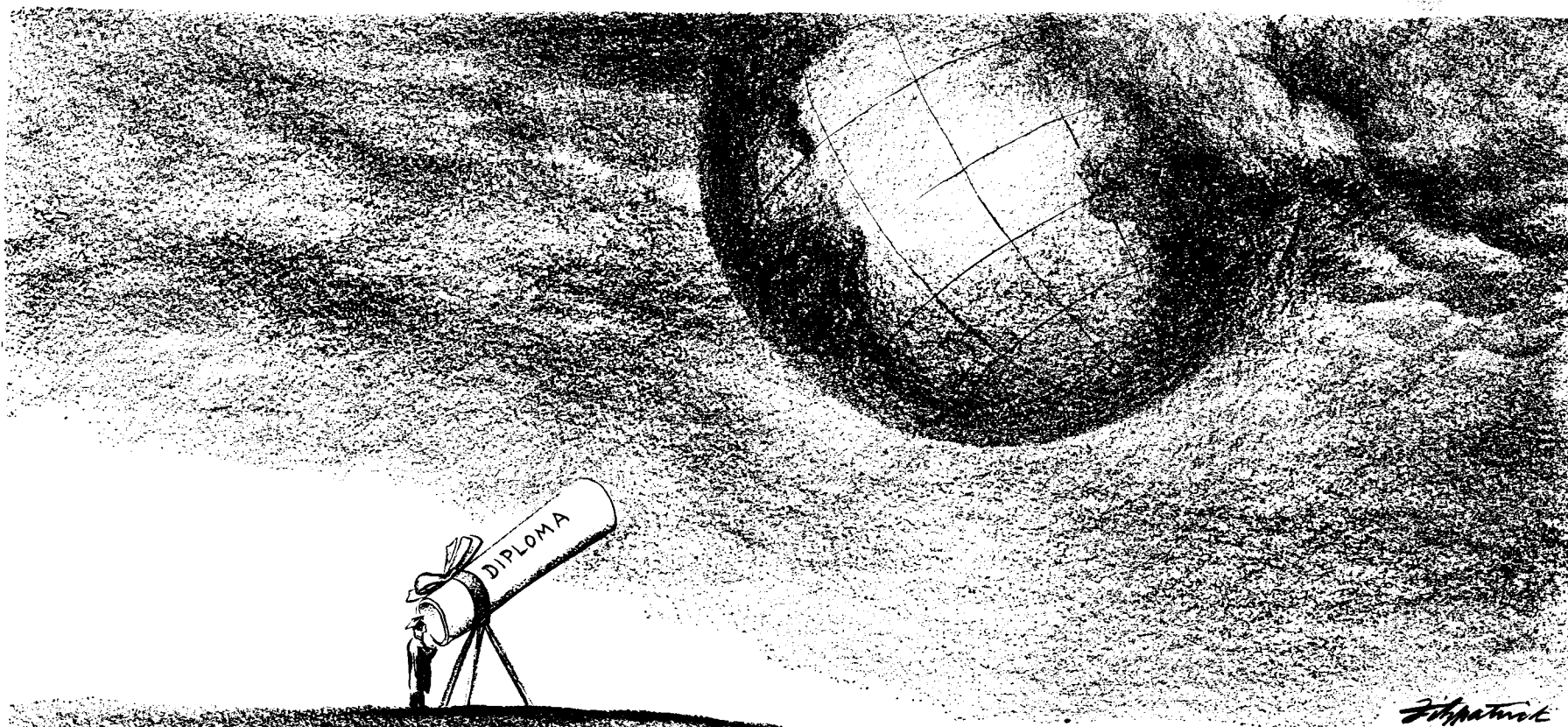
Famous Pledge Protects all who Buy from Studebaker Dealers

★ Prices in plain figures

30-day guarantee on certified cars
5-day driving trial on all cars

★ Buy with confidence under pledge protection

STUDEBAKER
DEALERS FOR BIG USED CAR VALUES



Youth's Opportunity

AT THIS season, youth, full of dreams, is turning from academic surroundings and striding confidently toward the world of business.

Over a million young men and women are receiving high school, college, university and normal school diplomas at this time. To the ranks of these graduates are added others who are unable or unwilling to continue their studies until graduation. These youths are now seeking an opportunity to earn a livelihood for themselves and, in many instances, for their families.

During school days these young people read in the texts, which we approved and supplied, glowing stories of the giants of industry, their power, their idealism, their benevolence—and on such a foundation built their own dreams of achievement.

Fortunately, employers have more openings for young people this summer than in recent years; and undoubtedly many of the newcomers will find places. But even today there must be many who will receive a long series of rebuffs. As these young people apply for employment, let us hope that they are not doomed to disillusionment and the hopeless tramping day after day from one door to another.

The young man compares himself with others, with the heroes of the textbooks, with acquaintances who seem to be doing so well, and, perhaps, with his father, who may tell the discouraged boy that he supported himself when he was only sixteen. Parents who have been looking forward to the time when the family income might be augmented by the earnings of the children too often remind the young man or girl of his or

her shortcomings. Such comparisons and such reminders lead almost invariably to a feeling of inferiority and discouragement and add further obstacles to achieving the longed-for goal—a job, an income and self-sufficiency.

The only way all these boys and girls could be put to work immediately in industry would be to replace many older workers. The inevitable results would be severer competition, reduced opportunities for each, and more or less continuous unemployment. Such results are anything but desirable.

Fortunately, there is something we can do to alleviate this situation. In the first place, all of us, parents and employers alike, can be patient and helpful. If there is no job, there can at least be a word of encouragement. The young people did not create the overexpansion that threw our machine out of gear and men out of work. They should not be made to suffer unnecessarily from it. Probably the most important thing that can be done is to encourage and even urge every young person to return to school, to college, or to professional training this coming fall. Further schooling will provide an opportunity to acquire additional training which may, in many instances, lift them above the rank of unskilled workers.

These graduates are the cream of our population—a selected group mentally and physically. We have no excess of trained personnel in our country; on the contrary, we are becoming more and more aware of an impending shortage. Out of every hundred adults, about fourteen have been graduated from high school; and of these fourteen, less than three are also equipped with

college degrees. Employers are rebuilding their skeleton staffs with the best they can find. The person with good educational background is the first to be employed and the most likely eventually to command a good salary. From a broad social viewpoint, the students now being graduated form a human reserve so valuable that we simply cannot afford to let it deteriorate.

Further schooling will do more than prevent idleness among the students themselves; it will tend to produce many needed results: the employment of more teachers, the building of more schools and the rebuilding of many that have become obsolescent, the manufacture of new school equipment.

But more important than any increased skill or stimulated business is the self-confidence and idealism—the fine fire of youth—that may be retained, strengthened and refined. Business is improving month by month, and we are confident that next year the opportunities will be greater than now. For our busy years ahead we need trained, self-reliant, ambitious young workers, unspoiled by the drug of enforced idleness. So parents and teachers, and all who have influence with young people who have just left school or college, should do everything possible to encourage them to continue their education. Even families that have been severely taxed by the outlay already required will, we believe, be well repaid for further educational investment. To those who are hard pressed the government offers valuable courses of study without cost.

Let us bend every effort to conserve this, our greatest national and social asset—a youth full of dreams.

--to find it in *Bombay* of all places!--

"I never felt farther from good old Chicago than when I traveled through India," writes M. R. Taft. "The people, the clothes, the customs all seemed as different as could be—but one thing was the same—the whisky everyone liked best was 'Canadian Club.'"

Hiram Walker's seventy-eight year old name is your sure guide to good whisky and gin. Whether you prefer rye or bourbon—bonded, blended or straight—

you'll find a Hiram Walker whisky to suit your purse and please your palate. At your favorite dealer's and at clubs, bars and hotels throughout the country.



There's a
Hiram Walker whisky
for every taste
and purse

SIX YEAR OLD

"CANADIAN CLUB"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



*It's the Tobacco that Counts
and Luckies are less acid*

